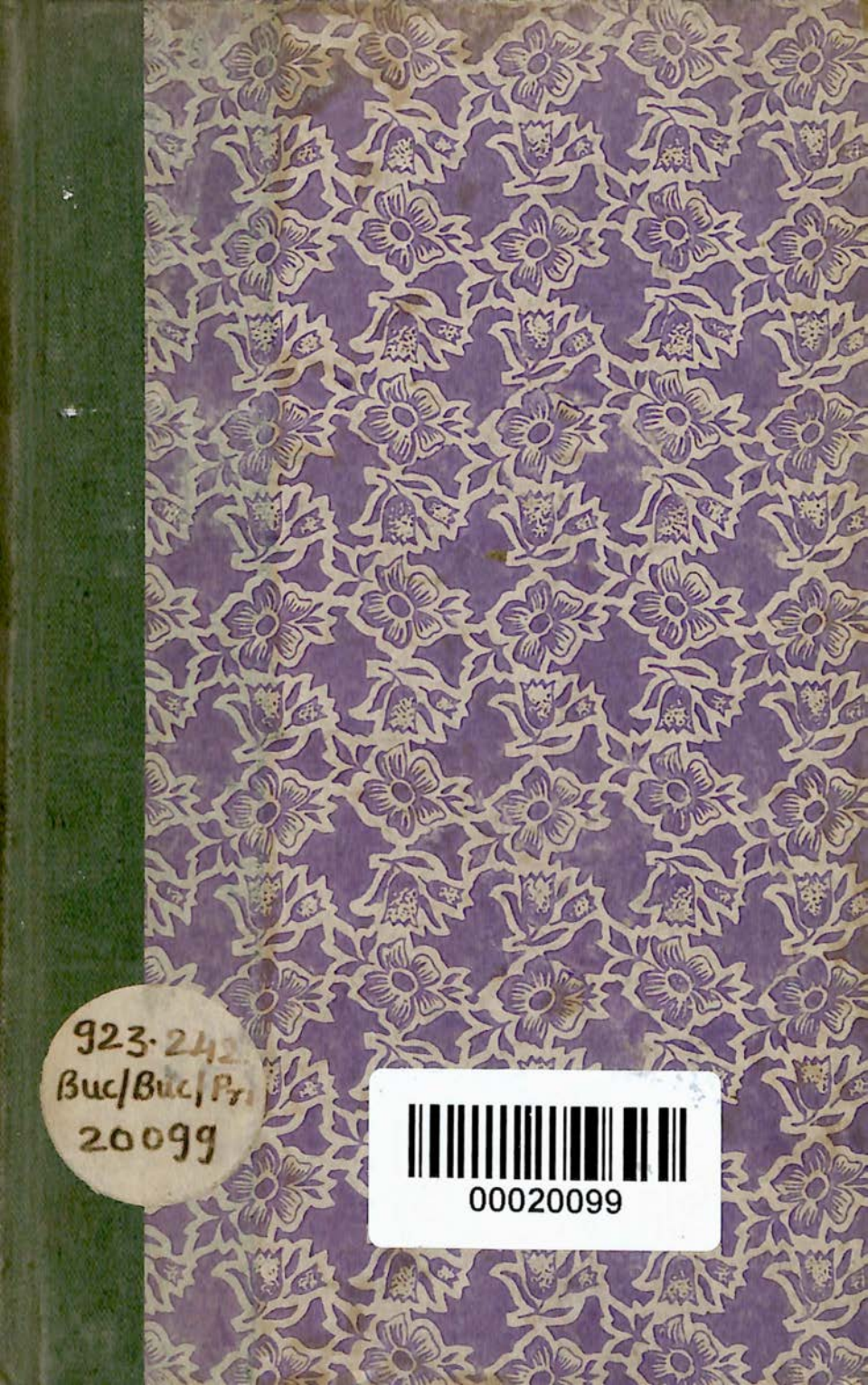
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# PRIVATE DIARY.

## VOLUME II.

# THE PRIVATE DIARY

OF

# RICHARD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

# AND CHANDOS,

K.G.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

20099

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# DIARY

OF

# RICHARD DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, K.G.

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## CHAPTER I.

Taste of the Neapolitan Nobles—Roman Villa—Blind Soldiers—Washing the Apostle's Feet at Court—Castle of Baiæ—Lake of Avernus—Forcing an entrance to the Sybil's Grotto—Baths of Nero—Temple of Venus—Mare Morto—Temple of Apollo—A Royal Fishmonger—A Child for Sale.

April 1st. I return on board my yacht, tired of Naples, and glad to find myself in my *own home* again. My lacquais de place, Giovanni Gandolfi, excellent, finding out the oddest holes and corners in which to stick his clarionet, snuff-box, and music book. I heard much objurgation going on between Captain Wilcox and him. "You must not put nothing there, I tell you. I say I won't have it!" exclaimed the former.

"Indeed, Mistere Villicock, it vill not be in no vay at all!" whined out the latter.

"I tell you it shan't be!" reiterated the former.

Comte et Comtesse Stackleberg, with twelve children and two governesses, came on board to see the vessel. Much admiration, bowing, and compliments, of course. "La belle chose que la navigation."

2nd. The mineral which I found in the Astroni lava at Pozzuoli is Brieslakite and glassy feldspar, with, I think, mellilite tetanium. I went in my barge round by Resina and Portici.

3rd. The city is in silence. All carriages are stopped from twelve o'clock to-day; the flags of all Catholic ships are hoisted half-mast high, and their yards topped. The sentries mount with reversed arms, and the Host is carried about in mourning, followed by white penitents. No bells are tolled. This lasts until twelve o'clock in the noon of Saturday. The King and Queen wash the feet of twelve poor men representing the twelve Apostles, and our Saviour's tomb is represented in all the churches, many of which the King visits. Last night the "Miserere" was sung. I am glad that I am on board—I dislike making sights of religious processions or ceremonies, which are contrary to my own ideas of religion.

I went in my barge to Torre del Greco. In the evening Signor Donati, Cavalier Monticelli's secretary, called upon me with a detailed report of the late eruption of Vesuvius. I sent a copy of it in a letter to Dr. Buckland, for the Geological Society.

Good Friday—4th. I went in my barge along the Pausilipo side of the bay. The scenery is lovely. Every ten yards gives a new landscape. The tufa cliffs, with the casini and the gardens of the Neapolitan *noblesse*,

are very picturesque, and in the hands of a rich or an active-minded nobility, would be unquestionably beautiful. But the casini are in ruins or turned into merchants' stores, &c., and the gardens are neglected. Nature remains the same, and her form and beauties are unaltered and unalterable. Along the bay are many remains of Roman villas and baths. Here the luxury of Lucullus was manifested.

The taste of some of the Neapolitan nobles is not better than Mr. Nash's. Chinese pagodas perched upon tufa cliffs, amidst Roman remains, are quite as incongruous as the best specimens in Regent's Street. But time gives the tufa rock such beautiful tints of antiquity, and the aloe, the Indian fig, the myrtle, and the Mediterranean heath—now in full flower—form such lovely appendages to them, that the eye soon escapes from the Chinese pagodas, and is filled by the beauties of the spots on which they are perched. The hand of man also, as well as the wash of the sea, have formed innumerable caverns, which are romantic, in the rocks, and must in the hot weather form beautiful retreats for the mermaids and tritons who come there from Naples in the summer evenings to drink coffee and eat ice.

After passing the point of Pausilipo, we opened the romantic village of Marochiano. Here was situated the magnificent villa of Vedius Pollio, the freed slave and favourite of Augustus, who in his vast Piscinæ, which still exist, kept the murenæ, which he fed with the flesh of his unfortunate slaves who offended him. The villa exists no longer, but on the margin of the water are the beautiful remains of a Roman villa, which have escaped the researches of almost all the antiquaries, and are all but unknown. Dr. Nott conducted me to the

spot. It consists of two stories. The whole house is built upon arches over the sea, which forms the whole lower part of the house into a beautiful bath, into which a boat can row through an archway which opens from the house into the sea. With the exception of the roof the house is perfect. Its walls are of reticulated brick-work, and the upper story is stuccoed. It is curious that, anxious as the antiquaries have been to ascertain the proportions of Roman villas, and, active as have been their researches in Pompeii and Herculaneum for that purpose, they should entirely have passed over so perfect a specimen as this is, close to their doors, and, except from the circumstance of the roof's being off, appearing as if it had been inhabited within the last twenty years.

5th. I went to the Church of St. Martino de Certosini. This is situated close to the Castle of St. Elmo, and, consequently, commands all Naples. It belonged, formerly, to the Certosini Convent, once one of the most magnificent in Europe. The convent is now turned into the Hospital of Military Invalids; and I was much struck by the number of blind soldiers, who formed the greater proportion. This must be mainly attributable to the glare of the sun, during the summer, on the white houses and streets in which the men do duty. Notwithstanding that Naples entertains an army so much larger than she ought or need to have, their duty is so severe in the city, owing to the strictness of the military police, that the men have but one day out of three off duty.

From a belvidere, or balcony, you look down upon the convent garden beneath, full of orange trees, and those trees full of fruit and blossom; and below that again is the vast panorama of the Bay and Campania of Naples. In this belvidere, exposed to the rays of the sun and en-

joying its warmth, sat, sunning themselves, a number of blind soldiers, who, in the enthusiasm created by their doing the honours of one of the finest views their country can boast of, to a stranger, forget that they themselves could not see it! "Qui bellissima veduta, Signor!" came from the lips of men whose eyes were closed in darkness. They were happy and contented, and walked about their elevated dwelling as a sleep-walker does on the eaves of a house, not knowing where they tread.

I dined with Comte Stackleberg and returned to my vessel at night, having taken leave of my poor Archbishop and his cats. He asked me when he should see me again? I told him I calculated on returning to Naples in the autumn.

"Come soon," said the poor old man; "I shall not be able to wait for you long!"

I may go before him.

6th.—Easter Sunday. Service on board, and service and the Sacrament at the British Consul's. All the Catholic world in jubilee. Every one out in the streets in their best clothes, and all rejoicing at having got rid of Lent.

A great circle at court to-day at twelve o'clock, after mass; and it was intimated to me that I should be there. But I replied that Easter Sunday was a festival with us as with the Catholics; that our service was precisely at that hour; and that I must be excused if I attended it instead of going to court.

The ceremony of washing the Apostles' feet here is precisely the same as ours on Maunday Thursday in our Chapel Royal, with the difference that there are no feet washed with us; but bread, meat, fish, money, and wine are distributed here to those whose feet are washed as

they are to our poor who have no such ablution. The King goes upon both his knees; the feet of twelve poor persons, dresed out in wigs, with their hair parted on their foreheads, to represent the twelve Apostles, are uncovered, and the King washes them. Two chamberlains, on their knees, hold the towel and basin. To them the King leaves the wiping of the feet, and kissing the feet afterwards. The Queen washes the feet of twelve old women in the same manner, representing—I know not who. The King, Queen, and Royal family then, with their own hands, serve the people whose feet have been washed with an excellent dinner of bread, fish, meat, and wine, which are packed up in separate baskets for them to carry home. The men are then embraced by the King and the women by the Queen, and all are sent home with a sum in piastres hung by a string round their necks. The Queen went through the ceremony with a stolid look of resignation; the young Princes and Princesses giggled, laughed, and quizzed; the Prince of Salerno was sulky and ungracious; but the King, whose confessor was at his back, with a long white beard, and his monastic garments and rope of flagellation, richly trimmed and laced with gold, bent his knees and forehead to the ground and went through the whole proceedings with deep and painful devotion.

He loudly and openly rebuked one of the chamberlains who contented himself with going on one knee, instead of both. I fear that *he* is entirely in the hands of the Jesuits and priests, who work upon his mind through very low and unworthy channels. His *valet de chambre* has the character of being his chief adviser, and Medicis, his minister, has no influence.[1] If Europe is cursed with

[1] Ferdinand, of as many vicissitudes as perjuries, having finished an

another revolution, it will be caused by the utter weakness of *all* its sovereigns.

7th. At daybreak this morning we unmoored and warped out to the outward harbour, and took in our powder. At eleven o'clock a.m. we sailed for Baiæ; but the wind became scant, and we had to work, and at last to tow, our way out of the bay. This, although tedious, gave us the opportunity, as we tacked from side to side, to visit and enjoy in detail all the beauties of the bay. At the same time the steamboat, full of pleasure-hunting passengers, rushed by, as for Capri; and, rushing round the island, rushed back again at the rate of thirteen miles the hour, and her passengers satisfied themselves with having seen Capri!

We again passed our Roman House; and this second view of it only increased our desire again to visit it in detail. It must have formed one of the cluster of villas which surrounded Lucullus's and Vedius Pollio's, and where all the luxury of the former was exhausted in improving the beauties of his country residence. A lonely hermit is now the only inhabitant of the site of the

unexampled career of cruelty and fraud, died in 1825, and had been succeeded by his son, Francis I., who proved himself not less a Bourbon. The despotism of this merciless tyrant became known throughout Europe, by the thrilling exposure of Mr. Gladstone, and the denunciations of many a less eloquent orator. At the period of the Duke's visit this monarch was at the height of his absolutism. The name of a young man of eighteen, then a subaltern in the Sardinian army, if known to him at all, could have given him no uneasiness; yet the genius of Camillo Benso di Cavour, aided by the enterprise of a more daring soldier of fortune, Garibaldi, drove his dynasty out of Sicily, though not till after the death of King Francis. His son, Francis II., is now a fugitive, an ally only of Pope Pius the Ninth and—the Roman brigands!

luxurious Roman's proud domain. Where the lords of the world feasted, their names only survive in the tradition of obscure story or the verses of parasitic poets; where Virgil sung, and Lucullus feasted, the eye of the antiquarian searches doubtfully for even the traces of their dwellings; where millions were spent in enjoyment, a begging friar is the only specimen of mortality; and on the spot where the festive shouts and the classic songs of thousands were raised in honour of their princely entertainer, a mendicant asks for alms to support a wretched existence.

On the shelves of the lonely rocks on which stands the low-browed hermitage, with its simple cross and figures of Franciscan friars cut in stone before its door, we saw the hermit watching the passing vessel, and giving his solitary blessing to the fishermen as their barks glided by his abode. What a lesson this for the owners of Stowe and Blenheim!

After doubling the point, we passed by the island of Nicida, where Cicero held his interview with Brutus, the least execrable of Julius Cæsar's assassins; and where Portia, Brutus's wife, died the death of a murderer's wife, and, self-devoted, "swallowed fire."

As the evening closed in, and we silently and slowly glided into our anchorage under the Castle of Baiæ, I could not help drawing a contrast between the present time and that when the lonely bay into which we were entering rang with the shouts of revelry, and gleamed with the lights of the thousand lamps that illuminated the palaces and villas of Rome's Emperors, and her nobles; when the luxury of the world was exhausted on her shores, and its power was concentrated within its limits. Now all was silent. The temples of the gods

remain, but in utter ruin, and even their destinations doubtful—surviving the houses and the memories of those who erected them, but in their own ruin manifesting the weakness and the futility of an *idolatrous faith*. The hot streams flow where they were collected into Nero's baths. But Nero's palace is no more; and the reticulated brickwork which fronts the mountain's side alone denotes that here was once the residence of man.

8th. The weather cleared up a little towards noon, and we proceeded in the barge to Pozzuoli, and coasted the bay. After we had passed Monté Nuovà, which was thrown up by volcanic process in thirty-six hours, we came to the range of tufa cliffs which reach round the bay to the Castle of Baiæ, and were the sites of the magnificent palaces and villas—of all that was great in Rome. The whole cliff, from the surface of the sea to the summit, was faced with buildings. The reticulated walls and masses of brickwork, which have fallen into the sea, and the excavations that penetrate the mountain in every part, and in which the hot springs still rise that formed the great luxury of Roman greatness, alone remain; but walks and arches literally encrustrate the whole bay. Notwithstanding the surf, we succeeded in landing at Nero's Baths. I found two very handsomely ornamented terra-cotta pipes, that had formed the ridge of a Roman house, and which I took on board. The only temple that we visited was the Temple of Diana—a hexagon exteriorly. Within, it appears like half an elliptical vault. They tell you that it was a piscina or bath. I doubt it, as it is above the level of other buildings attached and belonging to it, which, if the water had been brought into this building, must themselves have been under water. It appears more likely to have

been the sanctuary of the temple, the adytum and portico of which are in ruins. The castle is now used as a barrack. I have an order from the Neapolitan Government allowing me to land and embark goods, &c., freely: But a Government schooner, as if by accident, has followed us into our anchorage, and has anchored close to us, and I rather suspect *is a spy*.

9th. We rowed to Pozzuoli, and proceeded to the ruin of Cicero's villa, which consist only of a few arches by the sea-shore. Some rocks stretch out in a line from the shore, which is flat and sandy, and, I think, may probably have been the remains of a mole for the accommodation of the houses and villas on this side of the bay. From thence we proceeded to Nero's Palace, where we landed. We did not then enter the vapour baths; but after examining one or two baths cut in the tufa rock, mounted mules and donkeys, and proceeded to the Lake Avernus. The whole of the ground upon which the tufa rock stands, against which was built the Palace of Nero, and the City of Baiæ, is in a state of active volcanic process. The sand on the shore, and the sea-water immediately below, is warm; and in the first excavation we came to, where there was an ancient bath, in which the water rose from out of the sand below, the thermometer stood at 110 degrees of Fahrenheit. We passed by an ancient Roman pond, called Il Maricello, the remains of the quarries, from which the sea is carefully walled out, but into which it opens by an ancient sluice, where the luxurious inhabitants of some of the neighbouring villas fattened the murenæ, which formed the great delicacy to their tables. The murena is an eel, with a skin spotted in stains of light and dark-red brown, of different sizes. We got two, of about two feet long each fish, and

had them for our dinner. They tasted rich, like any other eel, perhaps; and certainly the knowledge that we were tasting a Roman delicacy did not counterbalance the unpleasant feeling arising from the fact that we were eating a disgusting snake-looking animal.

In passing to Lake Avernus, we rode at the base of Monté Nuovo, which, in the year 1538, was thrown up by an eruption in one night. It is from 200 to 300 feet high, and about three miles round at its base. The Lake of Avernus, like the Lake d'Agnano, is the crater of an ancient volcano. It is not necessary to say that here, amidst deep woods, and probably active volcanic influence, the ancient poets fabled the descent into the infernal regions. Birds are still said to drop as they fly over its sulphureous waters. But, unfortunately for the legend, I tasted the water, and found it perfectly sweet and good; and I saw bald coots and moorhens diving and splashing about, and enjoying themselves, in defiance of the infernal deities. The lake is likewise full of fish, principally tench and eels. It appears to be about two miles in circumference, and, in the middle, is 200 palms deep. The woods which overhang it are cut down, and brushwood only exists; but still the scenery would be picturesque in summer, were it possible at that season to enjoy it. But the Mal Aria now supplies the place of the infernal gods. No one can visit the lake in summer-time without danger—no one can sleep upon its banks, and wake again in life.

A narrow path, amongst the brushwood, leads to the Sibyl's Grotto, formerly a place of interest. The entrance used to be from the side of the Lucrine Lake; it passed through the mountain, which separates it from the Averno; and the view of the latter lake through the far

end of the grotto, with the Temple of Apollo on its banks, was very striking and picturesque. But an official, resident at Pozzuoli, having no right or title to the ground, or to the cave, and having no authority from the Government, still thought that he might make money of the place, and made the fabled descent into hell contribute to the income of a Neapolitan judge. So he has walled up one end of the grotto next to the Lucrine Lake, and has built a door in the other, the key of which he keeps at Pozzuoli, four miles off, and will deliver to the curious only on the payment of a fee.

After I had ascertained that this act was done without the authority of Government, and that the person who had done it was, in no respect, proprietor of the ground, I directed my sailors to batter down the door, which they did in an instant; and I sent my lacquais de place to Pozzuoli to the police, to lodge a complaint against the judge, to say that the door had been beat down by my orders and men, and that the guides of the place had not done it. I did this, as, otherwise, the roguish judge would have visited my sins upon the wretched guides, as he had, in fact, begun to do, having issued an order for the arrest of my guide to-morrow morning. As it was, the police acknowledged the justice of my complaint, refused to receive the judge's, or to arrest the man, and sent to me to desire me, on no account, to pay him a grain for his broken door.

The Sibyl's grotto, which never was the grotto of any Sibyl at all, but was only a road conducting to the Lucrine Lake, like the grotto of Pausilipo, is 1,350 palms in length. About two-thirds of its length a passage leads to the right, nearly full of water, which leads to what appears to have been an ancient bath; at least,

here rises a cold spring, which they say comes from out the Lake Avernus, and finds its way through the fissures of the rock to the Lucrine Lake. This was probably Virgil's Styx, and certainly some sacred ideas were attached to the place, and perhaps oracles were delivered at the extremity of this gloomy recess, as there is a sort of tribune cut out of the rock where the water is deepest, and appears well-suited to the purpose. Indeed, inscriptions are said to have been discovered here, denoting the visits of certain persons to consult the oracle, and amongst others Julius Cæsar.

From this grotto we proceeded to a splendid ruin on the eastern bank of the lake, which by some is called the Temple of Apollo, by others Juno, by others Proserpine, and perhaps all with equal reason.

From thence we returned the way we came, and, coming to Nero's palace, ascended by a precipitous and slippery ascent into the vapour baths, which are excavated in the tufa rock, and were probably in the rear of Nero's palace, that projected into the sea. The great corridor in which you enter is about 100 feet above the level of the sea. It is cut into vast chambers, and in their walls are recesses, in which those who in the days of Nero came, and those who come now to make use of the vapour baths repose, whilst the outlets into the outer air being closed, the vapour was, and still is, turned upon them. These corridors are much too extensive and the recesses much too numerous to permit one to believe that they could have been only a private establishment, even in the palace of such an individual as Nero. They were probably public baths attached to his residence.

At the further end is a low, arched recess, into

which the moment you enter you experience the current of hot vapour, which in an instant envelopes you. If you proceed further you must, like your guide, strip yourself, taking off your shirt, and everything but your drawers. This, of course, I did not do, but others of my party did, and penetrated down into a narrow passage, at the end of which rises an immense boiling spring. At the entrance into this gallery my thermometer stood at 116° of Fahrenheit. In the water the mercury flew up directly the whole length of the tube, and as a bucket was drawn up full, into which fresh eggs were put, that in three minutes' time were perfectly boiled, it was not necessary further to examine the quantum of its temperature. The guides tell you that where the water rises is below the level of the sea, and, considering the length and declination of the passage, it is likely to be so. Those who visited the spring came back the colour of boiled lobsters, with their faces and eyes inflamed, and their entire persons pouring down with perspiration. The greatest care must of course be taken to cover up most carefully and warmly upon coming out of this mass of vapour into the outer air.

From thence we ascended a narrow and steep acclivity within the cliff, which at length brought us out upon the face of the rock, where a beautiful view opened upon us.

Probably all these which are called temples were, in fact, baths dedicated to certain deities, and meant for particular purposes. In one of the buildings surrounding the Temple of Venus are some stuccoes, with *free* subjects painted on them. Baiæ was noted as the scene of Roman voluptuousness, as well as the place where

health and relaxation from business were sought after, and this great building had probably its appropriate use.

10th. I went in my barge round the promontory of Misenum, the sea beating hard and breaking high upon it. All along the coast the cliff is faced with ruins and perforated into chambers. The Cente Camarelle are of that description. There was a hole about the size of a large fox-earth in the centre of the cliff. Into this Wilson, as we had a tank on board, crept, and found five regular chambers cut in the rock, and stuccoed, communicating with each other. The countrypeople call them Nero's prisons. On the northern side of the island of the cape is the entrance into the Mare Morto—here lay the fleet of Roman galleys. The entrance is defended by a reef of rocks, which run a great distance across, and by projecting capes, also of tufa rock, in one of which is a large natural arch, that perforates the entire rock, and contains water enough to carry boats through in calm weather. Above this cape are the ruins of villas belonging to Lucullus and others, which cover a vast extent of ground; and here Pliny heard first of the eruption that overwhelmned Pompeii, in approaching which he met his death. Inside of this inlet is the basin, with five and six fathoms of water in the middle. On the edges of the inlet ruins of houses are to be seen under the water. Across the top of this harbour runs a dyke and a bridge, with a sluice in it, which shuts up the waters of the Mare Morto—there is a royal fishery, and the fish are sold very dear, for the benefit of the King.

Upon the borders of the Mare Morto is a district, now covered with poplars and vines, and in the summer redo-

lent of the malaria which constituted the Elysian fields of the ancients. Whatever may in their times have been the charms of this spot, most certainly it now possesses none, and the banks of the Mare Morto towards the land present a damp and dreary aspect. Towards the sea the mountain of Prosida and the rocks which form the shore are bold and fine. The point of Misenum itself is bold and magnificent.

The bottom of the cliff is perforated all round and in every direction by caverns, formed originally by the wash of the sea, and made by the Romans into magazines for the service of their fleet. In one of the largest —now called La Dragonara—is a spring of fresh water, on a level with the sea.

11th. We got a carriage from Pozzuoli, a mule and asses, which met us at Cicero's Villa. Proceeding first by the northern bank of the Lake d'Averno, we had a beautiful view from the heights. We then passed onward along the old Roman road to L'Arco Felice, or the great gate of the ancient city of Cuma.

From the top, a fine view is commanded of the country from sea to sea. It evidently appears that the Lake Licola was once the crater of a volcano. To Cuma Tarquinius Superbus retired when expelled from Rome.

On the top of the mount of Cuma are the ruins of the Temple of Apollo. It is now a heap of stone and rock, and under them are many precious marbles, but the columns were removed to Caserta. I however brought away a part of a frieze representing a winged lion, two hollow sacrificial altars in fragments, forming portions of fluted columns, and a piece of richly-worked entablature. I also brought away four very complete

and perfect amphoræ, found in a house in Cuma, but was obliged to leave behind me much that was too heavy to remove.

On the other side of the road from the Arco Felice is the amphitheatre, of which the mounds only remain. Here, sending away our carriage, we rode down to the royal chace and lake of Fusano, where is a preserve of wild boars. The lake, which is flat and uninteresting, has a small islet in it, on which stands the royal hunting-lodge, an octagon building of no interest. Fusano is famous for its oysters and eels, which are sold, for the benefit of the King, at high prices, and bring him in an enormous profit.

From thence we gradually wound amongst the hills by horrid roads, until we came to a village called La Capella, which, as well as the road leading from thence to the village of Santa Anna, forms a street of sepulchres—now the habitations of the living. It was curious to see the tombs thus occupied, and the ancient Columbariæ serving the purposes of closets, cupboards, pigsties and henroosts, whilst the bodies of the sepulchres were filled with wretched inhabitants, with numerous and more than half-starved families. Here I bought some sepulchral inscriptions.

Winding along the banks of the Mare Morto, and through the dismal precincts of the Elysian Fields, we arrived at La Piscina Mirabile, an immense excavation, made for the purpose of collecting and preserving water for the Roman fleet.

The rain came on here tremendously heavy, and we took shelter in different hovels in the village of Santa Anna. I went into a miserable sort of chandler's shop, where I found a squalid woman with five children,

whom she said she knew not how to feed. I bought some articles in the shop, in order to pay for my shelter, and gave some copper money to the children, which so delighted the mother that, when I went away, she gravely offered me the youngest, a boy of eight months old, for sale.

## CHAPTER II.

Castle of Procida—Royal Tavern—Unreliable Information—Vapour Baths—Layers of Tufa—La Sentinella—Description of an Earthquake—Government Liberality—Intelligence at Ischia—Roman Baths—Another Dream—Castello del Mare.

APRIL 12th. The rain of yesterday appears to have broken up the Neapolitan winter, and to have brought on spring. This morning we weighed anchor, and sailed out of the bay of Baiæ for Procida, in a most lovely day. But, before my departure, I had the satisfaction of getting an amphora fished up out of the sea, from the ruins of Julius Cæsar's villa, and another from those of Cicero's. Both are covered with oysters, serpulæ, and barnacles. I find the conviction here is, that I am the King of England, or, at least, his brother. Our guide gravely asked which of the above personages I was.

About four o'clock we anchored under the Castle of Procida. The island is not interesting, consisting of tufa rock, on lava and horn-stone. But the citadel stands high and fine, is strong, and contains houses and

barracks enough for all the inhabitants of the town, which stands below it.

We took a row this evening for an hour round part of Procida. A stream of lava has dipped under the northern part of the island, and comes out in a vast mass of cooled, boiling, bubbling globules on the other side. The lava contains glassy felspar, horn-stone, and pyroxene.

13th. After Divine service we rowed round the island of Procida in my barge. The Miss Wilbrahams went on shore last night to sleep at the King's hunting-seat, which receives strangers like an inn, and, like an inn, afforded them such wretched accommodation, that they were too glad to come back to the yacht, and to pray for the accommodation of my cabin. They were eaten up with vermin of all sorts.

The Castle of Procida stands on a rock of lava and tufa, to the north-east of the island, and is rather strongly fortified, according to the old plan. It contains an archieopiscopal palace in ruins, a church, &c., and accommodations, in case of necessity, for nearly all the population of the town. The rock cannot rise less than 300 feet from the sea. The town extends right through the island from north to south, and on the north forms a pretty little harbour for small vessels. But the soundings laid down in the best charts are strangely incorrect, notwithstanding which we stood in by the lead, and took up what proved to be the best anchorage in the road. The rest of the island afforded nothing else worth seeing. Its productions are limited to wine. No corn is grown, and even their firewood is brought from the Italian coast. Their meat is supplied from Naples, and nothing but the commonest sort is to be got.

Between Ischia and Procida is a high rocky island, belonging to the latter, where a little brushwood is cut, and rabbits abound. Indeed, the latter are a nuisance in Procida, and are killed by all who choose to do so. They caught some for us immediately. The sea has worn beautiful caverns in the tufa rock, which are picturesque, but furnish no mineral or geological variety.

14th. I weighed at day-break, and by breakfast-time was at anchor in an excellent berth under the Castle of Ischia, where none of the charts even gave soundings. I had the anchorage surveyed and laid down, and am satisfied that in all ordinary cases it would answer very well for men-of-war, as the land of Terracina and Gaeta must break the swell of the sea from the only point to which the anchorage is open, and all other parts are protected by the Castle of Ischia and Procida. Supplies are not easy to be got, as the inhabitants have not the means of feeding meat; consequently they kill none.

I took a row in the evening to a point where I saw some labourers at work in the cliff, which had fallen down, and there I discovered immediately what I had not been aware of, and what I believe is not mentioned in any book—viz., gypsum and selenite. We naturally, after what had passed, asked the labourers to what the fall of the cliff was owing; and immediately—such is their love of the marvellous, and their desire to humbug strangers—they told us a long history of an earthquake which had taken place the night before, &c., the whole of which, we found out from the clerk of the works, is a lie, the rock being broken down every year by the hand of man, in order to furnish blocks for anchoring the tunny-nets, for which purpose they use them, of immense

size and weight. A tunny-net, with its establishments afloat, costs 500 ducats.

15th. This morning we set out to make an excursion in the island. There are not more than four or five horses in the place, and no mules. A cart or carriage of any sort is perfectly unknown. Everything is carried upon asses, and a donkey with a most splendid jingling scarlet bridle, with a looking-glass in front and a small horn suspended to the check-piece, in order to avert the evil eye, was selected to carry sa Excellenza il Signor Duca. The whole island is one mass of volcanic matter in all its different shapes. Here, once for all, we take leave of the theory—if ever we entertained it—of lava's regularly decomposing and becoming vegetable matter. The *youngest* lava here is 500 years old, and it is as barren and as rugged as when first thrown out of the crater, whereas some of the other lavas much older are teeming with vegetation. The fact is, that the vegetation of lava solely depends upon the substances thrown up *with* it. Lava itself never decomposes; but when accompanied by masses of cinders, ashes, vegetable earth, or mineral decompositions, it becomes triturated, and easily receives vegetable roots and seeds, and thus in some instances made very speedily fit for cultivation. I mention this, as a great deal of error has arisen, encouraged, I believe, very much by Brydone's very foolish book, from calculations on the supposed age of the world, formed on the appearances of different stratas of lava.

On leaving the town we proceeded to the westward along the coast, to where the King is erecting a lodge for himself, and passed by the first warm baths, called La Stufa d'Ischia. The whole island is surrounded by

hot baths and springs of various temperatures, from boiling water to 70° of Fahrenheit. They are more or less saline, and impregnated with magnesia, alumina, and iron. Many of the springs rise in the sea and bubble up upon its surface. The high mountain that overshadows the whole island is itself a mass of volcanic matter, and contains, at this moment, active volcanic effervescences. For above 500 years it has exhausted itself through the means of its boiling springs, with occasional earthquakes. Whenever the effervescence becomes too powerful for its existing safety-valves, an eruption will be the consequence. Immediately above the town is the last stream of lava which broke out of a crater at the roots of the mountain, and ran into the sea at Punta del Ano. In proceeding thither we passed by a salt-water lake that communicates with the sea, and which a little labour might make a very fine harbour, at a trifling expense. There is an islet in it with a tower, which has a very picturesque effect.

Turning to the left we passed through one continual scene of vineyard and cultivation, until we came to La Stufa da Castiglione. These are at the top of the cliff, and there take the shape of sand-baths. Under a covered shed a bath is dug in the tufa rock. In this the patient sits or lies down. The room is then closed up to confine the vapour. In the sides of this dry bath are earthern pipes, that communicate with the hot springs below, and are so contrived as to apply themselves to any separate and distinct part of the body affected with rheumatic, gouty, erysipelatic, or paralytic affections, for which these baths are principally used. These pipes are closed up.

If the patient wishes for a general application of the

vapour, all these pipes are opened; if not, only the one is opened which is applied to the part, and the whole body of vapour pours out upon it. The body is covered with linen cloth all but the head, and the vapour, escaping, rises, condenses, and falls down in the shape of a general dew. When the patient has thus remained as long as is prescribed to him, he generally gets into a bath of warm water, in order gradually to cool, and then into bed. Great cures have been performed by these vapours, and certainly they are capable of wonderful efficacy. But the accommodations are so detestable, and the state of the baths so filthy—all descriptions of persons, with all descriptions of vermin, using the same baths, linen, &c.—that it is next to impossible for anyone accustomed to cleanliness and comfort to use them. A spirited English hotel-keeper would make his fortune here by common cleanliness, and the most simple accommodations. This may serve as a description of all the vapour baths in Ischia. At the foot of the cliff of Castiglione, and from under the sea, rise the hot springs which furnish the vapour baths above and hot baths below. The heat of the water is boiling.

About fifty yards from this place, at the foot of the cliff, on the level of the sea, with the *tufa rock above it and another below*, are found a strata of clay, or rather decomposed tufa, full of the best preserved fossil remains of shells I ever saw. They are all Mediterranean shells, but of the greatest beauty. Intermixed with them are remains of vegetable matter. Now, although this formation is of the youngest, perhaps, yet it cannot be younger than the deluge. Give whatever age you please to the tufa stratum above it, it still is tufa, which means volcanic matter decomposed and mixed with calcareous

substances. What age can you give to the tufa stratum *beneath* the stratum of shells? Many of the shells are filled up with pumice. Pumice contained in the stratum of clay also contains the shells. Pumice nodules are found interspersed throughout the stratum. There the shells, the pumice, and the stratum are coeval—but what is the age to affix to them? And what becomes of the theories of Neptumists and Volcanists before such evidence?

From thence we turned into the romantic valley of Casalmicciola, famous for its baths and hot springs, and now too much so for the late earthquake in February, which has overwhelmed it. In entering the village you pass over a bridge under which runs the heated stream, that serves the neighbourhood for culinary purposes. Here is an hospital or place of repose for the poorer classes of people seeking relief from the waters, and here now are lodged sixty miserable families which have been rendered houseless and penniless by the earthquake. By a precipitous road you mount up the hill to La Sentinella, a sort of hotel built for the accommodation of the richer sort who use these waters, but who must descend below when they use them, to enjoy the same baths and mix in the same filth with the poor in the hospital—certainly a most disgusting illustration of equality in an arbitrary monarchy.

La Sentinella commands a beautiful sea-view, including the sinuosities of the coast of Ischia, the coast of Italy as far as Terracina, the Ponza Islands, &c. Towards the land the view is bounded by high and rugged mountains, at the roots of which is situated the town of Casalmicciola, and which is clothed with vineyards and vine magazines, farmhouses, &c., as

far as the crags will permit the foot of an Ischian mountaineer to plant a spade. Above frown the heights of the mountain, calcined by fire and splintered by storms. In its bosom the wretched inhabitants of this seeming paradise know too well that fire is raging at this moment.

So many stories had been told about this earthquake, that I was determined to see the spot, and judge for myself. The great concussion took place on the Sunday, fortunately, when the greater part of the population was in the church. Its walls resisted the shock, but the whole building cracked, and the ground rocked. The persons who were there described it as the effect of a moment. They heard a sort of hissing, rumbling noise, for a second; then a vast explosion, like an immense cannonade, for another second, or three at most. They threw themselves upon their faces, and when they got up all was over. They rushed out of the church, and the village was in ruins. Those who were in the houses were all killed or maimed, or escaped by miracle. One little girl, about eight years old, lay buried for four nights and five days. I saw her. She is lamed, but slowly recovering. Her father is alive; her mother, big with child, was killed. The searchers took for granted the child was dead; they knew that she was buried. They searched for the mother, and found her corpse. At that moment they heard a plaintive cry of "Mamma, mia," and digging on they found the child protected by a beam, which had fallen diagonally. She was insensible, and now remembers scarcely anything that passed. For two days after her restoration she slept continually, waking only to call for water, of which she drank incessantly. All she now says is, that La

Madonna came to her and fed her with cake as she lay buried. It appeared evident to me that her senses are still bewildered; and I cannot help suspecting that some injury has been done to her head. Two different earthquakes followed this, but no more mischief was done. In fact, nature had performed her office, and nothing that could stand remained to be affected by the subsequent convulsions.

The earthquake came from the west, and ran on in a line to the east. It appears to have covered an extent of about four miles space; and, from the description given to me of the violence of the explosion, neither preceded nor succeeded by any shaking, but performing its office like an immense mine sprung under their feet, it must have been occasioned by the sudden formation of a quantity of gaseous air too large for the natural apertures of the ground, and fissures in the rock, to dispose of. No smoke was seen, or exhalation felt. All was quiet; the explosion came, and all was again quiet, but desolate. I wish that I could say anything in favour of the humanity of the Government, or even of the people of Naples; but I cannot. They have done *nothing*. The English have subscribed liberally, and the people of Ischia bless them and the English Consul, Sir Henry Lushington, who himself came over and distributed money and necessaries to the sufferers. But the merchants and nobility of Naples did not subscribe a *doit*.

The Government has not given one farthing of relief. It has offered the wretched peasantry the money to rebuild their homes for seven years, at three per cent; but not one has accepted the offer, as at the end of the seven years the houses would become the property of the

Government, in default of payment of principal and interest, and an enormous rent would be imposed upon them. Not a single tax, direct or indirect, has been remitted to them, except that upon the houses which were *destroyed!* And there I left the poor creatures gazing upon their ruined homes and buried relatives.

From thence, by a very steep and rocky path, worse than any which I have ever trod, except in my ascent up Etna, but along which my donkey conveyed me with great precaution and perfect safety, we wound up amongst the hills at the foot of Epopeo, through vine-yards and chestnut underwood covered with spring-flowers, until we broke upon a magnificent view of the bay and town of Ischia, Naples, Vesuvius, Capri, &c., with the crater below us, out of which issued the stream of lava I at first mentioned. Close to us ran the aqueduct which conveys from Epomeo the only spring of fresh water in the island to Ischia. All the other water drank in the island is rain-water. Here we refreshed ourselves, and returned down a very rugged mountain path to Ischia, to our vessel. At La Sentinella the daughter of the master of the house showed me her wedding ear-rings, of beautifully-worked pure gold, made by an artist in the island from Genoa. She valued them at forty-two ducats.

16th. We set forth in my barge, and rowed and sailed entirely round the island—about twenty-two English miles. We went round by the Castle of Ischia to the eastward, and then to the southward, and came home by the westward coast. The rocks are all lava and tufa; and the sand of the sea being very strong and unbroken by any land, except the coast of Africa, the cliffs, which are extremely high, are broken into magnificent black

caverns, in which the blue waters of the Mediterranean looked beautifully clear and serene.

Before we came to Cape St. Angelo we landed on a sandy beach, and through a ravine in the rocks of about three-quarters of a mile in length, walked up a little stream, until we came to the source of the hot springs of Cavascuro, which fell in a small streamlet from above. The ravine was in no place ten yards wide, and the rocks 200 feet high. It appeared just the place for banditti. But the honest Ischians know not the meaning of the term. They are too secluded not to be honest. One of them asked us if England was as big as Ischia? Upon being assured it was bigger, she (for the inquirer was a woman) said, as if sure of a triumph—"What, as big as Naples?" Upon being answered "Yes, and bigger," she smiled, and shook her head, incredulous.

The water of Cavascuro is boiling at its source. Further on the smoke rises through the sea-beach, and shews the sources of the baths of Vomitella. Wherever the sand is moved the steam rises, so hot that the hand cannot bear it, and at the depth of three feet boils up boiling water.

From thence the same class of broken rugged cliff extends, in all the varieties of volcanic and sea-beat shore, to Punto del Imperatore, which stands out a bleak and black rock in the sea, and forms the western part of the island. The land tends to the northward. The water is deep up to the edge of the cliff. The town of Forio is large, with old walls and towers. Farther on a magnificent scene of the town and bay of Laco, backed by the mountain, with all its villages, vineyards, and villas, with rocky points running out into the sea, and here and there crowned with weather-beaten towers,

broke upon the eye; and the same sort of a scene, constantly varying, but always beautiful, attended us home to our vessel.

What is most admirable, round the whole course of this island is the wonderful labour of man employed upon it. In all its extent—rocks, mountains and recesses—it is one incessant vineyard, and garden, and corn-ground. Wherever a scrambling islander can plant his foot, he plants a vine, and builds a wall to protect the earth from crumbling away from it. As we sailed along, we saw the peasants sticking to the faces of the precipices, making ledges in the lava, and crumbling down decomposed tufa and laporillo upon it, to make a soil and plant a garden. The poor know not what meat is. Their bread is good and cheap. Their wine is excellent, and to be had for next to nothing. During the summer they have grapes, and figs, and oranges in profusion; fish, both fresh and salted—chiefly the latter; and *agrami*, which they find growing spontaneously, such as wild garlic, asparagus, &c.

The men are the finest race of beings I ever saw—tall, robust, black-eyed, active, and always gay. The women have a beautiful cast of features; but hard labour, the climate, and precocious child-bearing, reduce their figures to bundles of clothing, and dirt makes them disgusting. Their national costume is, however, beautiful and gaudy, and the girls who still dress in it are not a little vain of their good looks.

The people were everywhere setting nets between poles, on all the cliffs facing the south, to catch the quails, which are beginning their migration from the coast of Africa, for the summer, in immense numbers. We bought some for a carlino each. The nets are the

same as those in which woodcocks used to be caught in England.

17th. Weighed anchor at one o'clock P.M., for Naples, where my sister is arrived from Rome to see me, and anchored in the bay about five o'clock. I have got leave for Donati, Monticelli's secretary, to come with me on board, to help me in my search after minerals.

18th. At eleven o'clock my sister and Lord Arundel[1] came on board. I find that they have brought a large party with them—Lord Dormer,[2] Bishop Baines, the Doughtys, &c. Lord Arundel very cordial. After we had had much talk of old times, we all embarked in my barge, and went across the bay to visit the ruins of the Roman House, which I mentioned before. On the right as you enter, on a rock rising above the waves, is a little hermitage, with three coloured statues of Franciscan monks, in their robes. In this hermitage lives a brother of St. Francis, who begs of all the boats which pass by; and close by the margin of the sea a little basket hangs to a pole, inclined over it, in which the offerings of the fishermen are thrown as they scud round the point of the hermit's dwelling. We propitiated St. Francis, and received the blessings of his votary in exchange. The tufa rock all round the hermitage is perforated, like a rabbit warren, with ancient excavations, ruins of buildings, &c.; and the whole scene is romantic and lonely.

I receive a letter from Count Nugent,[3] through the Duc de Laurenzana, which I answer through the same channel. His object is to endeavour to make me inter-

[1] James Everard, tenth Baron Arundel, of Wardour. He died in 1834.

[2] Joseph Thaddeus, eleventh Baron Dormer.

[3] James, a Count of the Germanic or Holy Roman Empire.

fere in England to procure peace. But my political career is closed. However, Count Nugent insists upon going to Vienna, to learn from head-quarters whether my influence may not yet be useful in a cause which he knows I have deeply at heart.

19th. I this day receive another letter from my poor wife. Poor Muir's wife is dead in childbed. My wife has engaged to protect her children, and she died in peace and comfort. When I announced this news, I found that on the very day on which this poor creature died, Muir told Wilcox, Sharp, and several others on board, that he was sure his wife was dead; for that she had come to him in a dream and told him so! The fact is indisputably true. All one can do is, to wonder and be silent. But the result has been a confirmed and decided ghost-story in the ship. In the afternoon I again went in my barge to the Roman House, the schools of Virgil, and round the little picturesque island of Nicida.

20th. I find that the selenite which I found in Ischia was a trick of the workmen. It is brought over from Mafra, on the Italian shore, to burn into lime, and is produced by the workpeople as coming from Ischia! The shells which we found in the clay at the foot of the rock are supposed to have been thrown up, by volcanic fire, on the high ground above where the shells now are found, and to have fallen down from thence below into their present situation. And this is supposed to be proved by the fact of the stratum of clay being found above without any shells at all in it, and of that stratum dipping down from above to its present site.

21st. Sir Henry Lushington, Lady L., and one of their daughters, came on board and proceeded with me across the bay. The day was beautiful, and the situation

of Castello del Mare, at the foot of a high calcareous mountain, clothed with wood and dotted with villas and houses, most picturesque. Castello del Mare stands nearly upon the site of the ancient Stabia. To the westward of it, under the same range of mountains, stands the town of Vico, and, further on, that of Sorrento. Above all is the range of calcareous mountains, forming a branch of the Apennines, on which stands a Camandoli Convent. Castello del Mare skirts the seashore, has 5,000 inhabitants, and the King has a country palace, with a beautiful mountain pleasure-ground and park. Signor Donati remains on board as mineralogist, &c.

The Prince of Denmark arrives in Naples to see the eruption. Dines with the King. The Royal Dockyard at Castello del Mare, where the fleet of Naples is built. One frigate here.

## CHAPTER III.

Rush of Water into a Cavern—Carbonari Influence on the King —Royal Expenditure — Sorrento — Catching Quails — True Modesty—Interview with the Syndic — Liquefaction of the Blood of St. Januarius—Explanation of the Supposed Miracle —Treachery—Sir Hudson Lowe.

April 22nd. I proceeded in my barge along the coast towards Vico. The coast is here entirely calcareous, secondary limestone, and clay slate. The rock lies in very thin strata, dipping in an angle of from eighteen to twenty degrees from east to west. Underneath the whole is volcanic tufa. The coast is lined with limekilns, where all the lime is burnt that is used in Naples. The cliffs are very bold, bluff, and high, furrowed with channels made by the winter rains. The water of Castellamare is considered remarkably fine and pure, and is famous for keeping well. There are mineral waters at Castellamare, of two different sorts—one a strong ferrigeneous water, the other sulphureous. The cliffs are clothed with low wood of oak and chestnut, and are not less than 300 feet high.

About three miles from Castellamare, at a place called Canosella, we found a stratum of clay slate, with beautiful fossil remains of fishes, of two species—a small flat fish, and the sardine. It is curious to say, that these fossil remains are perfectly unknown in Naples. There are many specimens of dendritic slate, and of the calcareous rock used for lithography; and carbonate of lime, in crystals, occurs everywhere. Under the rock is a sea-beach, the sand of which is wholly volcanic, and consists of beautiful minute crystals of augite, pyroxene, titanilum, specular iron, &c. This is probably thrown up from the opposite shore of Vesuvius or Ischia, or perhaps of both. Just before we came to Vico, in a deep bay, at the bottom of which is a limekiln, we saw the fuel of the kiln conveyed to it in a very simple and direct manner. The fuel consists of olivewood, cut on the mountain and cliff just above the kiln; and a long rope being passed over two forked poles on the top of the cliff, and bound tight to stakes stuck into the ground where the kiln is, the faggots, as they are cut above, are slung by a forked peg on the rope, and sent down in rapid succession to the hand of the man below, who makes up the faggot pile as they arrive. The effect of seeing the faggots in the air, when you do not see the rope that supports them, is singular.

Round the point is the little harbour for the fishing-boats of Vico. The town stands most picturesquely on the top of the cliffs, surrounded by olive woods and vineyards. Below, the rocks fall perpendicularly 300 feet into the sea. We saw a small cavern, worn by the sea, which had a curious effect. The sea rushes into it, and when the surf is the least rough, as was the case to-day, it enters it with violence. From the effect produced,

probably by another latent fissure, into which the water equally enters, and which internally communicates with the cavern, the weight of water forced in by one propels into it a column of air stronger than that driven in by the other. The consequence is, that the water, in its reflux from the first cavern, is driven out of its mouth by the air pumped into the second, like a shower of spray or shot out of a gun, with a loud report. We lay on our oars to watch the effect of this natural piston, and I daresay we saw the spray shot out like a cloud of mist twenty yards horizontally from the mouth of the cavern.

We returned to the yacht. After taking our fossil hunters on board, which, however, was a work of difficulty, as the surf was so strong that we were obliged to bring our boat to a grapnel, to let her go stern forward on the beach, when the men jumped into the surf, threw one gentleman into the boat on their shoulders, and the boat was instantly hauled out of the surf by the grapnel rope.

23rd. We verified the position of the rock containing the shells. It runs up near 200 feet of the face of the cliff, is underlaid by tufa, and covered by calcareous rocks. It dips from east to west in a declination of from thirty to forty degrees. I immediately weighed anchor, and sailed for Naples.

Donati has never been at sea before, and, beginning with the delights of smooth sailing, soon commenced showing the effects produced by a little swell, and his dark Italian countenance began to look very green and very yellow. At length he came up with great glee to us all, and exclaiming, "No vomitato," found himself much relieved.

24th. Last evening we came to an anchor just as the

sunset gun fired. The health-officer boat came alongside, but refused us pratique, because the inspector was gone home.

The Viceroy of Sicily is arrived in Naples, I believe, with a view of representing the *deplorable* state of the finances and resources of Sicily. Currency has entirely disappeared. The King's taxes are monthly transmitted to Naples in bullion, and nothing is received in exchange. In the country the system of barter is resorted to, in the entire want of the circulating medium. The whole country is in a desperate condition, and a crisis must take place. The King is solely in the hands of his valet de chambre, who is a *Carbonaro* himself, and through whose influence the Carbonari are receiving their footing, under the shadow of the King's authority. A judge has been lately restored under the valet's influence, who was a Carbonaro, and the other day decided a case, the justice of which was self-evident, in the teeth of the evidence, upon the defendant's making the signs of Carbonarism in court. The family of Paterno, one of the greatest and oldest families in Sicily, had a law-suit in Palermo, and last week had the baseness to send over a letter of introduction and recommendation from the valet de chambre to the chief judge of Palermo. The judge had yet some decent feeling left, and indignantly sent back the letter.

The King's expenses are *dreadful*, and he does nothing for his money, and never gives a dinner. When he came to the throne he was offered the Civil List, which Murat enjoyed, of 100,000 ducats per month—each ducat 3*s.* 2*d.* of our money—which he refused, saying that it was too little, and that La Casa Reale must be unchecked and unlimited in its expenditure. Accordingly he draws for whatever money he wants, and gives no account. I

have taken some pains to verify my information upon the point, and I am inclined to believe that I am not deceived. No one is responsible for the royal expenditure. The Ministre Secretaire d'Etat della Casa Reale is at the head of the palace, and receives the expenditure money *en gros*, and distributes it to the Superintendent, and to the Major Domo, who are officers of state, much too important to look into their own concerns, or those of the King their master. They distribute it to those under them in their respective departments; and at length, after being filtered and dribbled through all the veins of the body-corporate of the palace, which differs from the human body in this respect, that the blood which flows from the heart does not return to it, *some* of the money in question reaches the King. But as all take their share of the plunder before it reaches him, I have reason to believe that he is robbed to the extent of from seventy to eighty per cent.

I go to see Monticelli's collection of minerals, and to meet him. I saw the collection; but Mons. Monticelli is ordered to attend the Prince of Denmark, who is come here on a tour, up Vesuvius. The collection of Vesuvian minerals is immense and beautiful, and supplies all Europe. His general collection is meagre and bad.

Signor Donati proceeds to Cuma, to superintend an excavation in a tomb for me. Returns, having found nothing but two pieces of money in the mouths of two skeletons, and a miserable lamp, a patera, and a lachrymatory.

29th. Leave Baiæ, and cross the Bay of Naples to Sorrento. The situation of the town is beautiful. It includes two towns, Sorrento proper and Il Piano di Sorrento. Both are upon high cliffs, backed by high

mountains covered with olive and orange groves, in the midst of which the houses are interspersed. In the charts good anchorage is laid down; but we find the shore so steep that, if we had run into it, we should have been close under the rocks, without room to swing, or the means of getting under weigh if the wind came in on the land. We, therefore, dropped our anchor further out from the shore, in twenty fathoms. All sorts of civilities from the authorities. Sorrento is famous for its oranges, which are immensely large, but, I think, insipid and tasteless, with very thick rinds. I have been much disappointed in the oranges of the Mediterranean, which certainly are very inferior to those we get in England.

The coast is here wholly calcareous, the tufa dipping under it from the eastward. It is a hard, compact limestone, splashed over everywhere with bitumen.

30th. Went in the barge along the coast to the westward. All beautifully romantic; the cliffs high and bold, the grounds above covered with vines, olives, and oranges, and rising into craggy mountains, that separate this sea from that on the other side, which bathes the coast of Amalfi. We land at a romantic sandy cove, about a mile from the town, where a tunny fishery was going on. These fish are just beginning to come in. The sand is a mixture of tourmaline, crystallized, peridote, pyroxene, calcareous spar, and specular iron, all in minute crystals. No signs of organic remains of any sort; the rocks very full of bitumen, which exudes all along the coast, but is nowhere found in masses or in springs.

Further on, about two miles, we entered, by a natural arch in the rock, just wide enough to admit the barge,

and about thirty feet high, into a natural circular basin of the sea, surrounded by high rocks, and about two fathoms deep. Over the entrance towards the sea we saw the remains of reticulated brickwork and a Roman tower, and, to our surprise, found the whole interior covered with Roman brickwork, vaults, chambers, &c., and that, in fact, we were in the middle either of a vast Roman castle or villa, of which this natural basin was the piscina. I measured it, and found the circle of the basin ninety-five feet in diameter, and the height from the top of the rock to the surface of the water was forty-five feet. Going out of this natural basin, we sounded the point of land on which stands the ruins of a Roman watch-tower, and the continued remains of the edifice to which the piscina belonged. The vaults and chambers on the summit and along the sides of the rock are very numerous, and the stucco remains on the walls. The exterior wall is to be seen on the rocks close down to the seaside, and even under its surface.

From hence the coast continues to the southward, stretching in romantic inlets and rocky capes towards Capri, whose rugged summits and bold cliffs constitute a beautiful background. All the cliffs are covered with nets, set between slight poles, to catch the quails, which are now emigrating from Africa to the coasts of Italy, in thousands to breed. They are sold for three grains each, and last year one net in Capri caught in the season 14,000 quails. Just before daybreak the poor birds come in, and drop exhausted on the rocks. After a few hours' rest they rise again, and fly into the interior. They may at first be picked up with ease, and the land resounds with guns; fifty or sixty shots may be got in a morning. But they are uncertain in their flight,

and some mornings consecutively follow without any flights.

From thence we proceeded to a small village in a romantic bay called St. Paolo, refreshed our boat's crew, and returned to the vessel. On going on board I found that the Syndic of the town and the magistrates had been to visit me, and, finding me gone, had left a present of fresh veal—for which Sorrento is famous—and oranges and lemons. I immediately sent Giovanni with my cards on shore to return the visits, and appointed the day after to-morrow to receive them, as to-morrow will be a great *festa*, and I knew that they would be busy in their church in a "funzione" all day.

The nobles here consider themselves much purer in blood than the Neapolitan nobles, and are very jealous of their honour. They consider themselves as descended from the Spanish nobility in lineal descent, and retain the title of Don.

May 1st. To-day we again embark in the barge, and pursue our course to the southward and westward. The range of cliffs increases in height and ruggedness, all of compact limestone, with bitumen and bituminous slate, until we come to the little town of Mafra, where suddenly the calcareous rock sinks into clay, in which the compact limestone is found of which grindstones are made. Mafra lies at the bottom of a cove or bay, where some fishing vessels harbour. The height of the mountains protects the whole of this range of coast from the south, and makes it the coolest range of coast on the Neapolitan territories. The towns and olive woods are full of villas, either belonging to the Neapolitans, or let to them and the English during the hot months. The

climate is beautiful, but in winter, owing to the absence of the sun from the height of the mountains, it is damp. In summer it is what Montpellier used to be. A sea-breeze regularly sets in about eleven o'clock, and cools the air until sunset, when the breeze comes off the land. Boats pass from Sorrento and Castellamare to Naples every day; and yet, such is the want of energy and spirit in the people and the government, that there is no road between these two towns, or across the peninsula to Amalfi—nothing but a mule-track, and that in parts very bad. The sea is deep up to the very foot of these cliffs—from twenty to sixty fathoms.

From Mafra the calcareous rock rises again, and the same line of coast continues round to Amalfi. When we were opposite to Capri, as we could find nothing but continued masses of limestone, we returned. The number of watch-towers built in former days to protect the coast from Saracen enemies is very great. Every cape is crowned with one, and their romantic ruined form add considerably to the beauty of the scenery. Above Mafra, on a mountain which overhangs it, are the romantic ruins of a castle, which give the place the name of Mafra di Castello, &c. Here on our return we refreshed our men, having the wine and bread and cheese brought into the boat.

The shore was covered with fishermen and children, the latter almost naked, many entirely so, and all dabbling in the water, in which they pass the whole day. The men had finished their labour, and were waiting on the shore, chattering to each other, and romping with each other, until the evening came on and they were again to pass the night at sea. Dressed in nothing but a shirt tucked up at the elbow, a lazzaroni

cap of blue or scarlet cloth on their heads, and a pair of linen trowsers tucked close up between the thighs, and leaving the half of them and all their legs and feet bare, they presented magnificent models for the painter and sculptor. A boat was unloading on the shore, and we held by her whilst our men were eating.

Having more wine than we wanted, I gave a glass apiece to the children round us; and seeing two young girls helping to unload the vessel, and bearing great weights through the sun, the boat being loaded with sand, which these girls carried in great baskets on rolls on their heads, marching up-hill with them, without even supporting their burthens with their hands, I called to them and offered them some wine—but they smiled and turned away. I desired the people about me to call them, and explain to them that we would not offend them; but they said the girls would not take the wine. I asked why, and the answer was, that if they took wine from strangers they would be thought "cattive," and that it was not modest to do so. Of course we said no more. In fact, I never saw so much decorum anywhere as amongst the lower orders of women in the country here. Both these girls were pretty, finely formed, and, from the practice of carrying heavy weights on their heads, very upright, and walked and stood beautifully. They were labouring hard, amidst a large parcel of men, and I observed that not one indecorous look, or word, or demeanour, even in play, passed between them; and they refused a glass of wine, offered without any freedom of look or voice, by strangers, lest it should be deemed immodest.

Of what passes amongst the higher orders in Italy I of course can *know* nothing; but this I know, that nothing but the strictest decorum is *visible* in society.

Amongst the lower orders in the country, I am convinced that the strictest decorum exists in fact, and it is universally practised. In large towns vice will exist as elsewhere; but nowhere does it *appear* as in England.

2nd. At eleven o'clock this morning the Syndic of the town of Sorrento came and paid me a visit of ceremony. Much bowing, assurances of civility, attention, &c., on his part—equal bowing, &c., on mine. He was a relation, lineally descended, from Tasso, whose house still exists here—he was born here. I complimented the Syndic on his poetical origin—no doubt the genius of the family descended with the blood! More bows. The nobility of Sorrento are the most ancient in the kingdom of Naples. They are of the pure Spanish blood, and look down upon the nobility of Naples. They call themselves Don, and their ladies Donna. No doubt Il Cavaliere was of the noblest of these families. Il Cavaliere, a little black man, who talked incessantly, said he was. I was proud to have upon my deck so illustrious, &c., &c. More bows—and so we bowed about the deck, until I bowed him out.

In two hours I got upon my mule and returned the visit. Ditto bows—ditto compliments. Tasso's pictures, letters, pedigree, &c., produced and bowed over. I was the most illustrious person in Europe—bow; all Europe rings with my fame—two bows; Sorrento honoured for ever by my presence—three bows; the Syndic made for ever happy by my visit, condescension, amenity, &c. —three bows. So we parted bowing.

Visited two large Roman cisterns. Spring water brought three miles to it—three-and-twenty feet deep. We then proceeded along the Piano di Sorrento. The whole country blooming and blushing with orange flowers

and fruit. All the roads in the neighbourhood are between high stone walls, and are so for miles.

At last I ascended one of the mountains which overhang Sorrento, and the view that breaks upon the eye is splendid, of the whole Bay of Naples, that of Sorrento, the Piano of ditto, and the craggy Apennines, clothed half-way up to their tops with olive woods and oak. From Castellamare the limestone rock, of which the Apennines are composed, come down and force the tufa down. Near the easternmost point of Sorrento the tufa rises in cliffs above the sandy coves, in which beautifully picturesque fishing villages are situated close to the sea. The calcareous rock retires with the Apennines, and, forming a high ridgy rock, or backbone, along the extent of the peninsula, comes into the sea again at the town of Sorrento, where the tufa is finally lost, and gives place to the compact limestone, that extends round Point Campanella. The variety of beautiful caves, and caves in which the mixture and contention, as it were, between the two rocks break the coast, is beautiful beyond conception. The limestone is compact without organic remains, and full of bitumen.

3rd. Anchored again in the Bay of Naples. Lord Arundel calls upon me. Mary is gone to see the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, which takes place to-day. The miracle is performed every day during the octave of the feast of the saint. At Pozzuoli, too, there is a stone which sweats blood at the same time. Upon this stone the saint suffered martyrdom. Lord Arundel has too much sense to believe in it, and deplores the continuance of so dreadful a blasphemy.

Lord Carysford[1] is at length dead. He died on Easter

[1] John Joshua, first Earl. He died in April, 1828.

Monday, in a fit which lasted only five minutes. He passed away without any suffering or pain. His death is a great relief to poor Lady C. and all about him. But he was very kind to me, and I regret his loss.

4th. My sister comes on board. I found her in horror about the miracle which she witnessed yesterday. She was placed close to the rails of the altar. My old friend Cardinal Scilla Ruffo performed the ceremony. The crystal phial which held the coagulated lump called blood was brought out in procession by the Cardinal from the sacristy. The blood is supposed to liquefy at the presence of the head, and the head as well as the blood were put upon the altar. But many declared that when the liquor began to stain the glass it was not near the head, and that many people stood between the two. It took twenty-two minutes to liquefy, during which time the mob who filled the church yelled and screamed, and abused the saint with all the violence which distinguishes the annoyed Neapolitan, and all the indecency which adorns his vulgar tongue. In the meanwhile the Cardinal, aware of the whole trickery, and only desirous to get it over, kept the phial in his hand, turning it, tasting it, and shaking it about and holding it in his hand to make it liquefy. At length when he declared "Il miracolo e fatto!" a yell of delight burst out from the people, and a vast clapping of hands succeeded. Mary said that it did not appear to liquefy entirely, but to become pasty and smeary, like red savoury jelly.

5th. St. Januarius performed his miracle again to-day, and in a much shorter time—so he did not get abused. It is done by heat operating upon iron mixed with ammonia, and answers much better in warm than in cold

weather. In fact, although it is a great secret, the miracle has been performed in Naples privately, in order to ascertain the fact. A courier was ready on Saturday, mounted at the door of the church, and set off immediately to let the King know the happy news at Portici, that "il miracolo e fatto." The truth is, the sensible Catholics know it is an imposture, and are ashamed of it. The clergy know it too, but keep up the farce to keep the people in order. By suspending or delaying the miracle for an hour, any effect wished for might be produced on a Neapolitan populace. In fact, the greatest abuses exist in the exercise of the rites of the Catholic religion here. I *know* a case where a Carbonaro had hid his diploma and his arms in a part of his house where he had built them up. Imprudently he had intrusted his wife with this fatal secret. Oppressed by the weight of it, she communicated it, *sub sigilli. confessionis*, to her confessor. He was villain enough to betray both his penitent and her husband to the police. The next night the police came to the very spot marked out by the woman, who had thus sacrificed her husband. The diploma and arms were found, and both husband and wife were carried to prison, where they now remain. I find that the King implicitly believes in the miracle of the liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood.

6th. Lord Clifford's son[1]—a younger son in the Piedmontese military academy, a fine young man—comes to see the yacht, with his friend Mr. King, and both of them come on to Capri and Pæstum. Accordingly we weigh anchor, and the weather improves. We anchor in Capri about four o'clock. *N.B.*—The Neapolitan

[1] Robert Henry, fifth son of Charles, seventh Baron. He died in 1833.

charts give no anchorage. By the lead we find a very good one close to the town.

The whole rock is a huge mass of calcareous limestone. The town lies in a bight of the bay. Very few houses are on the sea-shore. The land rises immensely high directly, and the ascent to the town is by flights of high steps. On the top of the cliff, to right of the anchorage, which is above 1,000 feet high, is a strong fort, which commands the anchorage. On the half-way down is another battery, and on the left cliff is again another, with a fourth in front commanding the town. The place might be rendered impregnable if it were worth while; but last war it was taken by us, and from us again by surprise. Sir Hudson Lowe commanded there, and had a spy in his pay, who was in the pay of Marmont also. The preparations made for the attack of Capri were public along the coast; but this man had the art to persuade Sir Hudson that they were destined for Provida and Ischia, and Capri was taken without a shot being fired. The French landed at the back of the island, and took possession of Ana Capri, and the heights which in reverse commanded all the batteries. Sir Hudson had nothing to do but to cry like a child and surrender.

On the left of the town is a point of rock called Il Capo, composed of secondary rock, calcareous throughout. Here I found some remains of shells in the secondary rock. The base is calcareous slate. We returned to dinner.

## CHAPTER IV.

Stalactite Columns at Capri—Sword Fish—Amalfi—Beautiful Landscapes—A Magnificent Cavern—Salerno—Ruins at Pæstum—Effects of Malaria—Banditti—Suspicious Appearances—Stromboli from the Sea—Showers of Scoriæ—Craters—Minerals—Adventure in Search of Specular Iron.

MAY 7th. I went round the island in my barge. We proceeded by the northern side to the westward. About half a mile from the town, on the verge of the sea, and in it, are the remains of Tiberius's Baths. Their ruins are an immense mass of reticulated brick-work; and many pieces of scattered marbles lay about. The height of the rock above it cannot be less than 1,000 feet. From thence the rock continues to approach the sea, until before we reached the western point of the island it rose in one unbroken wall from the water's edge, wholly perpendicular. A dwarf fir, which looked very like the Labrador pine, and the fan-palm, found nutriment in the crevices of those precipices. We sounded close to the rock, and found fifteen and twenty-seven fathoms water. In one of the numerous caves which the water

has formed in the calcareous rock we saw a stalactite column. We contrived to get men into the recess, and, having our geological apparatus with us, sawed it off at both ends, and lowered it safely into the boat. It was above three feet long.

After rounding the western point, the limestone gets shady and stratified, and lower. But as we approach, the south-western point, crowned with a watch-tower, stands out magnificently into the ocean ; and behind, over the land, appeared the tremendous precipices of Ana Capri, which extend along the whole southern coast, in a more tremendous line of serrated pinnacles, some of them 2,000 feet high, than I ever saw elsewhere. In the breast of the first of these precipices was a series of caverns, like the largest Gothic arches, fretted, and full of pendent stalactites, which, at the distance we were at, appeared not larger than those in a common English cavern. Encouraged by the smoothness of the sea, and the appearance of a practicable part of the rock, we landed our boat's crew, who, by dint of sailors' climbing, and with the assistance of a rope-ladder which I had made for such emergencies, reached the cavern, where they found they might as well have sought for stalactites hanging from the moon, as they were many of them thirty feet long and proportionately thick. Before they came down, however, Signor Donati, who had accompanied them, collected some very interesting geological specimens of carbonate of lime, mixed with crystals of quartz, which, in the geology of these parts, is curious.

When, with great labour, we had got the whole party into the boat again, we proceeded along this stupendous coast, every moment varying the scene in every possible

variety and shape of pinnacle and precipice, until we reached three immense insulated pinnacles of limestone rock, standing out like our Needle Rocks, only at least 2,000 feet high. Through one of these the sea has formed an enormous archway, which we passed through in the boat. These rocks are called Li Faraglioni. The whole island of Capri is surrounded, at this season, by quail-nets, which catch enormous quantities every morning, when the birds arrive from the coast of Africa to breed. Not only the top of every cliff, but every crag which is accessible to the foot of a Capri quail-catcher, is crowned with a net; and in the day, when the few poor birds which escape the nightly massacre are regaining strength to take another flight into the interior, men are to be seen stalking with huge batfowling nets carried before them, many in a line, and each with a little dog, which is trained to beat not more than ten feet from the master's foot, and, as a quail is raised, the net is dropped upon him, and is scarcely ever missed. These quails are sold for three grains a piece. Ten grains constitute a carline, which is in value about fourpence. Even Li Faraglioni are full of these nets.

In one bay we landed and found a bed of tertiary formation, containing shells and some small bones of birds. Near the Faraglioni stands, most romantically situated, the convent of La Certosa. From thence we came round by Il Capo to the yacht, making the circle of the island as nearly eleven English miles as possible. The chief commerce of Capri consists in its wines, which are excellent.

8th. A party go on shore, and another with me polish up our geological works of yesterday. In the place, under Il Capo, I found much fossil remains in

brescia, evidently secondary; and in secondary limestone I found shells, madrepores, and bones, but of what species I know not yet. The fact is, however, important. We took barometrical heights of all the highest points of the island. Quantities of African doves, a beautiful variety, come over here at this time, and we got some alive, as well as quails alive, to fatten for our table, as they are very thin at their first coming.

I had a visit from the Syndic of the place; but a Prince and Princess of Saxony are coming, and Il Signor Duca was evidently not so great a man.

9th. We weighed anchor for Salerno. The wind is still sirocco, and the weather hot—apparently dry and rheumatic. I say *apparently* dry, because in effect, as proved by the hygrometer, the weather is damp. Two pesci delle spade approached the vessel, with their fins above water; and one of them jumped bolt upright out of the water, flourishing his sword in the air. We lowered our cutter, and sent out our harpoon; but just as he was on the point of sticking on, they both went down with a tremendous splash. They appeared to be about four feet long each, and were apparently male and female, as they gambled about, and seemed mightily pleased with each other's company.

About three o'clock we were off the rocks called "The Syrens;" but we heard no singing. The sea was calm, and we saw nothing to tempt us out of our way to look at their fair visionary inhabitants. The rocks constitute a reef which goes by the name now of "Li Galli," and the largest of Isola Lunga. They appear not very high above the water. On the coast above them appears the town of Pasitano, picturesquely situated in the gorge of the high mountain of St. Angelo, which is seen from

Naples, with its three rocks on the summit, called la tre pizzi; on the highest of which—formed like a huge gigantic cube—stands a convent, or chapelry, of Le Camaldoli. This spot must overlook the whole of southern Italy, but it is nearly inaccessible.

We could not make Salerno in the evening, and as it is not easy to make good one's anchorage in the dark on this coast, where no anchorage is laid down in the charts, and where the water is so deep, that when we do drop our anchor our bowsprit almost touches the cliffs, we determined to make it good by daylight; so we got into Amalfi by dark. Another danger attending the making these coasts in the night consists in the tunny nets, which extend out to sea a mile sometimes from the shore, and in very deep water; and the nets themselves are so strong, and the hawsers and great rocks by which they are secured so powerful, that either we might do immense damage to the fishermen, or be brought up ourselves. We anchored close to the shore, in fifteen fathoms water.

10th. About one o'clock the sea-breeze set in, and we proceeded in the barge to survey the coast. The town of Amalfi, once the seat of a Republic—now a bishop's see—is the most picturesquely situated that I have yet seen; in a gorge at the foot and up the slopes of the Apennines, intermixed with foliage of evergreen oak, olive, orange, myrtle, &c. The whole is calcareous. The rocks rise into mountains, the summits of which are broken into huge serrated masses, and into the caverns and varieties that distinguish the secondary limestone formation. All the slopes are covered with cultivation, either in the shape of vineyard, orange, or olive grounds, with here and there a patch of corn ground,

and the whole studded with villages, single houses, cottages, and convents. Whatever may be the dirt within, the outsides are always white, and contrast beautifully with the dark foliage. The cliffs break into gorges, that run back into valleys amongst the Apennines, all cultivated and inhabited like the coast, but the sides broken into immense rocks and precipices, on which the eye dwells with wonder when it rests on cultivation and the residence of man in such situations.

High above Amalfi stand the ruins of its ancient castle, and lower down a suppressed Carthusian monastery, with a beautiful garden. To the westward stands, most picturesquely situated on the top of a high mountain, and over an immense cavern thickly studded with large stalactites, the convent of nuns dedicated to Santa Rosa; and on the rock below, forming the point of the bay in which Amalfi lies, is one of the many watch-towers originally built to protect the coast against the Barbaresque corsairs, and now against the smuggler. These towers are placed at regular distances the whole way to Cape Spartavento.

Amalfi is divided into two little towns; but the principal one is where the cathedral is, that has only the merit of being on the site of an ancient temple, of which some of the columns still remain in the church. It is called the burial-place of St. Andrew. Amalfi is famous for the manufacture of maccaroni, and of writing-paper. We endeavoured to take sketches of the scenery here; but the size of the scenes is so large, and their details of rock, shadow, light, buildings, and foliage, so minute, that it would require remaining a month to finish one view properly, and every step makes a varied scene. Immediately opposite to where the

vessel lies is a deep cavern, and not far from it a beautiful fairy cove, with a cavern at the further end; and the entrance to the cove is through a large archway in the rock, connecting the cliff with a fairy islet covered with verdure. In short, this is the school of landscape painting. The scenery is precisely that which we see in Breughell's landscapes, and Poussin's. The glassy water and vivid tints, which no eye can understand that has not seen them, and which prevail throughout these landscapes, are strictly true to nature.

In the next bay to Amalfi, to the eastward, stand the towns, equally romantically situated on the sea-shore and in gorges of the mountains, of Atroni, Majori, and Minori, each the capital of its little valley, and each, in good old feudal times, the seat of a petty baron's warfare, who was in a state of constant cat-and-dog feud with his neighbours within a quarter of a mile of him. Over the whole of this line of coast domineers in stately grandeur the mountain of St. Angelo. At Majori is the ruin of a stately castle, which commands the town and valley belonging to the Dukes of Monteforte, now resident in Naples, and who would die of the idea only of now visiting the estates of their ancestors. The outward walls, flanked by towers, are all that remain, with the low buildings, which probably served for lodgings for soldiers and retainers. To the right, high on the summit of a rocky mountain, stands the large convent of the Camaldoli del Avvocata, high raised amongst clouds and storms, or enjoying in sunshine and repose a complete seclusion from the world which smiles below.

Round the rocky point, surmounted by the Torre Reguavola and the Col del Orso, we entered a cavern, certainly the most magnificent *marine* one, except Staffa,

that I ever saw. Its entrance cannot be less than fifty feet high; it rises immediately to above ninety. The depth of water in it is, about half-way in, four fathoms, and it continues pretty much at that depth until we come to its extreme end, which my barge reached with perfect ease. I took the exact measurements, which are as follows:—Length of cavern, 318 feet; width at widest, 88; supposed height, 90; depth of water, 24. The whole was ribbed, arched, and ornamented with the finest stalactites I ever saw, of every shade of which they are capable, the sides divided by columns into aisles of a cathedral, and the roof fretted with pendant pieces, whilst side-niches, like chapels, seem dedicated to the god who rules the sea. We remained here above an hour. The sound of voices in the grand marine temple was beautiful. As we rowed back in the evening, with the stillness only broken by the "Angelus" of the convents above responsive to the churches below, it required a mind not absorbed in melancholy to be proof against its influence.

In the calcareous mountain above Amalfi we found splendid specimens of crystallized carbonate of lime, with ammonites, and other fossil remains, together with much bituminous, compact carbonate of lime, quite different from that on the other side at Castellamare and Sorrento, and both again different from what we found at Capri. The base of the cavern is bituminous limestone.

11th. The coast continues of the same character, but not of quite so beautiful a cast. However, the situation of Salerno is certainly very fine, at the bottom of the vast bay which embraces the ancient city of Pæstum. As far as Salerno the coast retains its rocky forms, but

beyond Salerno it falls gradually down to a sandy beach and lowlands, in the midst of which stands Pæstum, the mountains retiring, and forming a vast amphitheatre to receive the city. We anchor on this side of Salerno, opposite to the small town of Vietri.

The sight of the fire-flies to-night, when we anchored off Salerno, was very beautiful—skimming along the shore like little lights in the fishermen's boats.

12th. I go round the coast as usual. The town of Salerno looks, like all the Italian towns, splendid and glittering at a distance, and squalid and dirty as you approach it: all is whitewash and gay colours without, and filth within. The Prince of Salerno has a large house close to the sea-side, which, as well as the whole town, must be dreadfully hot in the summer, as it is open to the south, and shut up from every breath of wind. Salerno stands in a valley that opens from the Apennines to the sea; and, from there being a great deal of wood and grouped trees, both oak and chestnut, the country had more the appearance of an English valley than any I had yet seen. Over the town, on the pointed summit of a mountain, stands the convent of St. Liberatore. To the eastward a small river runs into the sea, forming a shallow sandy bar; and beyond that again is a tower, standing upon a rock of calcareous petroleum, in which is a guard. On this mount we found many remains of Roman mosaic pavement. In the mountain above Salerno we obtained Lumachella marble.

13th. Weighed anchor by daybreak for Pæstum, but the wind failed, and we did not get within distance of the ruins until one o'clock. The shore sinks into a flat plain soon after we leave Salerno, and the mountains

retire into a magnificent amphitheatre, until they come again into the sea at the ancient city of Agropoli. The plain in which Pæstum stands is, as the heat advances, dreadfully unwholesome, and even now to sleep there would be dangerous. Many little streams fall into the sea through this plain, but the waters are brackish, and higher up so impregnated with vegetable matter as to be very unwholesome. Pæstum itself was, in ancient times, celebrated for its insalubrity, as mentioned by Strabo, and the potable water was brought eight miles, from the calcareous mountain of the Apennines, in an aqueduct, the remains of which still exist, from Monte Soprano. The coast is quite flat, and about two miles from the shore we hove to, and embarked in the barge for the mighty ruins of unknown times, which stood in melancholy grandeur on the sandy shore. The effect as you approach them is very imposing, and the two or three large white farm-houses which are scattered amongst them take off nothing from the scene, but rather serve to illustrate by comparison the size and proportions of the temples.

We beached our boat on the sand, and landing found that we had full half a mile to walk through the heat, and amongst sandy hillocks, low brushwood of arbutus, and marshy ground. At the first farmhouse we came to we saw marks of the malaria manifested in the squalid yellow countenances and swollen bodies of the natives. Even the infants in arms bore proofs of their being affected by this dreadful malady.

About a quarter of a mile further you pass over the massive remains of the walls of Pæstum, which are about three miles round, and the three great temples

called the Basilica, the temples of Neptune and Ceres stood before us.

The temples are surrounded by deep ditches, to prevent the cattle from getting into them, and this is the only good thing that has been done. Just before the Temple of Neptune stands the proprietor's house, a good-looking fabric, into which the wretched Mr. and Mrs. Hunter were conveyed, when they were both struck with one shot, by banditti, about three years ago, and both died. The perpetrators of this bloody deed have since been hanged. The people *boast* that it was perpetrated, not by *regular banditti*, but by country people, who could not resist the temptation of endeavouring to obtain by murder some money and silver plate which these travellers had imprudently shewn at Pæstum. Since that catastrophe, however, a body of gendarmes is stationed on the spot, which accompanies all parties of strangers. I believe it was known that I was coming, so I found a guard ready in the Temple of Neptune, where we took our cold dinner. I had a party of my sailors with me to carry our things, and, under pretence of shooting wild pigeons, we had our guns. But still some precaution was necessary. The whole country goes about *armed*. The day before Lord Arundel met with the proprietor of the estate going in his carriage to Salerno, and he was preceded and accompanied by a whole posse of servants and dependants on horseback, armed up to the teeth. Just upon the borders of Calabria nothing would be more easy than for a band of robbers to approach the ruins unseen amongst the brushwood, and carry off an unwary traveller who was worth incurring the risk, and carrying him off for ransom.

In the Temple of Neptune we dined. All the population of the country assembled round us, some bringing coins, &c., a few of which I bought—they certainly were good; others terra-cotta heads and bits of vases, &c., *fabricated for travellers.* The cicerone of the place, who is paid a miserable pittance by the Government, is an old man of eighty-six years, very garrulous, knowing nothing, but jumbling together all dates and names, and very proud of being the survivor of so many generations of mălaria. But the real cicerone of the place is the padré curate, who is a very well-informed man. He makes models in cork of the buildings, of singular beauty and correctness.

Whilst we were at dinner, surrounded by the people, who looked wistfully upon our provisions, and to whom we gave the remains of the repast, a stout dark man, dressed above the common rank, with a belt round his waist, appearing like a postilion or a courier, having a travelling whip in his hand, hovered round us. He evidently did not belong to the party which surrounded us. He was a stranger, and, after remaining some time on the skirts of our party, entered it, and, beginning with insisting on kissing my hand, became very officious and obtrusive in his attentions—endeavouring to call off the attention of my altezza to objects which he pointed out, officiously making way for me, removing stones from before my path. I saw he was not a cicerone, and by his dress he had travelled that morning. I had my suspicions, but did not betray them; yet I took care not to go with him, although he several times appeared anxious to get me away from my party, under pretence of shewing me a more convenient path and objects of curiosity.

At length, whilst we were eating, seated on the steps of the temple, I observed one of the gendarmes go up to his brigadier and whisper something in his ear. I followed his eye, and saw he was adverting to something which was passing behind me. The brigadier took a circle, and entering the temple a few yards further down came behind me. I watched him, and saw him turn out from behind the massive columns *close to me* my stranger friend, who had hid *himself behind it.* From that moment the brigadier and one of the gendarmes stuck close to me, and never let me stir from them. My friend kept hovering round us, but could never join us again. *They* suspected him, and so did I; and, remembering the public tale at Salerno occasioned by the discussions relative to the hire of carriages, &c., for me and my party, and that I unexpectedly came by sea, I cannot help suspecting—God forgive me if I am wrong! —that my courier friend had evidently come forward to see what had become of us, disappointed at our not coming by land, and curious to see whether we meant to return. The gendarmes' suspicions at least excited mine.

The padré told me that the population of his parish somewhat exceeded 2,000 souls, constant residents; and of these he calculates that 200 die annually of the malaria alone. He attributes it to misery, to drinking bad water, eating bad and putrid matter, sleeping out at night, and exposure to the sun by day. He says that those who feed well and drink good wine escape; and my old friend the cicerone, who, although of the lowest class, is yet, by the pittance of the Crown and the generosity of travellers, enabled to live better than his companions, is a proof of it.

To the north-east of Pæstum, on the mountain's side, stands the town of Capaccio Vecchio, to which the inhabitants of Pæstum fled, and where they settled, when they were driven from their homes in the struggles between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines.

After passing the day amongst the ruins, we walked down, in the cool of a delicious evening, to the sea-shore, to Il Torre di Pesto, a watch-tower. Here, where the Rivo di Capo di Fiume enters the sea, was the ancient port of Pæstum. Under the waves may yet be seen, in summer weather, some remains of the mole. But it has disappeared as a port, and a low sandy shore has filled its place. We embarked, and the vessel having been standing off and on all the day, took us up at sunset. We filled our sails and stood out to sea.

14th. At sea, meaning to reach Stromboli; but calms intervened, and our progress was slow. We shot two goat-suckers in the course of the day, which had accompanied or followed the vessel from the land; scrubbed and white-washed the ship, galley, sleeping-places, &c., and scrubbed all hammocks and bags, giving out spare ones to the men. At one o'clock came in sight of Stromboli; and the air was so clear that we could see Capri and Stromboli at the same time. They cannot be so little as 100 miles apart. As the evening advanced, the fitful gleam from Stromboli became visible, and, of course, increased during the night as we slowly and almost imperceptibly approached it.

15th. Still at sea, and approaching Stromboli slowly. At breakfast-time a shoal of bonito came alongside, and Michelson, the carpenter, succeeded in spearing a very fine one, which will add much to our frugal dinner, as

the weather is so hot that it is very difficult to keep meat fresh.

At fall of day we anchored off Stromboli, between the rock called Stromboluzzi and the island. This rock, which rises about 500 or 600 feet out of the water, looks at a little distance so like a large ship going before the wind with studding-sails set, as to deceive even an experienced eye. There is no harbour of any kind, but an open roadstead, and you anchor on a sort of bridge between the rock and the land. Of course you must be prepared to get under weigh the moment any foul weather comes on. There is a long straggling line of huts, called a village, consisting only of one story each. They are so built to avoid their being thrown down by the winds, which in winter sweep resistless across the ocean. There is one other collection of huts at the other end of the island, and three small whitewashed churches. For their own preservation, they are strict about ships which come here having health certificates, as it has happened that Algerine vessels cruising in the Mediterranean have taken shelter here. There is no officer, military or civil; but my boat which went on shore for provisions was met by two men with long guns, who seemed at first to dread our warlike appearance and red flag, which they took for Algerine. But their fears subsided when they saw the arms of the King of Naples on our passport, and they were rejoiced at the unusual accession to their society. There are 1,200 inhabitants in the island; and their wine is excellent—quite equal to that which is so much famed as Lipari Malmsey. They grow, also, quantities of the Zante currant, which they rear upon stages, and against hedges made of cane reeds.

The volcano, which is still actively burning, and never

ceases for an instant, is situated, not at the top of the highest peak, but about 100 feet below the summit, on the side over the sea to the north-west of the island. The moment the anchor was dropped we proceeded in our barge to the foot of the cone, and remained there until long after dark viewing the jets of fire. The whole island is volcanic, and furnishes every possible variety of specimen of compact and porous lava. The highest point of the mountain out of which the fire issues is two thousand two hundred feet. The sea bathes its foot, and the stones and scoriæ ejected from the crater come down a precipitous slope of ashes, bounding and splashing into the sea. Several showers of stones fell while we were there. They fell about the boat, and so thick upon the black beach, that I was obliged suddenly to summon on board the gentlemen and party who had ventured on shore, as it was impossible to avoid the scoriæ, and to have been struck by one of them would have been certain death. We got on board two large specimens, red hot, which fell on the shingle close to the boat's bow. They were precisely the same as the scoriæ thrown out of Vesuvius during the last eruption.

The detonations were not very loud, but incessant; and the jets of flame were thrown up every three or five minutes. The smoke was that occasioned by muriatic acid; but neither in that, nor in the flame, were the diversities of colour which constituted the beauty of Vesuvius. The jets were of deep-red flame, and some of the scoriæ appeared to be thrown up between 300 and 400 feet. The greater quantity fell into the crater again; but sometimes they fell over its edge, and then came pattering down the inclined plane like a heavy ricochet fire of

shot and grape. There appeared to be three craters in active play—two threw up scoriæ.

Close to the beach, under the volcano, the sea is extremely deep; and one of the wonders of the place is, that, burning as it has incessantly, ever since the first light of history has shone, and constantly throwing up immense masses of materials into the sea, the soundings of the latter have never varied, and the dimensions of the mountain have ever remained the same—for ever burning, but never consuming. Whence, then, come the materials which feed this eternal fire, and whither go they? All that can be argued from the past of the fuel is, that the fire is fed so deep in the bowels of the earth, that the consumption of materials produces no change in the immense chimney through which the furnace plays.

16th. The island is, with its indentures, about ten miles round. The first thing I found, and which rewarded me for all my pains, was a rock of granite, one-third of the way nearly up the mountain. It was perfect granite, with pyroxine mixed with it. If this rock had been found literally *in situ* embedded in the ground, it would settle the long-disputed point respecting the formation of granite. But this stone was loose on the mountain, amongst high grass and bushes, evidently not a rolled pebble, and not appearing to be in any respect worn by attrition or violence. I met with another piece shortly after, but that *was* a rolled pebble, and within the possible reach of the sea. The circumstance is, however, material, as the other party found sienite and granular rock *in situ*. Both parties also found much porphyry. We discovered specular iron in beautiful crystals and planes, in two localities, one generally known, in a cave of small

depth—the other on the face of the cliff, about three hundred feet high, and just on the opposite side and point of the island from those where the volcano plays.

The whole island is evidently a mass of iron, which, under a more enterprising and active government, would, I have no doubt, be worked to advantage. Basalt, in decided prismatic form, and schistose lava, are found in many places—also dolomite and calcareous brescia, forming a sort of tufa. There appeared to be much salt on the surface of the rocks, which I concluded to be the evaporation of the water of the sea. But, perceiving the appearance of it on the face of a calcareous rock, and so high up the mountain as to put out of the question its communication with the sea, I sent up to it, and my men found a continually dropping fall of salt water, and stalactites of muriate of soda—which, occasioned by the muriatic acid of the volcano, causes all the filtrated water on the island to be salt.

At the south-eastern extremity we put into a rocky cove, near some huts and a small church, to refresh our men. Seeing a man on the rocks we hailed him, to inquire the locality of the specular iron. He replied by asking us who we were and whence we came? As this was not to be immediately satisfactorily answered, with a range of rocks and a high cliff between us, we sat still in our boat, and saw one man send off another, who scampered across the country, and shortly returned with a long gun, and an old woman armed with a mattock. The *possi comitatus* being thus called out and in activity, one man began descending the rocks followed by his infantry, he himself smoking a long pipe, and, as we afterwards found, bearing a small flask of wine in his hand. We sent one of our party to meet him, and

explain to him who we were; upon which, and having ascertained that we were not Turks, of whom he stood in great dread, he called to the old woman to stop and retain possession of the heights, and to his musketeer to lay down his gun. He then informed us that he was il proprietario of a large farm at that end of the island, on which the finest malvasia was made, which he would fain sell. We were immediately on the best terms. The militia were dismissed—the wine tasted and found excellent; we bought two barrels of it, and he furnished us with a guide to the specular iron.

We then proceeded round the island, and enjoyed another view of the volcano as we returned. What is principally to be observed here are the varieties of stratification of the different courses of lava overlaying and underpinning each other. The sides of the cliffs afforded beautiful sections of every process of volcanic agency, in every shape except that of fresh flowing lava, which now never boils over the crater's mouth. The fire was very vivid to-night, and illumined the sky over the mountain.

## CHAPTER V.

Lipari—Mineral Products—Becalmed off the Rocks—Coast of Sicily—Malta—Fashionable Society—Admiral and Lady Codrington—Dowager Countess of Erroll—Lady E. Ponsonby—A Little Comedy—The Government and the Hero of Navarino—La Boschetta—Dinner at the Palace—A Knight of Malta—The Greatest Bore in the Island.

MAY 17th. This morning about three o'clock there was an immense explosion from the volcano, which lasted about four minutes, and woke us all, although at a considerable distance. The flames were thrown up to a great height, and a shower of ashes and pumice fell completely over the island, which covered the vines; and the sea, for a great distance to the southward was covered with them and with floating pumice. The eruption then subsided to its ordinary state, but the quantity of smoke that continued to arise during the day was very great, and I found the inhabitants were in expectation of a more than usual state of active eruption. In short, it is the safety-valve of the volcanic Islands.

We weighed anchor and sailed for Lipari. On our

passage we passed through the cluster of the smaller Islands, all of volcanic formation; and a party landed on Panaria, which appears to be about six miles round. A good deal of corn is grown there, principally barley.

"Our wine merchant told us that he paid his labourers, during the vintage, nothing, but gave them half the crop, he paying the tithe to the bishop—the only tax the islands pay—upon the whole crop; and that his share, when he had thus done, was about 500 ounces per annum—£250 sterling. The retail price of his wine—which certainly was excellent, of a beautiful bright amber colour, and sweet, but not luscious—was four scudi (sixteen shillings) the barrel of sixty quarts, the purchaser paying, besides, sixteenpence for the barrel.

Our party crossed the island of Panaria, on which are 200 inhabitants. Here, too, on their landing, they were confronted by a man with a long gun, who anxiously asked if there was any news about the Turks. Here I saw, on the face of the cliff, a large range of basaltic prismatic pillars, cubes, and pentagons. Here, too, above the lava, was a course of tertiary calcareous matter, full of fossil remains of shells.

In the evening we anchored opposite to the town of Lipari—the island of considerable extent and fertility, dotted with whitewashed huts, and the town resplendent with a white-towered cathedral, and rhubarb-coloured, bright grass, and white houses. Here resides a bishop, and an invalid, who acts as governor; and here, too, once reigned King Eolus. On our left, and divided by a small sound, is the island of Volcano, with a crater which is ever smoking, but emits no fire. We immediately got pratique, and anchored close to the rocks.

18th. The English consul, a native of the island, came on board—pretending to offer services, but in fact to get all he could. Began by begging for some English gunpowder, which I gave him. Then endeavoured to sell everything to me as dear as possible, and to cheat on behalf of his countrymen. In the evening, after dinner, we went in the barge to see the town, which stands well on the sea-shore, with a castle, cathedral, governor's house, bishop's palace, &c., within it, on a high volcanic rock. On the left, separated from Lipari only by a narrow but deep sound, is the island of Volcano, with its crater ever smoking, but never blazing. A great quantity of sulphur, ammonia, and alum, are here formed by mechanical process at the bottom of the crater, by merely taking advantage of the natural chemistry which is hourly going on. It is exported to all parts of the world. The speculation is in the hands of a general officer, General Annunciata, who pays a small quit-rent to the bishop for permission to extract the sulphur from the volcano. The bishopric of Lipari is not a contemptible one. His revenues amount to near £2,000 sterling per annum. But out of this he is obliged to pay the functionaries of his cathedral. There is a judge here; and the governor, who commands a garrison of a few invalids, is a major in the Neapolitan service.

The approach to Lipari is very striking. The immense cliffs of white pumice stone look, at a distance, like the white chalk cliffs of England; and they are strongly contrasted with the masses of black porous lava and obsidian which alternate with them. Almost all the pumice of commerce is furnished from hence, and the island is cased with it, and with a wall of different coloured obsidian, which shines and glitters in the sun.

The houses are poor and mean, composed of only one story; but the sides of the mountain are cultivated with patches of barley, now ripe and cutting, and with masses of vines, and the Indian fig. Here is manufactured, or at least sold, a wine called Lipari Malmsey, which is highly valued. But I find that much which is so called is made at Stromboli and the neighbouring island of Salina; and certainly we voted that what was made at Stromboli was better than what was offered to us in this place, although the price asked here was higher.

19th. The weather continues very heavy and rainy; but numbers of persons—men, women, priests, &c., &c.—have been to see the vessel. One of the friars told us that their convent stood upon the ruins of King Eolus's palace! What his authority is for this I know not, nor I daresay does he. But coins and cameos are sometimes dug up in the vineyards, of considerable value. I bought some gold and silver Syracusan coins, some cameos, and a little figure of Diana enamelled upon gold, which really were remarkably good.

In the evening the weather abated a little, and we proceeded along the western coast in the barge. The rocks, being composed of porous lava and pumice, very easily absorb the water which falls during the rainy season; and a heavy rainy day is sure to bring down considerable landslips. The whole island is a mass of lava, and great part of it is more or less coloured by iron and sulphur. The colours, therefore, of the cliffs vary through all the shades of red, from the darkest to the lightest tint of rose-colour and red; the same of yellow, white, purple, and violet. The effect of heat on different sorts of crystallization has occasioned the most arbitrary stratifications, which add to the singular appearance of

the rocks by their variety. The island is divided into three masses of mountain. That nearest to Volcano is called Monte Guardia; the next is Monte Vulcanello; the third is Monte Bianco, and is composed wholly of pumice.

20th. The prevailing disease in the island is the itch, which the inhabitants never attempt to cure, although the quantities of sulphur which surround them afford the amplest means for doing so. But they gravely tell you that it purifies the blood; so they retain the disease voluntarily. The number of inhabitants throughout the islands is 25,000, of which 12,000 inhabit Lipari. The weather continues very wild and stormy. Late in the day we proceeded in our survey, and in the cliffs called Monte Rosso, to the westward of the town, and forming the western extremity of a deep bay, I found, in considerable quantities, the new mineral called bresilakite. This is an entire new locality, and in pumice-stone a perfectly new situs. The cliffs here are, many of them, wholly formed of obsidian of all colours—black, green, red, rose-colour, and a coffee-brown exactly resembling that found in St. Domingo. Beyond Monte Rosso, the cliffs of Monte Bianco bound the land; and the whole mountain, from the summit to the base, is a mass of pumice. The effect is singular. The declivity being very steep, and the pumice porous, the rain cuts channels fast in the soft material, which soon wear into cavities, which become, in process of time, deep ravines; and the whole mountain is striated in little glens, the ridges of which are fifty or sixty feet high. No vegetation grows in the pumice. The whole face of the cliffs is excavated into caves by the workmen who dig out the substance for sale; and in these caverns many of them live.

The pumice range is separated from that of the lava by immense precipices, both where Il Monte Bianca begins at the little village of Caneto, and again where it ends, further to the westward, at Cape Castagno.

It is plain that Lipari has been formed of running lava, and not heaved out of the sea. The different currents of lava can be distinctly traced from their ancient craters to the sea; and it is difficult to conceive how it can be avoided being seen, that at least four or five craters have been at different periods in active combination. In the island are vapour baths and springs, strongly impregnated with carbonic acid gas — others with muriate of soda.

21st. The weather cleared up, and we went entirely round the island in the barge. The circuit is nineteen miles; but as we followed the indents of the bays, geologizing and pigeon-shooting, we did not make our expedition less than thirty miles. We expected to have been able to sail part of the way, but we forgot that we were in the dominions of the arbitrary Monarch of the Winds, and we, somehow or another, had not propitiated him; for, literally—although we performed a circle, and consequently had a right to expect the wind to be with us some part of the way, at least—we found it was regularly ahead us as we came round. To my poor bargemen's cost, we found it impossible once to set our sails.

We proceeded through the sound which separates Vulcano from Lipari, and opened Pietra Lunga and Le Cavazza—insulated pyramidal rocks which stand out in the ocean. The first I calculated at 300 feet high—abrupt and precipitous, unapproachable by man, and consequently the resort of sea-fowl, which breed there in security.

The whole coast here is compact lava, basalt prismatically crystallized, and obsidian. In a bay called Valle Mura, which forms a gorge through the precipices of lava into the sea, I found much sulphate of lime crystallized, and alabaster. In the basalt we found zeolite in considerable quantities. I never saw a coast more beautifully excavated into marine caverns, into which the sea rolls with violence, in my life. These caverns and precipices abound with wild pigeons, which we endeavoured to shoot, but they were very shy. We stopped to give our men their dinners in one of the most romantic coves I ever saw, surrounded by volcanic precipices, and almost shut in in the bosom of the mountain.

The whole island is surrounded by insulated rocks, which go by different names, given them by Captain Smith in his Survey—such as the Bath Rock, the Pyramids, &c., most of them arched at their bases, and presenting the most imposing and romantic forms. Through several of these arches, and some formed by the rocks connected with the coast, we passed in our barge, in deep and still water. Through many, the surges dashed with violence, and the sea, plunging into many a dark abyss, made a noise like thunder. Thus we passed along the coast, every moment changing the scenery, but always of the same description. We passed under the base of Monte Vulcanello, and opened the beautiful sound between Lipari and the fertile island of Salina. This sound is about nine miles across. Salina presents two conical mountain peaks, evidently once the two beacons of volcanic fire.

Before we came to Capo di Castagno, the rocks were composed entirely of brown and yellow obsidian and

lava; and all at once, where a few scattered hovels and a little chapel have found a nook and resting-place, break again into ridges of pumice-stone. Round Lipari, in different parts, is a coral fishery; but the inhabitants are so jealous of the locality being known, that they always endeavoured to mislead us when we inquired after it. We were guided from point to point, and from bay to bay. Some told us it was off Stromboli, some off the coast of Calabria. We sent out our drags to search for it, but in vain.

22nd. We weighed anchor for Volcano. At Lipari we had snow every day, which was brought all the way from Sicily, to cool our liquors: the supply never fails. By dinner-time we anchored in Volcano close to the great crater, and within Vulcanello. At first we dropped our anchor on a rock, and it rolled off into deep water, where it did not reach the bottom; consequently, the vessel drove some little way before she brought up; and when she did, she was so close to the precipice that she had not room to swing. As it was, we were in twenty-six fathoms water.

We were here in the centre of one of the great laboratories of nature, which never ceases working. The great crater is always smoking, and the General Annunciata, who has the grant of the island, carries on large sulphur works here, merely by taking advantage of the volcanic fire at the bottom of the crater. In some places cisterns are placed over the vents through which the heated air is emitted. The sulphur is placed in these cisterns filled with water, which boils over the natural furnace, and, being evaporated again, the purified sulphur falls down, and is collected for commerce. In the same way alum is precipitated and collected.

The large crater is about a mile in diameter, and about 500 feet deep. Immediately below it is a smaller crater, on the face of the cliff towards the sea, which is no longer active. About forty souls live on the island, employed in the sulphur works. They are fed and supplied from Lipari, the island producing nothing except, as they told us, a few rabbits—but for them we looked in vain. A priest resides on the spot in a small, neat house, which has been built for him by the General, whose connexion by blood he is. The crater of Vulcanello is on the top of a small conical hill between Volcano and Lipari. Formerly it was a separate island, and enjoyed a fiery independence; but an eruption about sixty years ago connected it by a narrow isthmus with Volcano, since which it has been perfectly tranquil. Volcano is full of hot springs, which rise even in the sea. Close under the rocks, opposite to the vessel, our party bathed in the sea; and, whilst one part of the swimmer's body was in water of the common temperature of the atmosphere, the other might be, if he chose, in water so hot as to be inconvenient. Close to the edge, and in the wash of the sea, a spring rises which raised my thermometer to 190° of Fahrenheit—as high as it was graduated. The air exhales sulphur, and, close to the rocks, the sea is of a sulphureous colour.

We proceeded in the barge to examine the island, which is about fifteen miles round, and presents a scene of bleak, barren lava precipices, such as I have not elsewhere seen. It is the head-quarters of desolation. About a mile from the ship, in a deep bay, we smelt very strong the fumes of sulphur, and, on landing, found they proceeded from a small cleft in the rock, from whence the heated vapour rose in great force.

We collected beautiful specimens of sulphate of lime, compact and crystallized, from the rocks, and of boracic acid, sulphuret of iron, supersulphuret of ammonia, &c., from the crater and its vicinity. Then we took our leave of volcanic land.

" 23rd. The Padre came on board, delighted to see the human face divine. He never stirs from off the island. He had been very civil and attentive to our party, when making an excursion over the island, and in return I gave him some specimens of English cutlery, which were most acceptable, and gratefully received. The fishermen brought in to-day a large fish, ten feet long, called an "old nurse." It is not unlike a shark; but it has no back fin, and, although most terrifically armed with teeth, is formidable only to the finny tribe, and never attacks man.

In the afternoon we weighed anchor, with a pleasant breeze. We were so close to the rocks, that we were obliged to warp out. The breeze failed us when we were under the high precipices of the island, and a stark calm succeeded. But a heavy tumbling swell set us in right upon the rocks, and the water was so deep as to render anchoring an uncertain resource. Every moment increased our danger; and had we once touched the rocks, nothing would, or could, have got us off. We had out our boats and towed, but for a long while without success, as the swell was too strong for us, and the rebound of the sea raised a short, but dangerous, succession of waves, which only hurried us faster on the side of the precipice, that rose 500 feet above us. At this moment a slight air rose from off the land, which, aided by the exertions of the men in the boat, at length got our head round, and by slow degrees took us out of

danger. The breeze rose as we got from under the influence of the high land, and we were soon clear. Two fishing-boats, at a distance, saw our danger, and, with great alacrity, pulled towards us and tendered their assistance. At the moment they arrived we just felt the influence of the breeze; so we did not want their aid. But we rewarded them handsomely for their activity, as it might seem as a stimulus to them to assist hereafter other ships in peril. A merchantman, with but few hands on board, would, in our situation, have been inevitably lost. By night-fall we made the Faro light.

24th. The wind failed us, but the current which regularly alternates through this passage, like the tide, but without any difference in the height of the waters, swept us through Charybdis, and by Scylla, until we passed Messina, where the breeze sprung up, but, unfortunately, contrary to our course. So we continued tacking and beating up to the coast of Sicily, which repaid us for the delay by the lovely landscapes that every change in our situation presented to our eyes. Etna was now in majesty before us, still streaked with snow, and throwing out from its summit more smoke than I yet have seen proceed from it.

27th. The appearance of Malta is curious, but in no respect striking. A white speck in the ocean at first, it does not improve as it comes nearer, and shews a barren, rocky island, without trees or verdure, or even heighth of land to recommend it in the shape of cliffs. As you come nearer, the fortifications of La Valetta rise upon the eye, and give a strange interest to the scene, their grandeur increasing as you approach. Before breakfast we had dropped our anchor under the English colours.

Nothing can exceed the dreariness of the coast—nothing but calcareous white rock, of which the city is built. The moment we dropped our anchor we got pratique. We found the "Asia," "Revenge," and "Blonde" frigate here, besides a bomb, and some brigs, in quarantine. My old friend, Colonel Pitt, came immediately on board. With him I landed, and waited upon General Ponsonby and Lady Emily, who received me most kindly. They live in the palace of the Grand Masters of the Order, and are better lodged than most sovereigns in Europe.

I went by invitation to dine with General[1] and Lady E. Ponsonby,[2] at St. Antonio, which is one of the Grand Master's country-houses, about five miles from Valetta. The whole road is lined with villas, belonging to officers and merchants, but the only *hedges* are formed of white stone, which gives a dreary aspect to the whole country. The governor's house is a very pleasant one, and surrounded by a beautiful garden full of orange trees, many of them of the blood-red kind, and exotics, brought here, many of them, by Lord Hastings from India.

I returned to my ship in the evening, having passed a very pleasant evening with a very charming party. Pitt introduced me to his wife, a very pleasing, ladylike woman, and handsome. They have five children living. Mr. Frere and the Dowager Lady Erroll[3] are here, and

[1] Major-General Sir Frederick Cavendish, K.C.B., K.C.H., G.C.M.G., K.M.T., and K.S.G. He died in January, 1837. He was the second son of Frederick, third Earl of Bessborough. His sister was the celebrated Lady Caroline Lamb.

[2] Emily Charlotte, youngest daughter of Henry, third Earl Bathurst, married to Sir Frederick Ponsonby in 1825.

[3] Harriet, sister of Lord Somerville, second wife of William, fifteenth Earl.

Mr. Nugent, of singing celebrity in London, who holds a civil appointment under Government in the island.

At two o'clock, P.M., the Governor gave me a salute of nineteen guns, which my yacht returned with the like number.

28th. Occupied in paying and receiving visits. I went to the palace, and the General shewed me some curious and interesting papers. I then drove out by St. Julian's Bay, and returned on board. Nothing can be uglier than the country—nothing but stone walls and buildings. The latter are many of them either the remains of ancient grandeur of famous knightly times, or are buildings once belonging to the knights of the order, and now appropriated to Government purposes, the Grand Master's stables, &c., &c. Lord Hastings added much to St. Antonio. He was quite heartbroken when in this place, and severely felt the difference between the situation here and that in India. He was much beloved, and the Maltese were pleased with the little vanity which induced him to appear more in state than any former governor. Sir Thomas Maitland was detested here.

The population of the island is nearly double what it was when the French occupied it, and comprises 120,000 souls. For this, above one year's consumption of corn is regularly kept in the magazines. Cattle are supplied from Barbary, and are very sweet and good—wines, &c., from Sicily and France. Colonial produce here is good and cheap.

29th. I dined with Lady Codrington, the wife of the admiral, her daughter and son—her other son was wounded at the battle of Navarino, but is quite recovered. In the evening I went to the opera, which really

is very reasonably good. There is a good buffo from the Fondo theatre in Naples; and a prima-donna, who has a good voice if she were well taught, but her manner is awkward, although she is rather good-looking; all the rest sing so loud, that they force her above her voice. Nugent occupies himself entirely with the opera, and takes great pains with it. Any amusement which breaks up a regimental mess is a good thing, and this is a very rational one.

When the Russians were here they took it into their heads to applaud violently the two worst singers, more for the sake of quizzing than for any other object, and the consequence has been, that these two animals fancy themselves the first singers in Italy, and squeak so loud that there is no bearing them. The Russians would believe Nugent to be the *manager* of the opera, and affronted him sadly by insisting on applying to him for boxes, &c.

30th. Still receiving and returning visits. The style of society here is not well-regulated, some people dining at four o'clock, some at seven, in order to be sure of being cool. I think myself it is pleasanter in a hot climate to dine *very* early, which ensures your enjoying the whole evening. The Admiral was telegraphed to-day on his return. I dined with Sir Frederick Hankey, the Colonial Secretary. His house is a Government one, and most spacious. The dinner was so splendid and *recherché*, that it is plain the office is a good one. All the houses here are flat-roofed, and, in fact, bomb-proof. On these terraces the inhabitants take the fresco in the cool of the evening. Hankey was so delighted with his party that he wanted to press us all, women and all, to drink, but after dinner we made

our escape, and my barge and another being in waiting, Lady Emily Ponsonby, Lady Codrington, Mrs. Pitt, and some of the gentlemen, took a row about the harbour by moonlight, which was delightful. We afterwards returned to Hankey's, where we had cards, &c. There is no gambling here, but regular whist.

In the evening a report was made that the admiral's ship, the "Ocean," had fallen to leeward, and could not come in that night; but that he had put off in his barge, and was coming on shore. In an instant we were all in a pucker, and a little comedy began. Lady C. in the tremor, the daughter in a flutter, aide-de-camps and secretaries in a fuss, and all waiting to perform the Ko Tow simultaneously to the great man. Soon suspense began to be too irritating to be borne by tender feelings, and Lady Codrington and family all retired to the verandahs, fanning themselves out of the heat of expectation. At last a buzz arose that the admiral was on the stairs, and the group was instantly formed. The astonished admiral, who expected to have gone quietly home to his wife and dish of tea, found himself produced in a room full of lights and hot people. Lady C. hung on one arm in ecstasy, the daughter on the other with streaming eyes, as if he had come from another battle of Navarino instead of a peaceful cruize of not above fourteen days, whilst we performed the Ko Tow. The Admiral took the hint and became the hero at once, soothing the sympathies of his fat wife and long daughter, gracious and condescending to his brother bluecoats, extending his hand in protection, and casting his eyes around in gracious pleasure. With a most princely *empressement* he hailed me as a brother prince; and Wilcox's cheeks grew redder and redder, and his eyes

rounder and rounder, as he stared upon the hero, and was nearly exhausted with perspiration by the time his turn came to be presented to one who he thought was the greatest man in the world.

These ceremonies over, we gradually subsided into respectful tranquillity, whilst the hero most oracularly doled out to us the treasures of his information. I found that his tone was warlike, and the Turks are to be ground into powder. Thus passed this eventful evening.

30th. The "Ocean" came in this morning, and we all saluted the Admiral's flag. There are now three sail-of-the-line, several gun brigs, a frigate, the "Blonde," and two bombs. I stand godfather this evening to Colonel Pitt's daughter, and afterwards dine with them. At five o'clock we proceeded to the Government chapel, where Mrs. Whitmore, the chief engineer's wife, and Mrs. Brown, wife of the commanding officer of the rifle corps, were the godmothers. I named the child Susan Eliza, the first being one of the mother's names, the second one of my wife's. The dinner party was small, but received accession in the evening.

June 1st. Dined with the General. We had a large party, but we dined in the great ball-room, a larger one than Almacks, and much higher. It was perfectly cool—indeed, here the palaces are so vast and large, and such precautions are taken to cool the rooms, that no one need be hot. The staircases are also so well laid, and the steps so low, that one might ride up them. In the morning I called upon Lady Erroll, who, I think, was agitated at seeing me, as we had not met since much gayer times. Mr. Frere is grown very old also,

wears a black wig and silk coat, and is very like Suett, the actor.

After dinner the Admiral and I had a long set-to about Navarino. It is quite plain that Dudley[1] has sacrificed him rather than lose his place. Nothing could be more precise, defined, and clear, than the instructions under which the Admiral acted before Canning's death. Nothing more vacillating, more contradictory, and more weak than those subsequent. The blockade off Patras with *part* of the fleet approved, and that of Navarino with the *whole* fleet, considered as unwise; and again he is reproached by Huskisson for not having prevented the Egyptians from carrying off the Greek slaves, although there were not 500 instead of 5,000 as stated, notwithstanding the Admiral had been told that he was only to interfere for the purpose of preventing the Turks from receiving re-inforcements to act against the Greeks, and not to interfere in any other matter whatever. Then he was first to prevent the Austrian flag from conveying succours to the Turks—then he was told that he was not a belligerent, and therefore could not blockade. In short, there was no end to the weakness and vacillation of Dudley and Huskisson, for the sole purpose of keeping their places. How was Codrington to blockade if the Austrians were to be let in? How was he to blockade at all if the doctrine was true that none could blockade but a belligerent?

Codrington sent in a statement to Dudley of the manner in which the Austrians conveyed assistance to the Turks, and asked for instructions. The answer was no instructions, but a list of complaints made by Metternich

[1] John William, fourth Viscount Ward, created Earl of Dudley in 1827. He died in 1833.

against Codrington for interfering with the Austrian flag, which he was required to answer. What appears to cut Codrington most is the refusal to thank him and his fleet. If the battle was "unexpected" and the event "untoward," was it owing to Codrington? If yes, let those who say so produce the evidence and the papers, and let Codrington be blamed. But he is not blamed. Then its being an unexpected event was the result of the minister's act, and not his. Then if that was the case, why are he and his fleet to lose the merited reward of his country's thanks because ministers have set him to perform a task become more difficult and delicate by their own precautions, or rather feebleness?

Amidst all this storm Russia steers steadily to her purpose. She *must* come into collision with Austria and France, and *probably America*, who will see their interest in driving things to the uttermost, in order that out of it they may get what they want, viz., France Candia, and America a footing in the Mediterranean. The latter wants Syracuse.

2nd. I dined with the mess of the 80th regiment, and went to the opera. It was the last of the evening, and really far from bad. La prima-donna has a fine sweet voice, but it is forced above her compass by the other performers. I find—*but it is a secret*—that they have been gradually but materially improving their defences here since the Russians and French have been in such strength in the Mediterranean. Above fifty additional guns have been mounted on the different points which more immediately command the harbour. When the Russians first came here they brought 4,000 men with them, who, according to the present system of the Russian navy, are armed regularly and drilled like sol-

diers, and we had scarcely a gun mounted on any point bearing upon the anchorage.

The officers of the 80th were very civil, and Pitt made a long speech about Provincial battalions, &c., which was duly answered by me; and when we had complimented each other, like Lord Doodle and Lord Noodle in the play, we separated. He wanted to have shown me the regiment out on parade, but the weather was so boisterous that fortunately he could not. The weather is extraordinary for Malta. It has been a sirocco for above a month, and now blows a gale right into the harbour, which throws up a heavy swell, and makes it very disagreeable. In winter these gales have been known to throw the sea fairly over the works of St. Elmo. There has been also rain, a thing almost unknown at Malta at this season of the year. With all this there is a close dry heat, which incapacitates one for exertion of any kind. No paint will dry, no meat will keep or take the salt during the sirocco. Colonel Pitt told me that this morning his servant put his boots cleaned into his dressing-room. In the evening when he put them on they were covered with mildew.

3rd. Colonel and Mrs. Pitt, myself, and party, went to see Civita Vecchia, the ancient capital of the island, about seven miles from Valetta. From thence we went to the Deanery, where is established a new manufactory of Maltese cotton. It affords some occupation to the poor, who are very wretched here, and ought, therefore, to be encouraged. They make table-covers; and those which retain the natural colour of the cotton, which is a light brown, and are inlaid with white patterns, are the best. They work arms, devices, &c. in napkins; but when they bring in vivid colours they part. I bought

two table-covers for twenty-six dollars the two. We then proceeded to La Boschetta, a valley containing pure springs, and a grove of orange trees. On the left hand, on a high, rocky, rising ground, is a high, square, castellated and fortified house, once belonging to the Grand Master, and one of his country houses. It stands, solitary and desolate, amidst rocks and winds. It has fallen into decay, and last war served as a French prison. Its waste and dreary walls are now appropriated to the more useful establishment of a silk manufactory, carried on by a Mr. Walker, a gentleman employed by the society in England, established for the encouragement of the silk trade in our colonies. Lord Hastings first got the person over, and rented to him La Boschetta, where he has planted many thousand mulberry trees, which are thriving prodigiously. In the meanwhile he is raising as many worms as he can with the means he has, and gives them to such cottagers and people in the island as have mulberry trees, or the means of raising them, and he buys the silk which they make. I think that this year he will export 400lbs. of silk, which, he says, fetches as good a price as the best from the south of France. If it succeeds, it will be a vast encouragement to the island, and find employment for many women and children now starving. I never saw larger shoots than those which the young trees made. The high winds which sometimes prevail in the island are all the hindrances their growth receives.

The Boschetta is rather in a romantic situation, and, from the water, has more of a green look than the neighbouring country. The house, which is a plain farm-house, stands on the calcareous rock above. Beneath it, under the shade of orange trees, of an immense

size, is a large grotto, in an artificial basin at the extremity of which rise three springs, beautifully cool and pellucid. Here, on the feast of St. John, all the natives of Malta come in pic-nic parties, and the most of them, especially of the old people, wear the dresses they were married in, which they carefully preserve for this purpose and day. Upon the whole, although there would not be much beauty elsewhere in La Boschetta, the purity of its waters, and the verdure of the trees, give it many claims in this place.

4th. We dined with Colonel and Mrs. Whitmore, and had music in the evening. The prima donna at the opera, who sings much better at private parties than in a theatre, sang remarkably well.

I went on board the "Ocean," Commodore Campbell. She is a very fine ship, once a three-decker, now cut down to an 80-gun ship. I dined with Mr. Frere and Lady Errol. I never felt more melancholy in all my life. She remembers too well all that has passed; and in the state of ruin in which she is—kept drunk by opium—she talks of nothing but of times gone by, and persons with whom we passed our early and gay days. She was very wild—sometimes laughing, sometimes crying. In short, I was most rejoiced when I escaped.

Lady Emily Ponsonby gave a dance at the palace. It was very cheerful, and very gay. They danced in the great ball-room, for coolness; and at the end was a table of refreshments. Many persons were introduced to me—amongst others, a little old man, in a white silk coat, one of the few remnants of the Knights of Malta. He can talk of nothing but the battle of Lepanto; and I should almost think that he was there himself. Admiral Codrington told me that he could

never begin upon the battle of Navarino (on which, by-the-bye, the Admiral loves to dilate) in this old man's company without his instantly clapping in with Lepanto. In the ball-room was an Englishman, a Mr. Hayes, in a Turkish dress, and aping Turkish manners. He bought a Greek slave, whom he has just married, and whom he brought to the ball. She was specially ugly, and had neither form nor features to recommend her. If he did choose to buy a wife in open market, he might as well have bought a pretty one. They are going immediately to England; and I am inclined to think that, if his face did not belie him, he will soon recall to this wretched woman that he bought her to be his slave.

5th. The weather is beginning to mend, and the wind to change to the north-west. We shall then have a continuance of fine weather. The people here are splendidly hospitable; but their style of dinner is not pleasant. Their fashion is to dine very late, for the cool, to drink an immense quantity of iced champagne, and to eat enormous hot dinners. Nugent has introduced champagne here, which was not before much known; and I suspect him to be rather interested in encouraging the taste, the expense, and a manner of living for which the officers do not thank him. It is anything now but a cheap quarter. The barrack regulations are so strictly enforced, that no married officer can live in barracks, which they used to do, in absent officers' rooms.

6th. I gave a *déjeûner* on board my yacht to Lady Emily Ponsonby, the Governor, Admiral, &c., and all who had been civil to me. We had turtle soup and beef steaks (the latter a favourite luncheon dish here),

and all the rest cold. We sat down at two o'clock, and afterwards had a dance on my quarter-deck. We contrived to have fifty people, who found ample room; and all parties were in high good humour. I dressed the ship, manned the yards, and cheered the Admiral when he came on board; and when the General and he left me, I saluted them with thirteen guns each. At eight o'clock, I went and dined with the Admiral, where I met some of my morning's party. But everybody was dead tired, and went to bed. I introduced Signor Donati to Miss Codrington, who danced with him, and he was in the highest heavens. I also took him on board the man-of-war when I went, and his ecstasy was extreme. He had never been in an English man-of-war before.

7th. I was introduced to the greatest bore in the island, Sir John Stodart, the chief judge, once the editor of the *New Times*. He has got into a scrape by recommending the suspending proceedings against some pirates, on a quibble in law, which they have declared in England to be frivolous. But so much time has elapsed that probably the pirates will escape hanging. There are many laughable stories against Lady Stodart, a great, fat, full-blown, scolding woman, who governs Sir John, and fancies she can do the like with the rest of the island. Lady Codrington is, I find, not popular here.

The Maltese are the finest divers in the world, and pass the greatest part of their time in the water. The Datoli, a kind of long mussel, which perforates the rock, makes its habitation there, and lives in it. The fishermen find them out by the punctured rocks and break them out. They are, when properly stewed, very fine, and are esteemed a great luxury. The cockles and

oysters, too, are good, but are only ate dressed and hot. In general I don't think the fish in Malta are very good. The figs are fine, but the apricots are what are called in the Mediterranean "*Kill-Johns*," and are good only in tarts. There is a small fruit, half apricot, half greengage, called the Alexandrina, which is delicious. I never saw it in England. I have ordered six plants to be sent me. The banana and plantain grow in perfection in Colonel Pitt's garden, and at St. Antonio. The Japanese cherry was introduced here by Lord Hastings, and flourishes.

8th. At two o'clock I went on board the "Asia," where the admiral received me and conducted me over his vessel. She is a beautiful ship. Her lower-deck battery is the finest I ever saw; but her orlop-deck is not so high as the "Revenge's," and her quarterdeck neither so long nor so broad. But she is in high order, and reflects great credit upon Captain Baynes, her second captain. The admiral saluted me with his 32-pounders, and the echo was magnificent. All her guns are 32-pounders, except two short guns of 68-pounds each.

## CHAPTER VI.

Island of Gozo—Calypso and Fenelon—Cyclopean Buildings at Rabbato—Reception by the Authorities—Fungus Rock—Gergenti—Misconduct of the Health Officers—Marsala and its Wine—Trapani—Prisons—Coral Fishery—Miraculous Madonna, and the Carmelite Convent—Extraordinary Work of Art.

JUNE 10th. Weighed anchor this morning by daybreak, and left Malta. The admiral sails on Friday with his whole squadron for Navarino. The "Revenge" sailed on Sunday for the same station. The "Parthian," gun-brig is lost off Marabout Island. The "Glasgow" frigate saved all her crew, guns, and stores. The captain (Hotham), who was on the eve of promotion, is on board the "Glasgow," and, being in quarantine, is sent in her to Navarino to be tried. I fear some neglect is attributable to her captain. The "Glasgow" sailed on Friday evening: the manner in which she got under weigh and stood out to sea was the most beautiful thing I ever saw.

At eleven o'clock, A.M., we anchored off the island of

Gozo. Major Bailey, the governor, immediately came on board. Gozo is the island of Calypso, and only wants Calypso, her nymphs, wood, water, and verdure to make it perfectly resemble Fenelon's description. But, wanting all these requisites, the traveller may search in vain for the reality of Fenelon's dream. Gozo contains about twenty-six square miles, and is divided into seven parishes:—Rabbato (the capital), Nadur, Caccia, Zebbey, Garbo, Sannat, and Xeuchia. The Lieutenant-Governor is appointed from Rome. There is a body of magistracy, a civil hospital, a college, and a Monté de Piéta. Nominally there is a Lord-Lieutenant appointed to the island, but he never resides in it, and the principal civil magistrate in each parish is his deputy. The population of Gozo appears at different periods to have been as follows, viz.:—

| Anno. | Number of Houses. | Inhabitants. |
|---|---|---|
| 1590 | 417 | 1,864 |
| 1632 | 495 | 1,884 |
| 1647 | 400 | 3,000 |
| 1772 | — | 13,249 |
| 1789 | — | 12,000 |
| 1816 | — | 14,005 |
| 1818 | — | 14,405 |
| 1819 | — | 14,631 |
| 1821 | — | 15,469 |
| 1823 | — | 15,915 |
| 1828 | — | 17,000 |

The poor are very much distressed, but find some relief from the cotton manufactory and the Monté de Piéta. The animal work on the farms is done by oxen, mules, and asses. The latter are very fine, and

sell for £150 sterling each, if *very fine*, for breeding. The principal crops are cotton, grain, and sulla. The other crops are garden crops and fruit. One-tenth of the island is annually cultivated in cotton. The land is calcareous and clayey, and very strong; it requires much manure, which is dug into the land, turned up, and left to mellow and crumble with the sun. The cotton is sown in April until June. If the rains fail, the seed is lost, and then the land is sown again by dibbling in the seed and pouring water into every hole. The crop requires much hoeing, and is collected in October and November. Scarcely any pure wheat is sown—it is generally mixed with barley. The corn is beat out on the ground by cattle, and the wheat separated from the barley by sieves. Sulla is the intermediate crop between corn and cotton, and is taken off green. The seed is sown in August, when the corn is taken off. When cotton is to follow the crop is taken off in March, and the roots are left in the ground to serve as manure. In parts of the island there are large orchards and gardens, which answer extremely well. Olives, carabbas, figs, and apples, are the principal growths; a few vines and oranges also—of the former a little wine is made, but not for sale. The Indian fig forms much of the food of the lower orders, as in Sicily.

I did not go on shore this evening, but went in my barge along the shore. The island is one mass of fossil shells and teeth—the latter principally sharks'. A thick bed of clay, containing sulphate and carbonate of lime, and hydrate of iron, underlies the calcareous rock.

11th. At nine o'clock I go on shore, and am received by a guard of honour and a salute from the citadel.

vehicles and donkeys were in waiting for the whole party. I got into one of the former so long as the road would admit of it, and then mounted a donkey. We first proceeded about four miles, to what is popularly called the Giant's House. On the top of a hill is a low enclosure of large rude stones, of the style called Cyclopean architecture, placed without cement or joints. At the east portion of this enclosure are two upright stones, forming a portal into it. In the middle an excavation has been made, which has discovered a circle of upright stones surrounding a rude altar, consisting of a rough unhewn slab, supported by two uprights. The stones are of the calcareous limestone of the island. On the slope of the hill, immediately under this, is another much larger, of Cyclopean architecture also, but much more perfect. Within this are two temples, evidently originally built in the same style, of rough unhewn stones, called Cyclopean; but, as I think, desecrated, and afterwards restored by other inhabitants of the island, and appropriated to another worship. My reasons for thinking so are, that in forming the altars and the places for sacrificing the victims, the rough unhewn Cyclopean wall is faced with hewn stones, but without cement—the stones are of small dimensions, and in regular courses. The pavement is also composed partly of stucco and partly of large hewn square stones, worked by the chisel, and regularly laid in courses. Still the Cyclopean work, even when faced, remains entire.

You first pass through an entrance formed of two upright stones on each side. The highest stone is fourteen feet; the next to it is six feet two inches. The width of this entrance is six feet nine inches. In these uprights are holes made to contain bars which shut up

the portal. A paved causeway conducts you through the door into an area fifty-three feet eight inches in length, by twenty-nine feet nine inches in breadth. On the right hand another portal, of which only basement stones remain, leads into the spot where stood the great altar, consisting of one large stone supported by two uprights. The portal basement stones are carved rudely, in a sort of circular volute pattern. They are the only carved work in the place. The space occupied by the high altar is six feet nine inches. Behind the left hand support of the altar, and between it and the wall of the temple, I discovered what had never been before observed or known, a columnar emblem of Priapus, about four feet high, precisely similar to those seen in the ancient excavations in India at the present day. I excavated down to its base, and found that it was deeply fixed in the ground, but fixed to nothing. Behind the opposite jamb of the altar was nothing but a high lateral stone forming a division, in which was a diamond-shaped opening, about eight inches wide, communicating with a sort of lateral recess. On the other or left hand of the area stands a mound of clay and rubbish, forming apparently the outline of a pedestal, the facing of which has disappeared, seven feet in diameter.

Opposite to the main entrance is another portal leading into an interior area. This portal, composed like the former of rude upright stones, is six feet seven inches wide. The stones that form it are seven feet six inches high. You ascend to this portal by a low broad step of a single broad stone. The interior of both area are of rude Cyclopean architecture, but carved, about four feet high, with small regular cut-stone, evidently the work of an age quite different from that in which the

enclosures were formed. This second area is forty-seven feet in length by seventeen feet three inches in breadth. As you enter, on the right hand, is a semicircular recess twenty feet by twenty-seven.

In this recess is a stone basin, about three feet in diameter, sunk into the ground to receive the blood of the victims that were sacrificed here. In one corner was a heap, which I had opened and found composed of ashes and earth, with a few bones of animals and little broken bits of pottery of black earth, glazed. Opposite to this was a hole cut in stone, and communicating with the rock, which evidently was the conduit of water for lustration, and for cleansing the place of sacrifice. Beneath it are stones ornamented with the punctures of a pointed tool, but in no pattern, that appear to have supported probably the cistern which received the water. On the left hand of the area is another semicircular recess, containing apparently an altar in three divisions, formed of slabs of stone and uprights. The width of the slab is four feet four inches. The centre division of the altar is eight feet two inches long, and five feet four inches from the ground. One of the lateral divisions is five feet eleven inches, the other four feet ten in length. The altars and uprights are formed of one stone each.

Opposite to the entrance is a semicircular recess, twenty-seven feet ten inches by twenty-four feet. The floor of this, of the sacrificing chamber, and of the altars, is of stucco. A flagged pavement runs up the centre, and a broad low step divides the last-mentioned recess from the area.

Such are the dimensions and form of this singular temple. Adjoining it is another upon a much smaller

scale, but divided in the same manner, and with the same tabular altar. Further down the hill again, and in the same line with the other two, is another circle of Cyclopean wall, but the ground is private property, and cannot be excavated. The same reason prevents those which I have already described from being further opened. In opening the upper one they found great heaps of bones of animals and birds. In the high-altar division of the second, they found the mutilated hands of two figures of stone, and a small, globular, clay vase, with a cover and two handles. These are preserved in the town-house at Rabbato. They are of the rudest workmanship. The heads are very small, apparently of young persons, with their hair rudely represented, close-cut round the head like wigs, and parted on the fore-head. No coins or other remains have been found. My impression is that those temples were formed by the aborigines of the island, and were afterwards adapted by the Phœnicians to their own worship; and that the emblem of Priapus, evidently, from its situation behind the great altar, considered the most sacred object, was placed there by the latter. There are no funds to continue the excavation; but I trust that I persuaded Major Bayley to employ some convicts that he has, condemned to hard labour, in forwarding the excavation of what I believe to be the only Phœnician temple extant.

After passing some houses in examining these ruins, we proceeded to the town of Rabbato, the capital of the island, and a very clean, well-built town. It contains 9,000 inhabitants, the whole of whom turned out to stare at me. I descended at the town-house, where I was received by "the authorities," and by a Latin address on the part of the clergy, to which I responded by

profound bows, and many compliments, in a *lingua Franca* of my own, to the learning, erudition, &c., of the clergy of the island.

I was conducted to the topmost pinnacle of the highest tower of the earth, to see the whole island and the beauties thereof. From thence I was led, very loath, to the civil hospital, and the Monté di Piéta. At the latter they extend the time of redemption of goods to three years. Almost all the pledges are small articles of silver, Maltese buttons, crucifixes, and baubles.

After expressing my gracious approbation of all these establishments, and being duly saluted by the garrison, consisting of a corporal and two men, the third being sentry, I was permitted, exhausted by heat and covered with dust, to retire from the capital to the sea-side and the coolness of my own vessel, where the thermometer stood at only 84°! The Governor's house is small, and was very bad; but the present officer has added two comfortable rooms to it, and it will be as pleasant as entire solitude can make it. I passed a large farm-house, the proprietor of which pays £600 sterling per annum to the Government. The judicial court here can condemn to five years' imprisonment, but not to the loss of life. Capital offences are referred to Malta. It can also decide in civil cases to the amount of £5,000 currency. The people are naturally very litigious; but the Governor exerts an arbitrary power, and forces them to agree, and make up their quarrels without going to law, for which he, of course, gets abused on all hands. Major Bayley dined and passed the evening with me, too happy to have a soul to speak to.

12th. A large two-decker passed us for Malta—I hope, a reinforcement to Sir Edward Codrington.

Lord Yarborough's yacht, as I believe, also passed by for Malta, from Gibraltar. This morning I proceeded in my barge to the Fungus Rock, on the other side of the island, so called from its bearing, without any assignable cause, large crops of a fungus highly esteemed by the natives as a styptic and astringent. The rock itself is a mass of calcareous stone, like the rest of the island; but the fungus grows nowhere else but upon the rock. It stands in the middle of a wild rocky bay, in a tempestuous sea, which was so rough and boiling, owing to the rebound of a very heavy swell from a line of precipitous cliffs, from 300 to 500 feet high, that my barge was much nearer being swamped in approaching it than I liked at the time, or like to think of now, especially as, had we overset, every man must have perished. The rock rises high and abrupt, and is unapproachable except from the mainland, where a rope is run over to it from the opposite precipice, to which is suspended a wooden box, in which amateurs and the curious are run over. It is about 200 feet high, about a quarter of a mile round, with a natural arch right through the middle of it.

Round the furthest point that forms this wild bay is a low-browed cavern, in which no boat can enter, but which opens into a large rocky basin of salt water, about three or four feet deep, and about half a mile round.

I never saw a scene of greater desolation than this place. No vegetation is to be seen—not even a blade of grass; nothing but white arid rock and precipice, and a stormy, raging sea—for there is nothing to break the wave from the coast of Africa. Once more braving the tossing and tumbling sea round the point, we got

into smoother water, set our sails, and reached home to dinner.

Between this and Malta is the little island of Comino, not inhabited except by a corporal, the solitary inmate of a strong tower, whose duty it is to preserve the rabbits that swarm there, and which are kept for the amusement of the Governor of Malta and his friends. Corn is grown on the island, as the soil is rocky, and the rabbits cannot burrow, consequently stone walls protect the grain from their ravages.

13th. We left Gozo for the coast of Sicily. As we sailed out we saw the Admiral quitting Malta for the coast of the Morea. About sunset we made Terra Nova, about fiteen miles ahead.

14th. About nine o'clock, A.M., we came to an anchor off Girgenti. The port contains only a mole for fishing vessels and small craft, the pratique office, and house belonging to the *guardiani*. Upon a sort of level plain, forming part of the vale, stand the remains of the ancient city and her temples, which had so strongly excited our curiosity and expectation.

As soon as we had dropped our anchor a boat came off from the shore which hailed us, and said that the head of the Board of Health was in the city, that they had sent off an express to him on seeing the vessel two hours ago, and that he would be with us "subito." In the meanwhile, we waited patiently until twelve o'clock, when, as no health officer appeared, I sent Mr. Radcliffe off in our boat with my passport, regular bill of health from Malta, and the letter which the Viceroy of Sicily had sent me, assuring me that he had given instructions that I should be well received throughout Sicily. When he first came to the mole the health

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officer met him, and, looking at our bill of health, declared that we had pratique, and began, as usual, taking down the names of the passengers, crew, &c., when one of them whispered the rest, and then, taking an objection of form to the bill of health—viz., that it did not recite the names of all the crew, but only mentioned me, my suite, and crew of my yacht in general terms—declared that I could not have pratique at Girgenti.

It was in vain that Radcliffe pointed out that the names and description of all the crew and passengers were inserted in the passport, and that nothing could be more easy than for them to see that the persons on board corresponded with the names and descriptions in the passport. They refused pratique, but said that, if I would send the papers up to the Intendente at Girgenti, they had no doubt that I should have pratique—they offering to send the bill of health, engaging that I should have an answer in two hours, and to send it off to me. Radcliffe came off to me for orders, and I directed the bill of health to be sent to the Intendente, and at the same time forwarded a copy of the Viceroy's letter.

We remained until five, P.M. No answer came, and we had no communication with the shore. I then sent Radcliffe again, peremptorily demanding either pratique or my papers back again. We heard nothing of him until night closed in and nine o'clock arrived, when, not knowing what trick they might have played my boat, as they were four miles from the seat of the government, I armed another boat, and sent her on shore with my marines, with orders to bring off my first boat. They found Radcliffe and his crew upon the mole, with a

sentry on them, and the whole population of the place around. The moment they saw my armed boat appear, they dispersed and fled, except the sentry, who stood his ground. Radcliffe had received no answer. The officers of health said they had sent the papers, but that no reply had been forwarded.

In the meanwhile, alarmed, probably, at seeing that I took up the matter seriously, as my boat had orders to remain (but not to land) within the mole until my papers were returned, a fellow who appeared to be a private police soldier came to Radcliffe with the bill of health, and a verbal message from the Intendente to me, saying that I could not have pratique at Girgenti. Radcliffe then demanded my papers. The soldier had them in his hand, but declared that he should not have them until he had paid for the expresses, &c., to Girgenti, and the expenses. Radcliffe flew at him instantly, and seized him, whereupon the fellow gave him the bill of health and ran away, and Radcliffe returned with his boat; by this time it being ten o'clock, it was above twelve hours after the time of the vessel being at anchor, though it was the duty of the health officer immediately to have come off and come alongside, to have decided whether we had pratique or no.

15th. Determined not to let the insolence of the Intendente and his officers pass unnoticed, I wrote him as strong a letter of reproach as I could put together, and declared that I would lodge a complaint against him before the King and the Viceroy. This letter I forwarded at daybreak by a boat I sent to the mole to purchase refreshments, to be delivered at the health office. The boat was too early for the health office, and the people crowded down to it, and sold us all that we wanted

The officer then came down, turned away the people, and refused to take the letter. My people threw it on shore, and the health people kicked it back into the boat, so it came off with the letter, but with all the refreshments I required. Whether this conduct was the Intendente's, or whether he never received the papers, and the whole was an insolence of the health officers, I neither know nor care. His name was used, and he must abide by the consequences of permitting his inferiors to act insolently in his name.

In the evening we came to Marsala and anchored, and the health officers instantly gave pratique upon the very same papers the others had refused.

16th. There has been a severe earthquake here, on the 28th ult., which killed four people, and threw down many houses. The shocks were four in number on that day, when the principal mischief was done; but there had been several slight shocks on preceding days, and some since, so much so that the inhabitants, most of them, bivouacked in the fields.

Mr. Barlow, a partner in the wine-house of Woodhouse and Co., came off to me with samples of their wine. There are no less than three English wine-merchants' establishments now here. Woodhouse exports upon an average 3,000 pipes annually. They sell a great deal to America, as well as to England. They pay great attention to the growth of the grapes, their cultivation, and the making the wine. They have considerable vineyards of their own; but, besides that, they superintend the cultivation of quantities of vines belonging to small proprietors, whose crops they buy, and to whom they advance money for the culture. The wine is good in itself; but it is, in my mind, very much in-

jured by the quantity of brandy which they put into it, both for the American and British markets. They sell, for that reason, very little to the natives, or Italians; but send much to Malta, and to the British ships in the Mediterranean. The house of Woodhouse and Co. employ regularly, all the year round, ninety-seven people in their establishment, besides the persons in the vintage, and the regular cultivation of the grapes. The Sicilians are beginning to get jealous of the establishments, and of what they call *their* money going into strangers' hands. They have not yet the wit to learn that the capital of strangers creates capital at home, and is the real source of the wealth of a country.

The coast is extremely flat and uninteresting; the soil is clay and limestone, in parts marshy and unhealthy. In the evening, the smell of the marshes was very distinctly appreciable on board, and perfectly explains the malaria. There is nothing to be seen here—no antiquities to be collected, and no temptation to stay. I put here into the port my letter to the Intendente of Agrigentum, which he will thus per force receive; as also, another to the Viceroy at Palermo, containing a narrative of what passed, copies of the letters, &c., and demanding satisfaction for the insult offered me. We shall see the result.

We weighed anchor for Trapani, which we approached at night-fall. I find that the oldest man living does not remember an earthquake at Marsala before that of the 28th of May. The shocks appeared to come from the sea.

17th. Arrived at Trapani early. Got pratique immediately, and all sorts of civil messages from the Intendente, and the health-officer. At twelve o'clock the

English Vice-Consul came off to me, an old man, who is also French Consul, and his son-in-law, who speaks French. The Intendente came on board, offered me his carriage, and everything in his power. As soon as he was gone I went on shore and found his carriage waiting, and the Consul's son-in-law, Monsieur Malati, who conducted me round the town, although at the time devoted usually to the siesta after dinner. Trapani stands on a peninsula, and is strongly fortified.

On the left hand, as you enter the port, is the rocky island of Columbara, on which stands the lighthouse, and a battery, containing a prison, in which about forty state prisoners, or what are here called prizioneri d'opinione, are languishing in hopeless captivity. The air-holes of their miserable dungeons are opposite to us; but they are so constructed as to preclude the view of any vessel, or of any part of the bay. The tenants of these may look down upon the rock immediately beneath them, and upon the wave which dashes against it; but beyond that extent their vision cannot penetrate, and vessels are not allowed to anchor within a certain distance of the tower, in order to preclude even the possibility of telegraphic communication. In the interior ditch of this work, looking only towards the tower, forming a focus for the heat, and letting in none of the light of heaven, some of these wretched beings are allowed at certain times to see the sky. But these prisons are nothing when compared with those in the islands, Farignana, &c., where some of the best men of Naples have been imprisoned; where Monticelli, for instance, passed four years, in company with the Chevalier Medicis, the present Prime Minister of Naples; and the former was for three months, by the jealousy

of the late Queen, fettered both on his hands and feet.

This rocky island is famous for having been the spot on which Æneas celebrated the funeral games in honour of Anchises, who was buried somewhere here, but the spot is unknown. Here the pious Æneas ran round this island in celebration of the obsequies of Anchises, and in propitiation of the infernal gods. But, if he did so, the island must have been different from what it now is, and the horrid mass of naked and precipitous rocks which it is composed of would now set at complete defiance the most pious and most active son who might have recourse to these gymnastics for a sacred or for any purpose. Here, too, was planted the oaken garland that constituted the goal of the boat and galley races described by Virgil. Under the lea of this island lay Adhubal's fleet when the Roman fleet attacked him; and on the rocks and shoals between it and the salt-works the Roman fleet was wrecked and destroyed in the battle. The town is well built, and clean; and the police of it must be good, for I never saw streets so well paved or kept in Italy.

The Intendente is certainly indefatigable; but his good taste is not quite equal to his zeal, as he has directed all the houses in the town, in all the streets, to be washed down and fronted in one uniform pattern of yellow and white; and he invited me to come five years hence to see his city, which, he expected, would by that time have become one of the finest rhubarb-coloured cities in the Mediterranean. By the sea-side is a marina or drive, ornamented by statues of Victor Amadeus and Philip V. The mole is a good one; and there is a good deal of trade here for salt, even from the north of Europe.

A long aqueduct conducts beautiful water from the mass of calcareous rock which forms the mountain of St. Julian, but in such small quantities that, in order to fill my vessel, all the fountains in the town were obliged to be stopped for a whole morning; and this was no joke, with the thermometer varying from eighty-six to ninety-two degrees.

The coral fishery from hence on the coast of Africa is considerable. The Dey receives 100 piastres per season from every boat employed in it, as a tribute or acknowledgment. Much is sold at Genoa and Leghorn; and much used to be sold in the Levant until these unquiet times. A large quantity is, however, carved here into necklaces and ornaments, crucifixes, &c.; and the Trapanese are celebrated for their carvings in that article, as well as in ivory, and in Sicilian shells, out of which they form very beautiful cameos.

About half a league to the eastward of the town, on the side of the road to Palermo, is a convent of Carmelites, and a chapel, containing the celebrated miraculous Madonna of Trapani. The hour was that of their siesta, and their sleep resisted numberless and loud attacks made upon it, and most noisy appeals, on the part of the Intendente's servants, who, being dressed in splendid royal liveries, with coloured handkerchiefs about their necks, and no shirts on, thought themselves entitled to rouse even the dead from their repose. At length a feeble voice was heard, "Che volete?" and upon the reply that they came "della parte del l'Eccellenze il Intendente," &c., &c., and had the honour to conduct "Un Principe illustrissimo d'Inghilterra," the doors flew open, the bell was rung out, and the sleepers, conceiving another miracle was working, came tumbling

in from their repose. But they were exceedingly civil.

I exhausted all my bad Italian to make excuses for my intrusion, and called upon my interpreter to make more; but the superior, calling to my recollection that the Carmelites once held "nelli belle tempei della religione," great property in England, observed that an English Prince was always welcome to a Carmelite convent, especially one of my vast merit—I thought he was going to say size. So, after much bowing and complimenting, I was introduced to the miraculous Madonna, and I then found that much of the delay had been occasioned by their giving their people time to light all the candles and lamps, and make the Madonna put on her best gown. I was introduced into the sanctuary in which she stands, which is a chapel incrustrated with marbles, separated from the church by an ornamented iron and gilt grate. Within this heretics are not in general admitted; but an English Prince of my peculiar merit, &c., &c., &c.

The Madonna is a white marble statue, holding the child; both crowned with gold crowns, and adorned with the most splendid jewels, the gifts of the faithful. Amongst them I counted ten watches hanging to the Virgin's girdle. Every finger was loaded with rings, and precious stones glittered from every part about her. Most preposterously, the features of both the Virgin and child are painted over, which, contrasted with the white marble, made them look most ghastly. In other respects the statue is not a bad one. It was brought, about three centuries ago, from the island of Cyprus; and duty not having been paid upon her, she was lodged in la dogana. Outrageous at this insult, the statue walked out by night, and was found some fields off. She was

reconducted to her place of detention. Again she walked off, and again was caught and brought back. By this time the clergy had heard of the affair, and interfered. Nothing could be more reasonable than their decision. "Wait," said they. "The figure, if she be miraculous, will walk forth again. Wherever she is found, leave her. She shall then be placed in a cart, drawn by oxen of the country, and they shall be set going, and permitted to go of themselves wherever the Virgin or their own fancies may lead them. If they go towards the dogana, you may take her and do what you like with her; but if she goes towards the country, wherever the oxen stop there the Virgin shall remain."

It is scarcely necessary to say that the oxen which presented themselves to conduct their sacred load had never been fed at the dogana, and probably had in the farm-yard of the Carmelite convent; for there they took her, and there she has been performing miracles ever since, as innumerable legs, arms, noses, and limbs restored by her, and duly represented in wax, testify most amply.

This story was told me by the superior, who evidently did not believe one word of it, as, lest I should laugh, he laughed himself. But to me these things are no laughing matter. He knew that a Protestant would not believe him, so he hoped to obtain the character of superior wisdom in my eyes by shewing that he disbelieved what he daily impresses upon all the wretched pilgrims and idiots who surround him, that it is true and necessary to their salvation that they should believe. I cannot but detest a religion which builds its foundation in deceit, and works for the purposes of temporal power by spiritual charlatanry.

When I came out of the chapel, I found the Intendente's servants in the church. On hearing me enter, they thought the whole monkish *corps d'armée* was in advance, and they plumped down upon their knees before the statue. But I had entered before the rest, and seeing that it was only a heretic, they all got up again, looked at each other, laughed, and began brushing the knees of their dirty breeches. In a few seconds, however, on the actual approach of the holy party, down they went in earnest, and began crossing themselves from top to toe. How acceptable must have been such prayers!

At the Jesuits' college they would force me into the refectory, where I found the whole fraternity sitting, in pick-tooth manner, after dinner. They all got up, forced me into the rector's chair, drank my health, and I drank theirs. Their table was covered with fruit and wine, and I observed several bottles marked rosolia. So they did not lack creature comforts.

I then proceeded to a chapel dedicated to St. Michael, in which were a great many groups, extraordinarily well and powerfully carved in wood, and coloured, as large as life, representing our Saviour's passion. They are done by a Trapanese artist, whose name not a soul in Trapani could tell me. "Ma sono molto antichi." They are carried about in cars in procession during the Holy Week. They are *terribly* well done, but impressive solely by the horror they excite. Our Saviour is so bloody, and all the anatomical details so horribly well imitated, and the Jews so ugly, ferocious, and banditti-like, that nothing is left for religion to do; all is done that *is done* by making people sick and children frightened. The group representing the denial of Christ by

Peter is the best; and the look of mild reproach on the countenance of the former, and of cowardly but at the same time self-reproving weakness on that of the latter, were well described.

At six o'clock in the evening, being informed that this was the hour when S. E. had dined and finished his siesta, and was again fit to be seen, I returned Il Signor Intendente's visit, when the noodling and doodling began again, and all Trapani was placed at my disposal. He was unmarried, or he would have offered me his wife. But, however, he was very civil; and, in fact, did not confine his civilities to mere offers only, as he showed me every attention and kindness in his power. His country habits and style, of course, interlarded the reality with much unmeaning, but still well-meant, ceremonious nothingness.

## CHAPTER VII.

Temple of Venus at St. Julian—Temple of Segestum—Wonderful Cavern—An Adventure—Tantalaria, and its Political Prisoners—Visit from the Governor—Professor Ferrara and his History—Granite and Lava—The Barbary Corsair—Basaltic Caves and Hot Springs.

JUNE 19th. Mount St. Julian stands about a mile to the eastward of Trapani. It was the ancient Mount Eryx, where Venus was worshipped in her most licentious form. The mountain is 2,175 feet high; and whatever it might once have furnished to suit the taste of the inhabitants of Trapani, it now furnishes them with ice. On the top of it is now a wretched town called Old Trapani, containing 8,000 miserable inhabitants, in hovels as miserable as themselves. Dœdalus built the city of ancient Drepanum. Eryx, a giant, the son of Butes and Venus erected the temple. Nothing now remains of it but heaps of rubbish, and a filled-in tank, or reservoir, in which the story goes that Venus bathed. But why she should have scrambled so high to do that which she might have done so much

better below, amidst the crystal fountains which bubble out at the foot of Mount St. Julian, her adorers best know. Those are all that remain of the Temple of Venus.

St. Julian is a mass of clay and limestone. Agate, jaspers, Lumachella marble, and sulphate of lime, are found there. The city of old Drepanum was taken in the first Punic War, and razed by Hamilcar.

20th. At six o'clock this morning I proceeded to Segestum. The road is a very good one, and is the new communication from hence to Palermo. You pass along twenty-two miles of it until you come to a red house, which is a station for the persons having the care of the road. You then must walk, or take a mule, to the temple, which lies amongst the hills. There was no such thing as a carriage and post-horses to be hired at Trapani. A friend of the English consul's lent me a *caleche*, in which we crammed four people, and from four persons more we collected four horses; another equipped us with a coachman who had never driven, and a sixth with a postilion who had seldom rode in his life. We set forth.

The Intendente offered me an escort of gendarmerie, which I positively refused, and was very near regretting my magnanimity, as I found rather late in the day that thirty galley-slaves had escaped from the neighbourhood of Trapani, that part only had been retaken, and the rest infested the neighbourhood. The country we passed through was rich land, but, like all Sicilian rich land, going sadly to waste with what is called a year's fallow, *i.e.*, weeds and neglect, and two years' crop. There are no fences of any kind; and as the harvest is just collected, as with us in September, the look of the country

was much that of the open corn land of Dorsetshire. Leaving Trapani, we passed some groves of olives, some vineyards, and aloes in bloom, from twenty-five to thirty feet in height. But very soon the whole melted down into unvaried swelling lands of corn or corn-ground. At first we stopped at every mile. One horse jibbed, another kicked, the foot-board broke, and what were misnamed traces—because they were rotten leather, and were not rope—broke; lastly, the postilion, who was unused to such exercise, was frequently obliged to stop and dismount. At length we went merrily on, and performed our twenty-two miles in three hours.

At the guard-house above mentioned we left our carriage, and I mounted my mule, which I had sent before in order to keep him fresh. I found him on my arrival, going his round with two or three others in treading out the corn, which all over Sicily they still do, after the ancient patriarchal manner; and they strictly obey the order of Scripture, not to muzzle the animal which treadeth out the corn. The consequence was, that my poor mule got his feed by the sweat of his brow, instead of enjoying it, as he ought, in quiet in his stable; my rogue of a muleteer, besides his bargain with me for the whole day, pocketed the little extra job gained by the mule's extra exertion, and I had to pay for the feed, which the mule never ate, besides.

On leaving this place, which we were told was two miles only from Segestum, we wound round amongst the hills, leaving cultivation and the habitations of men behind us. Every now and then we saw a patch of corn, and, at a distance, a patriarchal well with a long lever marked the existence of a spring, to which at certain hours all the flocks and herds, horses, mules, asses, and birds, of the

district resort, for there is no other water to quench their thirst; and the people of the country regularly assembled, at stated hours, to quench their own thirst and that of their fellow-creatures in this wilderness. At one of these assemblies we assisted, and none know the luxury of such a *réunion* who have not travelled over rocky and barren land without water. We believed the distance to be only two miles, and left our refreshments at "la Casa Reale," as our dog-hole of a resting-house was called, to meet us at our return. We found it full five miles, and felt the want of them.

After rounding one hill after another, and crossing many a dried-up and rocky river bed, we at length swept round the base of a rocky knoll, and on a height above us to our right stood, magnificent in its magnitude and frowning in desolation, the Temple of Segestum; whilst on our left hand, at the top of a higher mountain, were the few walls which designate the site of the ancient city. Still winding round the hills, we at last reached the bottom of a steep ascent, at the top of which the temple stood.

The day was a true sirocco—the sky clear, but the vapour over the earth thick, hazy, and lead-colour; the air at that height strong, so as elsewhere to be called a strong breeze, but the wind felt as though it came out of the mouth of an oven; and if you stood opposite to it, and held the mouth open to receive the freshness of the breeze, you inhaled heat instead of coolness, and the lips and face were dried and caked as if over a fire. Liquor passed down the throat and gave a momentary coolness as it passed, but it did not quench an incipient thirst, and produced no refreshment. Those who walked lay down and panted like dogs, and, I, who rode, could

scarce sit upon my mule. We had some water in a bottle which we brought from the last spring, but it was hot and frothy ere it reached the temple. I hung up my thermometer under the broad shade of the vast columns, in the strongest influence of the breeze, and perfectly independent of the heated stone, and I never could get it less than 90° of Fahrenheit.

From the temple the view is vast, sublime, and desolate. To your left, amongst the mountains, you see the inlet of the sea on which stands Castellamare, which was the seaport of Segestum. But the ruins even of the city exist no longer, and the seaport has become a melancholy and solitary bay. Although the habitations of man were not visible in this desert, his miseries were forced upon our attention. Two wretched blind men, guided by children, came up to scrape a welcome upon two wretched fiddles, which we silenced with little difficulty, and at, indeed, a most trifling expense; which made all parties joyful—us, by what we lost in the shape of music, they by what they gained by a most munificent copper donation. But although they were not musical, they were not silent, and both of them, "high gravel blind," had their story to tell about this "bella casa," as they called their temple, which both allowed they had never seen.

"Bella Casa" indeed it is, and I believe it to be the finest specimen of—we know not what age—but of Doric architecture in Europe. It consists of fourteen columns of Doric architecture, standing on bases, with four in each front, or rather, one may say, twelve lateral columns, and six in each front. I took the measurements exact by rule, and I can answer for their correctness. The exterior length of the temple is 190 feet 8 inches;

its extra breadth 75 feet 10 inches; the space of each intercolumniation, 7 feet 1 inch; the diameter of the base of each column, 6 feet 10 inches; the circumference of each column at five feet from the ground, 20 feet 9 inches. I had no sextant with me, so I could not take the exact height of the columns by geometrical measurement; but I took the height as follows:—One of our party, whose height we measured, stood at the base of a column opposite to where we stood on the extreme opposite side of the temple; another, standing where we did, held up a paper perpendicularly opposite to his eye, and upon the edge of it marked first his opposite neighbour's height, and then the height of the whole building, of which, of course, our friend's height stood as a proportional part. This was not exact, as we could not measure the value of the angle between his head and the top of the building from where we stood; but the measurement could not be very incorrect, and I should take the height of the columns at 35 feet.

The columns are not fluted, and they evidently appear to be of a later date than Pæstum, both on account of the bases and the dentils being not of so severe an architecture as the earliest Doric. In the intercolumniation which forms the centre an entrance is made of masonry squared stones. The whole temple stands upon a plinth, forming a regular step from the ground. Standing as you enter, with the face looking to the further extremity, you see on the right hand the intercolumniations, filled with a dwarf wall precisely the height of the bases of the column. The intercolumniations on the left hand are all open. It is surmised that the closed spaces on the right hand were either for altars or statues.

Underneath these closed intercolumniations are large masses of rough stone, which had not been cleared when the stones on the surface of which they project were squared and chiselled. One row of them is on these dwarf walls, the other is on the outside plinth below. But they do not correspond. The two tiers are like the ports of a two-decked ship, one alternating with the other. These projections exist along the whole of that side of the temple, but do not exist on the other side, or at the ends. They are called projections, by which the stones were raised in their places. But this is absurd. The corresponding stones on the other side have them not, they are but a few feet from the ground. The immense stones which form the dentils and the cornice have them not, and they would have required more assistance to raise them in their places than stones not more than four feet from the ground. I suspect they must have been some ornament of animal's heads, although quite contrary to all the rules of architecture; and no form appears—but what else could they be? From being on the side where the intercolumniations are filled up, and supposed to have been filled by statues of gods, could these projections have been small altars to their worship, where the people might adore and make their simple offerings before they ventured into the holy precincts of the temple?

The pavement appears now to be rock, but the bases of the columns seem to stand on end stones, which, by their situation, are more protected from the weather. I suspect, therefore, the whole pavement to have been originally squared stone, now worn down into rock. On each side, however, of the temple in the third intercolumniation at both ends there is a square of more per-

fect pavement, which induce me to think they were the sites of four altars or statues of peculiar sanctity.

Some think the temple never was finished. Certainly some of the intercolumniations are filled up by smoothed and some by rougher stone. But what is most remarkable is, that at the foot of each column, where it enters the base, there is a large channelled groove, regularly cut as if to admit a metallic moulding. This applies to every column. Either, then, those mouldings have never been placed where they were meant to be, or they have been all carefully removed, as every groove is perfect and complete.

The temple was repaired by the late king of Naples, who, with very good taste and judgment, restored a fallen pillar and part of a pediment which had been shattered by lightning, replaced stones which had fallen, and secured weak parts by bands of iron, without attempting to do more than to prevent the temple from going more into ruin than he found it. But he has thought fit to inscribe, on a large long white tablet of marble on the front of the pediment of the temple, the achievement of the august Ferdinand in restoring and repairing, &c. He would have done wiser to have recollected that if the original founder of this stupendous and splendid monument has left no inscription to record his valuable name, his modesty is greater than that of the ostentatious personage who has attempted to hand down to posterity his slight and puerile efforts to stay the hand of Time.

The temple stands upon the summit of a deep precipitous ravine, plunging deep into a rocky valley. A boy who joined us could not resist telling us a marvellous story of a cavern in the face of the precipice

which was unapproachable by man, but reached an immense way, spreading into many chambers, in which was a subterranean river, and a statue in white marble holding an iron club in his hand! "If this is unapproachable by man how do you know all this?" "Oh, in tempi passi a shepherd had wandered in search of a lost goat, and had got from shelf to shelf to the mouth of this place, but that no one had seen it but him."

"Well, where the shepherd could go we can go—come and show us the place."

"No, it is unapproachable—and, besides, it is dark, and *ombré* (ghosts) have been seen to enter it."

"Never mind li ombré, come along;" and my valet de place and Radcliffe set forth on the expedition, forcing the boy with them, who went evidently most unwillingly. They came to a steep precipice, and found they could not get at the cave that way. They went into the ravine below and saw its mouth. They separated in their course and lost sight of each other. The boy guide remained with Radcliffe. Giovanni advanced his own way. He stopped to strike out with his hammer some agate rock for me, and as soon as his hammer struck he heard a shrill whistle, and, looking up, beheld two men in the dress of the lowest peasantry, but armed with guns, creeping on their hands and knees out of this *unapproachable* cavern, and then dive amongst the brush-wood. He hallooed to Radcliffe, to warn him of his danger, and at that instant the boy ran away from and left him, never appearing again, not even to ask for a reward for having guided him.

Giovanni retraced his steps to tell me of my danger, after having told Radcliffe that the men were armed.

Radcliffe persevered in his attempt and reached the cave upon his hands and knees. The mouth was so low that he was obliged to enter it in the same posture. He saw that others had been there before him, by the smoke of torches which had blackened the roof. But he found the cave wind into different chambers, and, being perfectly dark, having no means of getting a light, and being alone, he most wisely returned.

In the meanwhile Giovanni came to me with his story, evidently very much alarmed. I had no remedy for it. We were alone. In the confidence of security my mules and guide had been sent for our provisions, and there was not a habitation near us. I had in my belt the brace of pocket pistols which I always carried with me in Sicily, but they were the only arms of our party. But we were five, and, keeping together, we were determined not to be robbed by two men. So we remained to abide the event, which was that we saw and heard no more of the little rascal of a guide, or of the two men.

The probability was, that the men were lurking there for mischief, but thought us stronger than we were; and taking it for granted that, being strangers, we were supported by the gendarmerie of the country, they did not venture to attack superior numbers. The boy's love of talking would not allow of his holding his tongue about the cave, though he was endeavouring to prevent us from visiting it. When he found that some of our party were determined to penetrate its recesses, he went far enough to give his friends notice of their danger, and then fled with them.

When we had returned to Trapani, I sent an account to the Intendente of what had passed, and he and those

he consulted had no doubt, from their knowledge of the country, that the men were two of the runaway galley-slaves, who merely avoided attacking us because they fancied we might have been sent in pursuit of them, or were backed by a military force. They all agreed that we had had a narrow escape, especially Radcliffe, who might with perfect ease have been seized and detained in the cave.

I left the Government at Trapani determined to send gendarmes to scour the fastnesses and the rocks which surround the ruins. The cavern is well known, is always mentioned to strangers, has been frequently visited, but, owing to the want of light, has never been explored. This makes the conduct of the boy and the men more suspicious. Having thus remained for three hours, our provisions came up. Of course I gave part of them, when our guides were refreshed and we had done, to three boys who had been with us all the while. It was quite melancholy to see the eager glistening of their wretched eyes when they saw our provisions, and the rapacity and anguish of hunger with which they devoured them. They never had touched meat before, and knew not what it was. Wine they knew, but had never tasted it; for this country grows no vines, and wine is not the drink, as elsewhere, of the poorer classes. They had not ate before that day. What were they to have had, *a le casa*, had they not met us? Favé (beans) boiled, and water. We fed them well, put some money into their poor attenuated hands, and left them, as I hope and believe, grateful.

Radcliffe is convinced that the cave, from its direction, goes right under the temple.

After five hours passed in this stupendous scenery, we

returned, through the hottest evening I ever experienced, and reached Trapani by ten o'clock at night. The temple is built of the calcareous rock of the country. The pillars consist of immense blocks, containing whole circumferences of from three to four feet in thickness. Segesta is said to have been a Trojan city, subdued and occupied by the Carthaginians. Two coins which I bought from a shepherd, and which were found in the old city, are Carthaginian. But these are the only traces of this great and once flourishing place.

21st. We weigh anchor from Trapani. We pass by the islands of Maritinio, Levanzo, and Farignana—masses of calcareous rock, and used as prisons by the Government of Naples. There cannot be less than from thirty to forty thousand prisoners of opinion in the Neapolitan dominions! The garrisons of all the places where these prisoners are confined are changed every six months.

The thermometer in the shade of my cabin, which is the coolest part of the ship, and is liable neither to sun nor wind, stands at 89°; but the sirocco is gone, and we breathe freer. I have now regularly observed the sirocco wind. It comes burning from the deserts of Africa, but it bears on its wings the heavy damps of the ocean. I have been writing this journal on the deck, until the paper got so wet that I could write no more. Our decks and clothes are as if they had been sprinkled with water.

22nd. This morning we reached Pantalaria, a small island belonging to Sicily on the coast of Africa, but still within the limits of Europe. At Catania Count Boffé had told me that it was extremely interesting in a mineralogical point of view, being a mass of volcanic

matter, that had never been inspected, and was scarcely known. Here the king of Naples keeps most of his state prisoners whom he wishes to have forgotten. It is out of the course of all trade; has nothing to tempt vessels to touch at it; has no water even but rain-water and sulphureous mineral springs, which the natives drink for want of other; and being only a place of confinement, the very name even of it is dreaded by the Italians. It is thirty-six miles round, and about nine over, and presents a most dreary appearance of black volcanic rocks, on which the sea rushes with constant fury, as there is nothing to break the waves.

The hills, which are all evidently extinguished craters, rise picturesquely over the mouth of what is called the anchorage, viz., a small open bay, full of rocks and dangers of every kind, open to every wind except the S.S.W. and S.E., and with a rocky bottom, in which no hempen cable could last an hour. The town consists of a collection of whitewashed huts, two or three churches, and a frowning old good-for-nothing castle, the scene of many an unknown, uncared, forgotten, captive's misery. Every political party in its turn has sent its victims here, and when other parties have succeeded to power, unless when great influence has been excited, then the poor wretches have remained forgotten. The castle possesses no strength, either natural or artificial; and a few wretched veterans who have begun as galley-slaves and end as soldiers, serve to defend this important fortress.

A certain number of prisoners of the better sort have the liberty of the town and island, under the condition that they shall all be forthcoming at any time either of the day or night when the governor—who usually is a

major in the service, supposed to be well attached to the king, and who undergoes this banishment from all society for three years to be gaoler, and then to obtain a step in promotion—choses to call for them. Others are kept within the precincts of the town strictly, and others again are confined in the prison of the castle—a place too horrible, especially in an African climate, for description; and made more so by their being mixed up with the greatest wretches of galley-slaves, and beings too bad to be kept in any other Italian gaol.

As soon as we dropped our anchor the health-boat came out to us, and gave us pratique; advising us, however, to haul further out, as we were in foul ground, and if wind set in strong from the north-west or north-east we should inevitably be on the rocks. We took their advice, and hauled out into seven fathoms water, but in the worst anchorage ever laid down for vessels. Smith's sketch of the town is very correct.

Shortly afterwards the health-boat came out again, reinforced by an additional party of police-officers, health-officers, and vagabonds of every description, who informed us that we had not pratique, but that they must see our papers, which the first fellow had never asked for. He was in the boat, and we appealed to him whether he had not given us pratique; but he became suddenly stone deaf, and the others said we had not pratique. So we produced our papers, which they received with tongs, &c., &c., and then put to us all sorts of impertinent questions. Where had we been? Answer: Look at our bill of health. Had we been at Gergenti? Yes. Had we pratique there? No. Why not? Ask your friends at Gergenti; we are not accountable for their actions, and know nothing of their

reasons. Where have we been in Sicily? In every part of the island. Where were we going to next? I answered this in person: To Jericho, I believed, or where else I chose. Then we consulted together where Jericho was, and gave up the geograpical part of their inquiry.

Then they insisted on seeing all our crew. This, of course, we immediately assented to. Was the ship a king's ship? No. A merchant vessel? No. What was she? Look at our bill of health, and you will see. Then they demanded my passport. This I refused to give until I knew whether they gave me pratique or not. After long consultation in a small boat and a heavy swell, they said Yes, provided our commandant would give his word of honour that there was no sickness on board. This, of course, was done, and they were told that there was not nearly the sickness on board the vessel that there was in their boat, where several of the medical questioners had begun to shew manifest symptoms of illness; whereupon they came on board and were civil. I met them very coldly, and said that they had put a great many impertinent questions, and had given as much trouble as possible, that now I would shew them their Viceroy's letter, and if I had any more impertinence I would instantly weigh anchor for Palermo, and report their conduct. Whereupon they immediately performed Ko Tow, were as humble as they before were insolent, and degraded themselves by paltry submission—so much so, that I longed to kick them. But they gave no further trouble, only were very inquisitive after news, of which they knew no more than if they had been in one of the Sandwich Islands. I gave them the latest from Malta, and at length we parted good friends.

Then I found that a man who acted as interpreter—*i.e.*, endeavoured to speak English, but stuck fast, and French more difficult to be understood than my Italian—was a *detenu pour les opinions publiques*, and permitted to run about tame on condition, I suppose, of doing any dirty work the police required of him. He said that he had the honour of being in the English service, and, *vraiment*, although Sicilian, was more an Englishman than Sicilian. What capacity had he served in? Aide-de-camp to Le Chevalier Stuart, Officier-General in Sicily. Aide-de-camp! In what regiment had he held a commission? In the Anglo-Sicilian corps. Then what rank had he, as in our service a General's aide-de-camp was an officer of confidence, and highly in the esteem of his general? A dire le vrai, he was not strictly aide-*du*-camp, but, c'est a dire, that he was in the family de Monsieur le General, and sometimes interpreted for his excellency, as he had now the honour of doing for my excellency. So here I dropped my queries, as I found the fellow had lied—that he did not know how to get out of the scrape, and had probably been only a private soldier servant.

After much meanness on the part of these fellows they withdrew, and when they had all disappeared except my friend the aide-de-camp, he came up to me slyly, and whispered in my ear, "Nous sommes touts malheureux ici, je suis plus Anglais que Sicilien. Fiez vous en moi!" I said I had nothing to "ma fier" in him—that he was a prisoner, and that I was sorry for him—and then I bowed him out. It is plain the fellow is a spy. I found out afterwards that a boat's crew had come in from Gergenti, who had seen us refused pratique there and go away, and this was the reason of all their

questioning and difficulties. The police-officers voluntarily stated this to my servant, Giovanni, and told him how much they regretted the impertinence they had been guilty of, and then all combined in abuse of the Intendente of Gergenti, who was a brigand, unfit for his situation, &c., &c., and they hoped he would be disgraced, &c.

In the evening I had a message from S. E., the Governor, to say that he would, if I would permit him, come on board in the evening, to pay his respects to S. Altezza il Signor Duco, and lay the keys of his fortress at my feet. To this I returned a gracious answer, and at six o'clock a little civil man, dressed in a fine uniform, with a special gold-laced cocked hat, and a sabre heavier and longer than himself, came on board, attended by a canonico and a boat-full of priests, and another of employés, all of whom were tame prisoners, an old major of artillery, who had never seen a gun, I believe, since the wars of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, and a Capitaine du Port, in a naval uniform, who did not know the stem from the stern of a ship. But they were exceedingly civil.

The Governor (a major), had only come to his government four days before my arrival, had not his family with him, was as great a stranger to the place as myself, and regretted that he could not receive me as he ought, &c. I, of course, was as civil to him, and amused myself by having them all shewn about my vessel, unlashed a gun to exhibit a cannon, which none but the artillery officer had ever seen before, and which they all expected would go off of itself, especially when I told them it was *caricato à ballo*. The locks upon the cannons, the new sights fitted to them, the

patent steering apparatus, the chain cables, and, indeed, everything in the vessel, astonished and confounded them. Then they all went below, and astonishment began again. Then my charts upon deck were looked over and talked over; and *gli soldati*—were they the King's? No, my own, and paid by me. Then their wonderment began again. I gave them coffee and rosolio, and they went away, but not until a thick fog came suddenly over the sea and wetted them to the skin. The same thing had happened the night before. We could not see the bow of the vessel from the stern, and everything exposed to it became as wet as if it had been in the sea.

A very gentlemanlike young man here acted as interpreter, who had travelled a great deal, especially in Egypt, and was well-informed. I found out that he too was a tame prisoner, doomed for a certain period to expiate some political offences in this blessed spot. He is a Neapolitan, and of noble family. I did not of course choose to ask many questions, but I found that one of these poor fellows was sent here in consequence of a political quarrel with Professor Ferara at Palermo, who was jealous of him! He is here for fifteen years! But he is revenging himself upon Ferara by writing a statistical and mineralogical history of the island, for which he is well calculated by his scientific researches and knowledge, and which will dreadfully expose the professor's history of this place, which is the most extraordinary bundle of lies I ever saw collected together in the same space. The most charitable supposition is, that Ferara was never here.

23d. At six o'clock this morning I was in my barge, and went completely round the island. I, of course,

calculated upon the wind, which opposed us in one part of our course, favouring us in another part of a circular career; but, with the most perverse determination to thwart our calculations, it came round against us, as we rounded every head land, and my poor fellows had to row every inch of the way. Some of our party went by land to visit some vapour baths, and a cave, stated to be curious; and a lake, described to be at the top of a mountain, by Ferara, which they found at the foot of it, and to be unfathomable, whereas it is about twenty or thirty feet deep, at least as far as it could be ascertained. The cave turned out to be about fifteen or twenty feet deep, and a cleft only in the lava occasioned by its cooling.

I went round the island, commencing by the western extremity. It is a mass of volcanic matter, composed of scoriæ, lava, compact basalt, prismatic and columnar basalt, pumice, obsidian, and horn-stone. On first starting from the vessel there appears a high wall, with a black cross upon it, on a point of lava about three-quarters of a mile from the town. I took this for a chapel; but I found it to be the termination of a walk or ride, made by a former Governor, from the town—the only walk or ride these wretched people have. The scoriæ and lava are as barren, and appear to be as fresh as if they had been thrown up yesterday; and yet there is no tradition even of any volcanic fire here. So little is the place known, that Monticelli, at Naples, desired Donati to ascertain whether the island is "vraiment volcanique." It is nothing else. In this mass of volcanic matter we found granite *in situ*, forming parts of large rocks. This puts an end to all the discussion about the aqueous origin of granite. The deplorable appearance, too, and

the entire want and absence of vegetation on the scoriæ and lava, furnish entire proof, if proof were wanting, of the impossibility of even endeavouring to affix dates to lava by the greater or less degree of vegetation belonging to it.

For the first three miles the coast continues to be this mass of unvaried scoriæ, with crystals of white and black feltspar, and a horn-stone base, which, indeed, appears to run round the island. At the west point of the island, by compass, we came to regular cliffs of five-sided prismatic basalt, and hard and compact lava, surmounted by scoriæ. The pillars were quite perfect, and their joints complete. On the south-west, compact basalt, the land there sinks into scoriæ, and small patches of vegetation and vines appear. The crater from whence this has flowed is evidently about one mile and a-half inland, bearing north-east by compass. South-west by south we came to a deep inlet or bay, the land consisting, as before, of low scoriæ and lava.

In the bight of this bay is a small collection of fishing huts, where they salt the fish which they catch upon the coast with the salt which is evaporated on the sea-shore, and send it round to "la Citta," as they call the principal town. Off this bay we saw a fishing-boat, and endeavoured to hail her, to know if she had any fish for our dinner; but the men employed sails and oars to escape us. We, however, succeeded in cutting him off, when we found the poor possessor of her in the most humble of all frights, not knowing what to make of a ten-oared barge, and inclined to believe that we were Barbary corsairs. We asked him for some fish, if he had any to sell? He said he had only salt-fish; but that the cargo, boat and all, were at our service if we

would but spare their lives. We found we could not persuade him that we were not enemies; and with hands alternately clasped and extended, and with all the energies and gesticulations which he could master, he went on imploring us to spare his life; and we left him, wondering that we took neither it, his salt-fish, nor his boat.

From hence the cliff rises high above the sea, and forms a stratified mass of scoriæ, compact lava, obsidian as fine as that of Lipari, pumice in all its varieties, puzzuolana, lava slate, all in strata, and shewing beautifully the formation of each, as combined with the other materials. South-south-west, the lava and horn-stone continue; the hills are here entirely cultivated up to the top, with vines, currants, figs, Indian fig, arbutus, myrtle, evergreen oak, cystus phylaræa, and many of our tenderest green-house plants. The figs here, if the season be favourable, are delicious; but the sirocco dries them up as they ripen; and as there has been much sirocco lately, the figs are withered. The grapes are delicious when ripe; but they make but little wine, the trade being principally in raisins, which are the finest in the Mediterranean, and the Zante currant. Corn they grow very little of, and depend upon Sicily for a supply.

South-west by south, we came to a very fine cave of columnar basalt. As we were roaming about, and examining it, one of the seamen complained how hot it was at the farthest end of the cave, and we found a regular heated vapour issuing from the earth. Close to the wash of the sea, finding the sand hot, we opened it, and came immediately to a hot spring of fresh water. In the air the thermometer was at 82 degrees of Fahrenheit; in the water it stood at 160 degrees. The water

was quite pure and tasteless, and fresh. Farther on we came to another basaltic cave, with another hot spring of the same kind; and here, amidst compact basalt and pumice, we found splendid nodules of white chalcedony, equal and similar to that of Sardinia.

It was now past noon, and the heat was intense. The thermometer stood at eighty-four degrees in the shade. It was impossible for the men to row longer under such a burning sun, as the awning only smothered them, and I anxiously looked out for a place where they might lay by during the hottest hours. Fortunately, at the south-south-east point, we came to another magnificent basaltic cave, in all its depth of beautiful shade, with a flat ledge of rocks within it. The arch was a splendid one of columnar basalt, of which the roof was equally composed. It ran shelving about thirty yards, when it came down into the water. A current of lava had run under it, on the left hand, which formed our kitchen and dinner-table. Here we moored our barge, the men landed, dined, bathed, and slept; and we having a portable cooking apparatus on board landed it, and made the most delicious dinner of our own cooking I ever ate.

There is nothing but sulphureous water in the island; but we brought plenty from the ship, and plunging the vessels which contained it, as well as our liquors, in the sea, we cooled them down to sixty-four degrees, the temperature of the sea-water in the cave. Here we remained for three hours. Just outside of the cave is another hot spring, and masses of chalcedony as before. Indeed, from hence I may say there was no variety in the coast, which consisted wholly of high basaltic cliffs, sometimes compact, sometimes columnar, with stratas of

pumice, obsidian, and puzzuolana, interchangeably accompanying and chacing each other in every direction through the cliffs. The soil holds much clay, and there evidently is a strong superstratum of carbonate of lime, as is perceivable in the traces which the water makes in the interstices of the basalt. I only regretted that we had not the means of more closely and deliberately examining these cliffs, which, in all probability, held many zeolites amongst them. But we began to find out that we had more than half of our toil to go through, and that we must not trust to the wind for aid; the air was like a quivering furnace, and the sea like an expanse of hot molten steel.

Great masses of chlorite and porphyry interchange in the strata of all these rocks. Here I should say the basaltic cliff cannot be less than 1,000 feet high. To the S.E. the land runs into low coast, but still composed as before. But the cliffs rise again abruptly, in all the varieties of basaltic shape and cave, until we come to a very high pyramidical mass of rock, completely insulated and unapproachable, except by the aid of wings. This is to the E.S.E. point of the island. On the N.E. by E. we came to a splendid natural arch and bay of basalt as before, through the former of which the water flowed in a beautiful expanse, that gleamed light as silver under the moonbeam. From thence the coast was a continuation of basaltic coves and lava, and the night closed in upon us before we got near our vessel. Headland after headland appeared and disappeared without our seeing our vessel's lights. At last we saw them, and arrived safely at eleven o'clock at night, with our men almost exhausted.

Our party on shore had seen but little. The water of the

lake is clear and cold, but slightly sulphureous to the taste; it has no visible outlet, and evidently was once a crater; three sides are sheer basaltic rock. The fourth is of scoriæ and lava, and appears to be pretty nearly on a level with the sea, from which it is separated by a narrow neck of land, that at a small expense might be removed, and a circular pond thus obtained at a slight sacrifice of time and trouble.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Visit to the Governor of Pantaleria—A Delightful Bath—Means of Communicating to their Families offered to the Prisoners—A Terrific Storm and Hot Blast—Narrow Escape from Shipwreck—Defective Anchors—Leave the Island—Return to Castello del Mare—Political Risings—French Diplomacy—The King's Confidante.

JUNE 24th. I went on shore to return the Governor's visit. He is lodged in the castle with his prisoners, over whom he is gaoler. But his situation is such as no gaoler in the worst gaol I ever heard of, would envy. We were conducted through divers narrow streets, at the corners of which were placed sentinels to do honour to my altezza, but the Governor had better have spared his attempt at military parade, and not shown off the most extraordinary set of scarecrows that ever had been seen by mortal eye since the days of Falstaff's new-raised levies. When we reached the castle we found at different points different persons stuck up to represent different functionaries, but evidently equipped with borrowed coats for the occasion. There was a complete staff, more numerous than the garrison, and worthy of

it. By these persons I was conducted into the castle by a drawbridge which shook under my weight, and through guard-rooms and passages, loaded and stinking with all sorts of abominations. To the left hand through an open grating were to be seen the wretched prisoners, many of them galley-slaves for life—many victims of popular opinion—all squalid and wretched.

At length, at the top of a rickety wooden staircase, stood the Governor in full uniform, with the great officers of state; they introduced me first through a *corps de garde*, where twelve men, all rags and tatters, stood as guard, commanded by a most aged and feeble warrior, and armed with muskets, some of which were without locks, and none of which had ever been cleaned or fired off. The presence-chamber was the worst alehouse's worst room in England, only larger and more desolate, and without furniture, except a sofa on three legs, and four chairs, fastened up against the wall, with two legs each. Here I had my audience, which was as amusing as the preparation for it had been.

I announced my intended departure early the next morning. The Governor then said that he must visit me again to take leave of me. I deprecated the honour; but he persisted, and, after some time elapsed in unmeaning conversation, we took leave. The Governor insisted on reconducting me, and nothing would satisfy him but the showing me his horrid dungheaps of houses, which he called la Citta. So we waded in filth unutterable, and heat inexpressible, up one vile alley and down another, with all the mob of the town at my heels, curious to see whether an English signor was made like other people. I then embarked almost exhausted, and returned to my vessel.

This island has not only never been described, but there was not a soul in it who had ever seen its shape laid down on a map, or who knew the depth of the waters round it; and when I offered the Governor the use of my charts for a few hours, I could not have gratified him more had I given him a guinea. The language spoken is a bad Italian, mixed up with a bastard Arabic. All the names of places, headlands, and points are pure Arabic, and every hill is called ghibel-something.

After laying quiet during the heat of the day, and having no inclination to give my poor fellows another heavy row, I went to bathe in a basaltic cove about a mile from our anchorage. I had had a bathing apparatus and tilt attached to the awning of my barge over its stern, which made a very comfortable bath like a machine in England, only not upon wheels. This was made to hoist or let down and take off at pleasure, and this was the first time I had ever used it. I had a delightful bath, but, a heavy swell coming on, I was obliged to anchor and bathe in deep water. The place was very romantic. A cove of columnar basalt formed a semicircle, in the further extremity of which was a deep basaltic cave, formed of regular prismatic columns, reaching deep into the sea, and surmounted by lava and scoriæ. By the time I returned to dinner the swell had increased, and the evening came on gloomy and ill-looking.

At the appointed time instead of the Governor came all his attendants with his excuses, saying that the sea was rough and his Excellency was afraid, and, besides, did not like to come on board my altezza's vessel, "per se far vomire." So they brought my charts, passport, and

bill of health, and departed. A boat-load of tame prisoners came at the same time with the wives of two of them, who went over the vessel and became dead sick—so they all tumbled into a boat together and went home. But before they went I told them that I had nothing to do with their politics, and would hear nothing of them, but that, knowing they were all separated from their families, I as an Englishman could only say that I was returning to Naples, and would carry safe and honourably any letters which might be put on board, and that my boat and Italian servants would be on shore to purchase provisions the next morning before I sailed at six o'clock, A.M. I saw instantly that the poor wretches' eyes lit up. Many of them had not communicated with their homes for years, as all communication was prohibited. One of them whispered me that all paper was interdicted them, and they had not the means of buying any even if there was any on the island, and there was none. Immediately I gave him a quantity out of my cabin, which he seized and hid about his person with an avidity that was most shocking from the feeling of wretchedness it displayed. They went on then, some of them crying, all blessing me. Who will say that I have done wrong?

By the time they went away the evening closed in, with heavy gusts of wind right into the harbour's mouth, and we much nearer the rocks, which rose around us in every quarter, than I liked. Nothing could be fouler than the ground. In fact, there is no anchorage; the bottom is hard flat rock, and the anchor holds by the projecting rocks which rise from the table of solid rock beneath. As the swell was considerable, we got our top-gallant masts down and yards on deck, for precaution—

and well it was we did so. In the middle of the night the most terrific squall the sailors had ever seen came in an instant, burst over us, and then shifted round to its old point, right into the harbour's mouth; so we could not stir, and had not room to run away more cable. Our last bower anchor and chain-cable were dropped under our bows, as no boat could live to carry it out. We had before hung by our second bower anchor and chain-cable; no hempen cable could stand half an hour. We hung over our lead line for only ten minutes, to see if the vessel drifted astern: it was cut in two by the rocks. Having taken these precautions, we hoped the two anchors would hold.

In the course of the night it blew what in the Mediterranean is called a gregara, a heavy gale at north-west, which lasts never less than three days, and the sea ran mountains high, breaking in tremendous breakers upon the lava-bound, black shore all around us, towards which it was evident the vessel was drifting. But we could veer out no more cable as we had not room, and were therefore obliged to trust to riding it out. There had been much lightning and thunder in the night, after the day had closed in, but it had gone off. The most extraordinary thing, however, was that, when the squall came on from over the land, it brought with it a wind hot as a furnace. So powerful was this feeling, that those who ran upon deck first thought the vessel must have been on fire. The instant the wind chopped round the effect went off, and the succeeding wind, although violent, was cold. Whether this effect was produced by electrical fire in the clouds, or by its bringing on its wings a burning blast from the Desert of Sahara, from which we are not 400 miles distant, I leave to philoso-

phers to explain. I only state the fact. The wind of the sirocco is always hot, but nothing to be compared with this.

25th. Daylight showed us our very precarious situation. We had drifted in to the shore, and a terrific reef of rocks was within a cable's length of our stern, upon which the breakers threw up their foam as high as our main-top. Tremendous reefs extended on each bow and quarter, and it was plain that we had played with the shore once too often. But our lot was drawn, and we were obliged to abide by it. We thought that we held on by two chain-cables, but found, to our misfortune, our mistake. On seeing that the strain was unequal upon the chains, we tried them, and discovered that one anchor had come home partly, but had jammed again amongst the rocks. By the motion of the chain it was plain that something had given way—what we knew not —but one buoy-rope was cut, and the buoy floated away, and no boat could live either to carry out another anchor, or weigh this and carry it further out. So, as we found that both anchors, in fact, held, we abided by them, but in great anxiety, as we had sixty fathoms of chain out upon one, and only twenty upon the other, the rest having drifted home.

In letting go the second chain, owing to inattention, one of my poor goats, which I had on board for milk, not having been properly secured, got its leg entangled with the chain and shivered to atoms. The poor, wretched animal screamed like a child. The only humane thing was to take the shortest course and put it out of its misery, which was immediately done.

In this way we passed the day, anxiously watching the marks which we had taken on shore, and which proved

too clearly to us that we were gradually, slowly, but evidently drawing in to the rocks. We struck our topmasts, spanker, driver, and jib-boom, and lowered all the yards upon deck, leaving only our two lower-yards aloft, in order, if necessary, to take advantage of any flow of wind that might arise to draw us off the land. Our light buoy astern was washed away, but recovered by a desperate leap that one of my men—young Seymour—made into the barge, that was astern, towing with a great length of painter, and which was drawn up at the moment with great activity. The other boats were hoisted in, as they could not live, and we must have depended upon them to save our lives. The barge rode out the gale well; the vessel rode pretty easy, and we were in hopes the worst was over. The hatches and ports were secured, and, although we shipped some water, it passed over us; and her sharpness forward, which in one respect was the fault of the vessel, was here an advantage, as she slipped into the water without affording it much resistance, and dived under the waves like a sea-gull.

Thus closed in the night. We, of course, did not take off our clothes, as, had our chain gone, very few minutes would have been allowed us to attempt our escape in, and we retired into our cabins with the knowledge that, had one link of a chain given way, there was no salvation for us—but in another world. Had our small bower given way, we must have gone upon the rocks before the other could have brought us up, even could it have done so at all; but we were aware *some* mischief had happened to the anchor, although we knew not what—and were afraid to examine, as we could not remedy it.

26th. Between one and two o'clock this morning I had lain down in my clothes and had got to sleep, when I was awoke by some heavier lurches than we yet had experienced. The wind seemed then to lull a little, and between five and six o'clock it had moderated, and the sea did not run quite so high; but we saw too plainly that we had drifted in much nearer the rocks, upon which we could now cast a pebble from the deck. Radcliffe and Wilcox came into my cabin, and I found Radcliffe strongly urging the hawling out upon the second bower, which was furthest out, weighing the best bower, that was under foot, and either letting it go again or dropping the sheet anchor, so as to give us the fair play of two chains. Wilcox's objection was the danger of moving our good anchor. But there was no alternative but to try the experiment to save the vessel, as it was evident that what we now had out could not hold us. I therefore desired the attempt might be made, especially as the wind had lulled, and the sea did not run so high.

Nothing could exceed the steadiness and activity of all hands. Mr. King worked with the greatest activity and intelligence. We got to our best bower, and found its iron stock was broken right off. It, therefore, was useless, and we had, in fact, hung by our second bower only. With great activity Carphy and Michelson, who both worked beyond all praise, got up the sheet anchor, which weighs three cwt. more than the best bower, and bent its chain to it. We also got the stream anchor with its chain ready on the other quarter, and, hanging them both *a cockbill*, in order that they might go down clear, we hove upon our second bower, which providentially held firm; and just as we were upon it we dropped

the two other anchors, and, veering away upon all three at once, had the satisfaction of finding her secured by three chains, all bearing an equal strain. We, therefore, are at ease on that score.

Our rudder-head is split right down by the uplift of the sea, and part of our steering apparatus gone. But we have shipped the iron tiller, and Michelson has secured the rudder-head with an iron hoop and wedges, and it is as strong as ever. We now, therefore, are comparatively at our ease, although the rocks frown at us dreadfully near. The wind and sea are, however, much diminished—so much so, that I have been able to send a boat on shore for refreshments and another goat, which has returned safe. The governor has settled signals with me to-night in case of renewed danger; but as yet everything looks well and quiet. I now find that when the hot blast came on which I have mentioned, a shock of an earthquake was felt in the town. All the people ran into the churches, and the heat was so excessive that an eruption was expected; but, as the describer said, it evaporated through the craters in the islands. In fact, they were all covered with clouds and vapours. We are in the hands of God!

27th. We have indeed had a miraculous escape. Last night the gale moderated, and this morning ceased entirely. We accordingly hove out upon our stream-chain, weighed it, carried it out with a hawser to the chain, and warped out to sea. In weighing our anchors we found that our small bower-anchor, which was the one we depended upon before we dropped the sheet-anchor, and which in fact rode out the heaviest part of the gale, had carried away its fluke within seven inches of the crown of the anchor; and by this stump, which must have got

jammed into a cleft of the rock, we have held, and to this we owe our safety. The wooden stock must have helped to hold us, as it came up sprung and torn to pieces.

Thus we have realized the fears that were entertained of the lightness of Rubie's anchors, and the dishonesty of his advice, which was only given to take out lighter anchors than those we have had, and which have failed, in order that his vessel might appear to sail better; and we owe our safety to the sheet-anchor I took against his and Wilcox's opinion, and against my having it Rubie protested to the last moment. It is fit that this should be known. In one gale of wind his two anchors broke. The iron of which they were composed appears to have been brittle. The iron tiller, Rubie's rudder-head, his iron hoops, and the steering apparatus, were all faulty, and gave way, although, being at anchor, there was no strain upon the rudder, except from the violence of the sea.

It took us five hours to get up our rigging and anchors, and repair our damages, before we could get sail upon the vessel, when we left this wretched island, as I hope, never again to see it. Before evening we made the coast of Sicily, near Marsala, and attempted to coast along it; but the wind failed, and we had a calm.

29th. In the evening we saw a cloud of vapour rise upon the horizon; it appeared so extraordinary in shape and size that we took its bearings, thinking that it might proceed from an eruption of Vesuvius or Stromboli. But we found it rise exactly over Pæstum. It, therefore, must have been the exhalations from those marshes and pestilential waters.

30th. We made Capri this morning, but were all day

working up to Castello del Mare, the anchorage of which we reached just at nightfall. Vesuvius has been ejecting dense smoke all day, and as night came on we saw the strong reflection of flames within its crater, which it threw up every seven or eight minutes. There evidently is much volcanic action going on.

July 2nd. We are told that Pantaleria is in strict quarantine; but they have sent over to Naples for instructions. Sir Henry Lushington[1] is here: so I write him a letter saying that I went to Pantaleria on the official assurance, on the part of the Neapolitan Consul at Malta, that the island was in pratique with Naples; that at Pantaleria the Board of Health assured me of the same thing, and requesting him to exert himself for us. He sent the letter to the Board of Health, with a private one from himself to the secretary, who is a friend of his. In the evening he gets an answer, saying that the writer will make as favourable a report as he can, but that, strictly speaking, we are liable to twenty-eight days quarantine at Nisida—and that we shall have answer to-morrow.

I find things are in great confusion here, owing to reported insurrection, &c. Eight hundred people have been arrested in Naples and Calabria. The latter is said to be in a very bad state. Indeed, the rumour is that actual risings have taken place. Fifteen hundred troops were sent to Calabria last week; part of them by the steamboat. They say that Salerno is the seat of the discontent. Vesuvius is much more active than when I left the bay last, and throws out a vast body of smoke by day and some fire by night. I hear that a small cone is forming in the middle of the great crater. We heard

[1] The second Baronet, Sir Henry, was appointed Consul-General at Naples in 1815.

some detonations very plain, but not violent. The king is at Portici. He was expected here, but, owing to the disturbances in Calabria, he goes to Caserta instead.

3rd. No answer yet. The account given me by the health boat is, that the matter is referred to the King, and that I *may* have an answer to-day. I answer my letters from England. The late changes appear so extraordinary, and the conduct of the Duke of Wellington so arbitrary, that I must pause before I can support a Government so formed—especially as the Catholic balance is entirely destroyed. I, therefore, write to my friends to beg that they will remain neuter.

I now find that on the same day on which we had that volcanic hot blast at Pantaleria, they had the same here six hours sooner. The sand was raised in a whirlwind, the sea raged, and the heat was excessive. The same night there was an earthquake at Ischia, and a slight one at Portici. This proves volcanic connection and sympathy throughout the whole line of volcanic action.

This evening we got pratique. The excuse now made is, that they mistook Pantaleria for Lampedusa!—that the former is in pratique with Naples, and the latter is not. Now, in the first place, it is not likely that such a mistake could happen; in the next, Lampedusa is uninhabited, except by rabbits—so there could be no question of quarantine or pratique with an uninhabited island. It is plain the case was not laid before the King; and the general opinion is, that I have been kept out of the way, purposely, of hearing of the risings in Calabria. They never can get rid of the idea that we are cruizing in these seas for a political object, and I really believe they fancy I want to become king of Naples.

4th. Vesuvius continues showing fire every night, but

it does not increase. I hear from my sister at Rome. The idea is that the police, somehow or another, connected my visit to Salerno and Pantaleria with the risings, and that this made them pause about giving me pratique. The plot which was first laid, I understand, was for a large body of discontented from Salerno to come into Naples on the festa of the Seven Churches, when the king and royal family, who on that day walk in procession through the streets to visit seven churches in Naples and make their offerings, were to be murdered during the walk. The plot was discovered; the King and royal family walked by proxy. The guards were doubled, and all the sentries mounted loaded. Many arrests were made, and the plot miscarried. But a new one has since been formed, and the report is that the Castle of Salerno is in the hands of the rebels. I don't believe this; but everything is carried on with great mystery, and, although stories are exaggerated, I have no doubt that there is much discontent. There are reports of movements in Sicily.

There has been much thunder yesterday and to-day, and both days we have had our electric chain up, as the storm passed right over the vessel. They have had much more thunder and lightning than is usual at this season. They remark they have not had one regular steady Neapolitan summer's day yet.

5th. The King has been so alarmed that he has slept for two nights on board a frigate in the bay. The roads are full of gendarmes, and the towns of spies. Vesuvius throws up gleams of light every night, and smoke all day. I went in my barge to the Magazine Rock, and so on to Torre del Greco, and sailed along the coast. The situation is beautiful, and the wooded hills romantic

to a degree. The highest mountain, which furnishes ice and snow to the whole country, is St. Angelo, on the top of which is a chapel. Hither the English make picnic parties, as with us no amusement can take place without eating and drinking. Mrs. Stark, the guide-book writer, is at Torrento, and carries large parties about with her on eating excursions amongst the rocks. Two days ago one of her party, an Englishman, fell down a ravine and fractured his skull. He is in danger, but not hopelessly so.

6th. In the evening the Lushingtons, Admiral Taylor, and Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, drank tea with me on board. Admiral Taylor is making desperate love to Mrs. Mitchell, who is very pretty, but young enough to be his grand-daughter. She laughs at him.

8th. I go in the afternoon and dine with Colonel Biss; meet Lord Moray[1] and Captain Gordon; very hot, but the house as cool as it can be. Situated on a high hill, the approach of which is practicable only part of the way in a carriage, it is very fatiguing. In the morning the French Chargé d'Affaires called upon me. From France and Sardinia I get exemption from all custom dues, &c., for my yacht. The Frenchman was very important, and very diplomatic, locking up all his potatoes in his strong box. It was good fun to press him upon the points of politics of the present hour, upon which, I knew, he did not wish to speak; and to oblige him to answer. He says that the rising about Salerno is over, and that they never had more rebels in arms than about forty-five banditti, headed by a Chanoine, an ancient Carbonaro. If there was only this number, all one can say

[1] Francis Stuart Baron Donne, ninth Earl of Moray in the Peerage of Scotland, and Baron Stuart in that of England.

is, that the Government of Naples sent out 4,000 men to oppose forty-five. The Chanoine had been a member of the Constitutional Parliament of Naples, and has been harrassed so much by the police, imprisoned, let out, watched, and spied upon to such a degree, that the poor man was forced to fly from his home, and, like Rob Roy, "become a broken man." As yet he has escaped. It is extraordinary in what low hands the King reposes his confidence. One of his principal favourites is a shopkeeper in Naples, of the name of Grindorge, who is a general dealer in foreign comestibles, &c. He waited upon the King the other day with some pickled salmon, which he had just received from England. The King immediately locked the door, broke open the tin, and ate up the salmon; then talked to Grindorge about what was going on. He said he hoped the Chanoine would escape, for that he had been very ill used, and that, if taken, after what he had now done, he must hang him. Grindorge repeated this to Wilson, whose landlord he is.

9th. Got a letter from Count Nugent, and answered it. Got my bill of health, and my passport visé by all the foreign Ministers at Naples. The Board of Health send me in a profligate long bill, to make me pay as if I had been in quarantine for the whole time during which they were blundering between Pantaleria and Lampedusa, or keeping me prisoner on board, lest I should communicate with the rebels at Salerno. This bill I sent back to Sir Henry Lushington, positively refusing to pay it. My Pantaleria letters I sent to the Duke de Laurenzana, begging him to present them, as directed, to the King and his Ministers. This is an unfortunate time for the petitioners, as suspicion is more than ever

on the alert. 800 people have been arrested on this late business.

At one, P.M., I got under weigh. The wind at first was scant, but it soon freshened into a lovely breeze, carried us across the Bay of Naples (whose beauties I bade adieu to), under the brilliant hues of an Italian sunset, which gave me, also, a last splendid view of Vesuvius, and the delicious coast of Baiæ. We rounded Cape Misenum, went between Prosida and the main, and steered a straight course for Mola di Gaeta.

## CHAPTER IX.

Pontius Pilate's Baths—Interesting Relic—Visit to the Governor of Ponza—Cagliari—Visit to the Viceroy and the Archbishop—Pestilence—Robbery and Assassination—Il Cavaliere della Marmora—Ancient MSS.—Sharks—The Viceroy's Dinner—Migratory Birds—Sardinian Costume—Dancing and Music.

JULY 10th. At nine, A.M., anchored in Gaeta. Got pratique immediately, and a very civil message from Il Duca di Milano, the Governor. But as my time was limited, and everything that was to be seen, except the land batteries, were examinable in my barge, I did not land. Gaeta stands on a vast promontory of calcareous rock, divided into two hills, which are included in the fortifications; but the town is principally confined to the part and the summit nearest to the sea. The whole rock is split in two, from top to bottom, by a fissure of from six to eight feet wide, by the earthquake, as the people tell you, at the moment of Christ's crucifixion. In the chasm is built, or rather wedged in, a chapel, which has, at least, the advantage of being cool, as the sun can never enter it, or shine upon it. The cliffs next

the sea are perpendicular, and rise, like those at Capri, at least 300 feet above the waves. Their jealousy about the fortifications is very great. A sentry, perched on one of the highest points of the cliff, was inexpressibly enraged because we approached the foot of it in our boat. He capered, and screamed, and made signs, then took off his shako, and shook it; then threw three stones at us; and then, finally, pointed his musket at us. But all his antics had no effect, and we pulled off our hats to him, and left him still screaming.

Gaeta lies at the bottom of a deep bay, well described by Homer. On the other side are the Formian Mountains, once celebrated for their wines; and at their foot stands Mola, close by the sea-side, the principal place of commerce of the Bay of Gaeta. The beauty of the scene is very great. The mountains are clothed halfway up their sides by orange trees and ilex; and the sea-shore is studded with farm-houses and villas, and ruins of Roman piscinæ and baths. Here stood Cicero's Formian villa, the scene of his enjoyments and happiness, and of his death. They shew many remains of the walls, which, they say, constituted part of his villa; but, after attentively surveying them, I think there can be no doubt but that the piscinæ and remains of baths, which I have drawn, best agree with the description of it. A tower stands on the spot where he is said to have been murdered, as he was coming down to the sea.

12th. Quite calm this morning. About noon we lowered the deep sea water-bottle in 340 fathoms—no bottom; but we brought up the bottle full. At that depth the thermometer stood at 57¼° Fahrenheit—at the surface it stood at 85°. Spoke a Sardinian brig

bound to Genoa. In the afternoon anchored in the harbour of Ponza.

The island constitutes the principal of a group subject to the crown of Naples, and which serves as its prisons, either for malefactors or state crimes. Ponza is about four miles long and ten round. Its breadth varies—in some places it does not exceed half a mile. Upon it there are 400 prisoners, allowed to have the range of the island. There is a governor and a small garrison. Last war it was taken by a British seventy-four and a frigate: the latter got on shore on a sunken rock at the entrance. This is the only danger, as, when once in, you may anchor close to the shore, and run a hawser on the mole. The mole is an extraordinary good one—the harbour is protected from all winds.

The appearance of the island is very picturesque. At a distance much appears like chalk cliffs, ribboned down with different coloured strata. The whole is trachite and grey-stone, consequently volcanic. As you approach, you see that much of the darker parts are columnar and prismatic. The other islands round it are of the same sort. Mr. Scrope[1] has written a long geological memoir, with sections of the island and all its strata.

13th. The Governor sent on board fruit and fish. No fishing is allowed here, on account of the prisoners, who would make use of the boats to escape in. After dinner went in the barge a little way along the island. On the northern extremity of the bay are some beautifully formed insular rocks, formed, as much of the trachite of this range is, of prismatic columnar joints,

[1] See "Considerations on Volcanoes."

precisely in form like those of the Giant's Causeway, and Staffa—not of basalt, but of decomposed lava. I saw upon one of the masses of rock a small natural arch standing up, composed of many of these prismatic shapes jointed together. We carefully separated the whole arch from the rock, and brought it on board, as a perfect specimen of the trachitic prismatic formation of the island. The specimen forms a space of about two feet wide. The shapes which the formation takes constitute a beautiful picture. The trachite is in some parts full of pitchstein balls of all sizes, from immense masses to the size of a tennis-ball. These peel off like the coating of an onion. The prismatic trachite consists of prisms of four, five, and six sides.

On the south side of the harbour are the remains of large Roman baths and villas. By the inhabitants they are called Pontius Pilate's baths, for they say he was a native of Pontia, the ancient name for Ponza, that he was governor here after the crucifixion of Christ, and that he took his name from his native place. However this may be, the ruins are those of a very large system of baths. Perhaps the public baths of the town, into which there was a private communication made to the villa, and this from its size must have been that of a principal personage.

The baths consist of three caverns, in each of which a deep swimming-bath is cut, communicating with the other by means of channels, cut, with great labour, through the rock, and all communicating with chambers cut in the rock above, and by lateral communications with the villa, which appears to have been built round the corner, immediately under the lighthouse, in a small bay. But some great convul-

sion of nature has evidently changed the form of the island, and destroyed the villa, a few building stones of which alone remain, with some ruined masses of brescia and lime rubbish. The stone used is calcareous, and evidently was brought from somewhere out of the island. The opening from the baths is upon the bare face of the cliff upon the sea. This must have been the site of the villa, and the small ruins which remain are those of the offices and the back buildings of the Marina.

14th. We proceeded in the barge round the island, visiting again Pilate's baths. The principal swimming-baths, which are from thirty to forty feet in length, have marble steps round them. The depth of the water in them is fifteen feet. There are niches at each end and on the sides, either for statues or couches for the bathers to repose on.

Just beyond the lighthouse is a beautifully insulated arch, entirely composed of prismatic trachite. Indeed these rocks exist along the whole coast. Further on is a deep bay, which is precisely opposite to the principal port of Ponza; and as the sea is daily consuming the decomposing lava and eating into the bay, in the course of time the separation will be completed, and a new island will be formed by the decomposition of the soil. This deep indent is a place of considerable interest. At the bottom of it is a vast excavation of Roman work, partly reticulated brickwork, which the people call an aqueduct; but I think it was made to serve several purposes. Its course is direct to Ponza, immediately opposite. There is no spring that ever could have flowed along its channel; but it has been the bed of one, as the land springs of all the country are

received into it by channels cut for the purpose, and collected for use. Besides this, it served as a communication perhaps for the transit of goods, certainly of troops, from one side of the island to the other. But the opening of the excavations is now on the shore, and terminates abruptly.

My belief is, that the island once extended in all directions much farther than it now does. Ancient historians tell that the number of inhabitants of Ponza amounted to above 100,000 souls. That number of people could not stand upon the existing island. But what sets at rest speculation is, that on a little nest of rocks called Li Formiche, and which first raise their little black heads above water near two miles from the shore, and only exists as a reef to be avoided, excavations and foundations of buildings are to be seen. But a curious fact results from the examination of the excavations in La Chiaja della Luna. Nothing is more doubtful than the age of lavas, and especially of trachite. Indeed, Mr. Scrope, in his very able and minute memoir, expresses his opinion that the age of the trachitic formation of Ponza is still perfectly undecided.

I heard that this Roman conduit was choked up at its extremity, and determined to examine by what means. The height of this great work, cut through the rock, and wherever it was sufficiently decomposed to render it doubtful whether it would support the lateral and superincumbent weight, worked up with reticulated brickwork—is from seven to eight English feet. We examined it closely to its termination, where it was broken in upon by a stream of trachite lava, which had evidently flowed upon it, not broken

in by superincumbent weight; and this current we traced continuously up to its crater on Mount Dragonara. This trachite is of a light brown, and semivitrose. I would not have stated this so decidedly had not the examination been made in the presence of many. Thus it is evident that the date of this trachite formation must have been subsequent to the construction of this aqueduct by the Romans, and probably to their evacuation of the island, as the same spirit of labour and employment of hands which originated so great a work, would have equally induced the nation that employed such means to repair that work, had it happened whilst they remained in possession of the resources of the island. We, of course, took care to bring away specimens of the current of trachitic lava which had thus overwhelmed the passage.

As the heat came on we sought out for a trachite cave, that sheltered us from the sun, and there we dined and reposed. We then proceeded, taking in specimens as we advanced. Exactly in the spot marked by Mr. Scrope we landed, and found quantities of quartz crystals, and many of them of a beautiful amethyst colour, occasioned by an admixture of iron.

Before we came to La Panta del Incenso, we saw a vertical stratum, or whin-dyke, of a brighter yellow than the other veins of yellow trachite in the island, which induced us to land, and there we found a long dyke or fissure, constituting a regular fumarolo, still working; and the yellow crystals which had excited our attention were beautiful efflorescent specimens of sublimated sulphate of iron. This is sublimated upon decomposing trachite, and proves that, so far from the volcanic formation of this island being of

ancient date, they are still in progress. Nature is adding to them, whilst she is subtracting from them by the action of the sea. But the former operation is carrying on, on a much smaller and more restricted scale than the latter; and, if we may judge of the future by what we see of the results of the latter, in the course of years Ponza will become a weather-beaten reef of insulated rocks like Li Formiche. Le Chiaja della Luna, and several other inlets of the same nature, struck us very much as having been ancient craters.

On the south side of the island, before we came to Le Chiaja della Luna, we saw in a bay some excavations; and, landing there, found galleries and vaulted chambers in the rock, evidently of Roman work. In one of these was a well of fresh water. Before it were the ruins of a building evidently Roman, and in one of the apartments were the remains of an altar, on the front of which was a rude image of Christ crucified. It was no "Christ" of Catholic times; it was evidently as ancient as the house, which clearly was of Roman work. From all the circumstances of its locality, from the huge vaults into which it opened, with the well within it, I have scarcely any doubt of its having been one of the prisons of the Christian martyrs, who were sent here either to pine in hopeless banishment, or to be privately made away with. The image, rudely sculptured, and defaced by the weather, I carefully brought away with me, as one of the earliest remains of Christianity—very few years, indeed, subsequent to our Saviour's death.

In one of the bays, observing a stratum of a brighter and clearer yellow colour than any we before had seen, we landed and found, what had escaped Mr. Scrope's re-

searches, a fissure in the decomposing trachite, where the rock was crossed by a quantity of sublimated sulphate of iron, beautifully crystallized. On removing the stones and rocks the ground fell—hot sand, pieces of sulphur, and, as I thought, of arsenic, were very perceptible. In short, this was a fumarolo still at work, slowly sublimating and creating, whilst the sea was destroying.

As we proceeded onwards we came to a magnificent spring of beautifully clear and pellucid cool water, which issues directly out of the trachite cliff. Of course it must come from a considerable depth. Two very large cisterns are built over it, to keep it from the sun and impurities; a small flight of steps ascends to it, and a covered gallery from and through the rock above gives access to this treasure from the country above. The water rises at once out of the rock, without any admixture of extraneous matter or communication with the air, and is, of course, delightfully cool. Here Caligula made a regular aqueduct within the lava rock, following all the sinuosities of the coast for three miles, to convey this water to the bay and town of Ponza. The work is exactly like that which I have mentioned in Pozzuoli. It proves what ravages the sea makes in this island, as the acqueduct breaks out into the face of the cliff in many bays, and is continued again in the opposite side of the bay. The intervening space, therefore, has been swallowed in the waves.

As we returned home in the evening we saw a party of country people, men and women, dancing the *tarantella*, to the sound of a tambourine and a sort of violin, played with a bow, consisting of three strings, and held something like a violoncello, between the knees. The

tune was nothing but a simple modulation of see-saw to mark the time, but the dance is light, airy, and graceful. It consists entirely of the dancers setting at each other; then, with graceful movements of the arms, and with castanets moving round each other, alternately approaching and retreating. It was a very moderated, decent fandango. One woman dances until she has tired herself, then she sits down; another occupies her place immediately, and thus the dance is continuously kept up.

15th. Went on shore and visited the Governor, who, although he was once a captain of gendarmerie—now a major—seems a well-instructed, sensible man. He is an amateur of antiquities, and means to commence excavating in the autumn. He has been here about four months. He is married, and has his books and comforts about him. He gave me some pateræ, coins, and articles of some interest, which have been dug up here. I returned his present with some articles of steel-cutlery work from England, which are much valued. He and the Syndic, a sensible, well-informed man, had been very civil to me, and supplied me to the best of their means with fruit, &c., during my stay, and I made them both presents.

Before the Governor's barrack stands a headless statue of a togated Roman senator, which had been dug out of the port in clearing it. The workmanship is good, but the marble has been corroded by the water. It proves that the Romans took pains to ornament their port.

17th. At length the wind comes fair, and this morning we see Sardinia. Doubling Cape Carbonaro, giving the little rocky islet a berth, as we did not choose to risk the inside passage, just at sunset we anchored in

Cagliari roads. The run down the coast of Sardinia was anything but picturesque. The land is very mountainous, but barren and scorched up. No white houses, no orange groves, as in Sicily, met the eye. In the valleys traces of scattered cultivation were to be seen but it was evidently the cultivation of necessity only, and not of luxury, profit, or commerce. On the rocky islet is a solitary tower garrisoned by five men, who are banished here for six months. They are not even allowed a boat. The whole coast is lined with these towers, originally built by Charles V. against the Barbary powers, and now kept up as affording the best protection to the coast against European attack.

The bay in which Cagliari stands is very deep, and the anchorage good. But as we sailed in, in a lovely summer's evening, we saw the white fleecy cloud of malaria and intemperia creeping over the whole island, carrying certain death within its bosom to any—especially strangers—exposed to its influence. On the top of the hill, or rather near its summit, is the citadel, in which stand the palace, the archbishop's residence, the cathedral, and all the houses of the nobility. They in every sense of the word look down—and, in fact, treat with great contempt—those whom the privileges of the island don't permit to inhabit within the dignified precincts of the citadel.

18th. Got pratique immediately this morning, and the Consul and captain of the port came off, the latter with the compliments of the Viceroy, and offers of service, &c. I found that it was usual to salute the flag. I sent word that I would do so, provided they returned gun for gun to the English flag. After some negociation this was agreed to, and I saluted the Piedmontese

flag with twenty-one guns, the usual salute, which was returned. I then gave the Viceroy his own salute of seventeen guns, for a return of which I had not stipulated, as it was a private compliment to himself. But he returned that also, gun for gun. The etiquette of the coast is strictly kept up, so as to make one smile. The Viceroy must never be approached except in full dress. I insisted on going to him as I should to my own king in the morning, or, like Lord Amherst, I would not give Ko Tow. The Viceroy put his carriage at my disposal, as there are no carriages to hire, and the streets are so steep and ill-paved that it is impossible to walk.

At half-past eleven I went to my audience. The streets are narrow and have no good architecture, and their pavement is so wretched as to make them almost useless. Indeed, they are scarcely ever used, and I have reason to believe that one was repaired in order to enable me to get to the palace. I landed at the arsenal, a very commodious and well-defended mole, within which small merchantmen can lie in fifteen feet of water; from thence I proceeded to the palace. The whole population of the city turned out to see us, as they have got it into their heads that I am "Parente del Ré d'Inghilterra." But I have no reason to pride myself upon my dignities, as three years ago Sir William Curtis was here, whom the Sards voted to be the King of England himself incognito; and the English Consul told me that when soon after he received a print of the King and showed it to the people here, they declared that they were now satisfied Sir W. Curtis was he, for the likeness was evident!

The Viceroy received me in the attitude of the King

of Sardinia when he receives strangers, viz., with one hand a-kimbo and the other upon his sword. Made many bows, which I returned—many fine compliments, which I accepted—and offered me the use of his carriage, which I accepted. He dismissed me, inviting me and Wilcox—who stood bowing at my tail—to dinner on Sunday. I then went to visit the archbishop, a poor old gentleman of seventy-six, very shattered in his intellects, crying and complaining that he was so poor, having only 12,000 ducats per annum income—he could receive no one; and that all affairs, civil, military, and ecclesiastic, passed exclusively through his hands, and that he was killed with business of state. I condoled with him on both accounts, and he showed me the cathedral, which has a magnificent silver embossed altar, a beautiful silver shrine, and two splendid silver candlesticks. It is rich in inlaid marbles, but in nothing else. In a side aisle lies buried the young king, Martin of Sicily, who died of "intempia," a few days after a splendid victory over the Spaniards, and in the midst of a glorious career. Under the steps of the high altar is a crypt lit up with windows, dry and airy, in which are collected the bodies of two hundred Sardinian martyrs; here viceroys dying in office, and the archbishops of Cagliari, are buried. The present archbishop has been above thirty years bishop in Sardinia.

The view from a gallery on his palace is superb, over the whole plain of Cagliari, called La Campadoglia. But it is the plain of death. A salt lake covers part of it with its white shroud, and the whole plain is the seat of colpo d'aria in cloudy weather, colpo del idi in sunshiny, and intempia in all hours; for even the daytime does not exempt the traveller from it, in the plains.

This disease is mainly owing to the entire neglect of cultivation and the poverty of the country, which prevents the marshy lands from being drained. From June to October a pestilence rages over the land. The Viceroy is prohibited by law from ever quitting Cagliari, even to go into the country to see with his own eyes the state which he is sent to govern! So he neve dies of l'intemperia.

The costumes of the common people are most singularly grotesque. They partake in the towns of the Grecian dress as now worn in the Morea, and the old Roman dress. The lower orders are usually in a thick leathern jacket sitting tight to the shape, a red cap hanging behind in a bag, an undressed sheepskin capote, and sometimes a woollen cloak over all with a hood, trowsers half-way down the leg, and leathern gaiters buttoned close down to the heel, the hair hanging in long, uncombed, unshorn locks, and many with thick beards. Thus equipped they march through the country generally with a long gun, or a pike, with the thermometer at an average of 86°. The women's dress is indescribable, and varies in every district. But their gala dress is resplendent with scarlet cloth, gold lace, and gold ornaments of all sorts all over them. Their wealth is exhausted on their persons. But one gala dress lasts a whole life.

None of the peasantry, or even small proprietors, sleep in a bed until they marry and have an establishment of their own. Until then they sleep, wrapped up in their sheepskins, upon the floor or amongst their flocks on the hillside. They lead a shepherd's nomade life, and very few have even a home. They are preserved, they say, from the intemperia by the thickness of

their garments, which admit of no evaporation, and you will see them in the heated atmosphere of a Sardinian noon walking with their hoods over their eyes and their sheepskins muffled over their mouths. They are vindictive to a degree, and no time extinguishes their thirst of vengeance, which descends from father to son. Many Sards are obliged to confine themselves to their dwellings or the towns for years, knowing that an unerring bullet, to satisfy some ancient family or personal feud, surely awaits them if they stir out. They boast that they don't rob: they only assassinate. That they do the latter is well known; that they do not the former is not quite so clear.

The higher orders literally scarcely ever stir out. There are not more than twenty carriages in all Cagliari. The only means of travelling is on horseback, except on one road nearly made from Cagliari, which is the wonder of the world. Sometimes some of the ladies are to be seen on a walk, so miscalled, shaded by a few miserable trees, on a platform at the castle. But, generally, they content themselves with sitting on the terraces of their houses, and viewing the source of disease below; and all this in a country blessed with the means of unexampled and unequalled fertility, and possessing never-failing, limpid water, and deep forests; added to this, water, of which the country is full, being principally a mass of calcareous rock, is so scarce at Cagliari that it is sold from door to door. Such is Cagliari!

From the Archbishop, I proceeded to visit Comte Roberti, the military governor and commander of the forces under the Viceroy, and found him a straightforward, plain, blunt soldier. The Regent, or Chancellor,

the second man in the states, was in his court, so I only left my name, and thus finished act the first of my civilities. At twelve o'clock every house and shop shuts up. Dinner and siesta occupy every soul until four or five, when the town is again alive.

19th. At ten o'clock I landed, and the English Consul took me in the Viceroy's carriage to the museum, where the directors met me, and conducted me all over it. It is a new, but a very fine and promising establishment. The collection of mineralogy and geology is extremely good, and, above all, well arranged. The director has done much; but the principal person who has laboured the hardest, and done the most, is Il Cavaliere della Marmora, a man of high Piedmontese family, who, unfortunately for himself, served under Napoleon and Murat, was engaged in the constitutional troubles at the end of the late war, and was sent here into a sort of honourable banishment or state of surveillance. He assisted Captain Smith in the survey of Sardinia; took to the study of mineralogy and geology, of which he previously understood nothing, to amuse the dreary hours, and wile away uneasy thoughts; has penetrated through and surveyed the whole of the island on foot over and over again, describing its geological and mineralogical features, forming a map of the island, and writing an account of it, of which the first volume, with an atlas, is published, and is a very valuable work. He is, I believe, upon the eve of being allowed to return to his family.

From thence I went into the library—a spacious room; with an ignorant young Jesuit for a librarian; and, nobody knows what books, for there is no catalogue, nor the means of making one. I asked if they had any

manuscripts? "Sicuramente altezza," and down he tumbled a heap of controversial divinity, written on paper, and in sad condition. "Ma tutti—tutti molto antichissimé." One attracted my notice, a MS. of Dante, with beautifully written notes in the Latin language, from beginning to end. "What are the notes?"

"Chi sa," said the librarian.

"Chi sa!" re-echoed the rector of the University, at my elbow.

"Of what date? By whom written? Are they critical, explanatory, or historical?" to all which the answer was, "Chi sa."

"Has anybody ever attempted to read or examine them?"

"No, altezza!"

So I thought it high time to come away.

I then went geologizing along the coast, in the barge, with Il Cavaliere della Marmora, and found some very curious fossil bones. Marmora told me that, until he came, the use of a barometer was unknown in the island. In the evening a deputation of clergy, from the Archbishop, came on board to return my visit, and were sick in the midst of their speeches. Then came the Regent, the Governor, and a whole tribe of officers, who kept me upon the bow all the evening, and I lost my airing. An aide-de-camp of the Governor came to inquire after my health; to lay upon me his Excellency's commands, that I should stay until after Thursday next, which is the celebration of the Queen of Sardinia's birthday, who, he assured me, had a particular esteem for my Excellency. This, as I meant to go next Monday, is not pleasant; but I don't like to refuse, especially as I shall visit Turin; so I was *comblé* and *extasié*, and agreed to stay.

20th. On coming here we heard loose stories about sharks in the bay, which we did not believe, as it is the general opinion that there are no such animals, of any great size, in the Mediterranean; and I was only prevented by a strong sirocco breeze yesterday from bathing, as usual. In the middle of the day a fine fellow, of at least eight feet long, was seen cruizing round my yacht, as if waiting for me; and, upon inquiry, I found that a soldier of the garrison, bathing, had been carried down by one, not a fortnight ago, and lost. So our bathing, like Tony Lumpkin's education, is put off to another opportunity, as the shore is muddy, and bad.

At two o'clock, in the midst of a hot sirocco, and the thermometer at eighty-six degrees, I went, in full uniform—belted, gartered, and buttoned up—to dine with the Viceroy. A fine dinner; tremendous heat; and all the etat-major of Cagliari. The Viceroy formidably civil. During dinner he entertained me with nothing but the liberal establishments in Sardinia; how free the people were; and how he (the Viceroy) was obliged to take an oath to preserve inviolate all the constitutional laws and establishments of Sardinia, none of which are adhered to.

At last the formal prig provoked me; and I said that it was, doubtless, most grating to his religious, as well as his well-known liberal feelings, to take such an oath, after the other oath which he had taken between the King's hands, at Turin, before he accepted the government, "to execute the King's private commands—whatever they might be; however contrary to the laws and privileges of Sardinia." This oath is regularly taken by every Viceroy, as well as the other.

I never saw a formal gentleman so completely thrown

off his balance. He stared at me for a moment, and then, in a low voice, exclaimed, "Comment diable saviez vous cela?" And then, bursting out laughing, talked no more about the constitutional establishments of Sardinia.

No ladies dined with us, or appeared. They are all reserved for Thursday, when there is to be circle, when the Viceroy threatens to present them all to me, and to be revenged upon me for my *mauvaise plaisanterie*. After coffee we returned on board. The Viceroy sent word to the gentlemen on board my yacht, to desire that they may be presented to him to-morrow, at eleven o'clock, that he may be able, *salon l'etiquette de la cour*, to invite them for Thursday. But it is expressly intimated to them that they must go full-dressed, and in knee-breeches. Several have them not; but the English Consul, accustomed to cut short such difficulties, kindly offered to borrow breeches for them. I shall be charmed to see how this difficulty is to be solved to-morrow.

There was a fire last night in the town, and the house of a banker—who at the same time employed his leisure hours in making ladies' bonnets—was burnt to the ground. The whole garrison, governor and all, attended all night to view the flames; for they could not stop them, seeing that there was but one engine, and no water. All diligence, however, was used, as they sent to the artillery depôt for oxen, and to the commissariat department for carts and barrels; and this combined operation moving upon the river, produced, at the top of the town where the fire was, some hogsheads of water, four hours after it had burnt itself out. The houses are strongly built of stone, so the fire cannot

spread. No lives were lost; but there is not a bonnet to be got in Cagliari for love or money, and what the ladies are to do next Thursday I know not.

21st. I went this morning to the Monté St. Elias to geologize, and found plenty of the ordinary shells of tertiary formation. In the evening the governor went in state to a grand *fonction* at the church of La Madonna della Carmelite, whose fête it was. She is supposed to be particularly favourable to mariners. All the people attended in their gala dresses. Of course I did not go into the church, which was full of candles and dreadfully hot; but before the church was a place, in which the large and fine band of the Sardinian Chasseurs de la Garde played all the evening. There were many processions of penitents, &c., in white dresses and masks. As the evening came on the people began singing their national songs, which are strangely wild and not devoid of harmony. The treble voice seems to repeat the words; the under voices fill up the melody with sounds. There were some tolerable good fireworks, and a large transparency of la Madonna in front of the church.

22nd. I dined again with the Viceroy and some of the gentlemen presented yesterday. It was not a state dinner. Afterwards we proceeded in the Viceroy's and Governor's carriages to Quartu, a village about four miles from Cagliari, which holds 6,000 inhabitants. Our route lay alongside of a salt lake, the exhalations from which are very unwholesome. As it communicates with the sea, it cannot be drained. It is good for nothing, the salt being of a bad quality, and mixed with much mud, as the water is but a few inches deep.

On all these lakes there are, in the water, myriads of swans, geese, and water-fowl of every description, and, above all, of that beautiful bird, the flamingo. They migrate thither from the coast of Africa. They fly in large bands, like wild geese, and preserve exactly their order of march like them. When they first appear they look like lines of fire in the horizon, their red plumage, glittering and flashing in the sun. The moment they see the lakes of Cagliari, their accustomed haunts, below them, they form spiral concentric circles, screaming, and sailing, and at length alighting in regular lines upon the mud or in the shallow waters, stand mid-leg deep, like miniature lines of soldiers, dressed in scarlet. They are very difficult to approach.

When we arrived in Quartu we drove up to the door of an old farmer or proprietor of lands. His riches consist in flocks and herds. He told me that he had about 500 sheep, as many goats, and about 40 cows. They have no dairy, and use the milk only to drink and fatten their calves with, and make cheese. No butter. He had settled a whole tribe of children and grandchildren in the world, and still was worth a sum amounting to £12,000 sterling of our money. He is eighty-two years of age, and never has changed the old Sardinian dress, which is very much like that left them by the ancient Romans. It consists of a leathern habit, without sleeves, sitting close to the form, and buckled round with straps and large silver buckles in front. The lower part comes round the loins full and plaited, like the Scotch phillabeg. This dress is put over a jacket of scarlet cloth, ornamented with large silver buttons. The neck is either open or covered with a silk handkerchief, folded loosely round. The breeches are full, like a fisherman's. Black

gaiters, fitting close to the leg, and shoes with large silver buckles, and garters of silver lace, complete the dress. The hair is long and plaited carefully, and put up under a red Phrygian bonnet, over which, when they go abroad, they wear a large black cloth broad-brimmed hat, like a Spanish sombrero. In some parts they wear, over all this, a mantle of sheep skin, with the wool outermost or undermost, as the weather is; and the old man assured me that this dress was cool in summer, warm in winter, and dry at all times, which is what they most look to in this climate.

He received us most hospitably, although he did not expect us, and it was late.

His house forms the one side of two large squares, occupied by his farm-buildings and cattle-sheds. A verandah runs along the front of the house, which is wholly upon one story. Here, in very large rooms, airy and decently furnished, live the old man, his son—a priest—and two grand-daughters, unmarried. The rest are all married off. He made one of the girls go and put on her gala suit, which, as she was somewhat pretty, she willingly did. She was covered with red, green, and blue velvet, and gold lace. Her jacket fitted close to her shape, and was fastened with gold buttons. Its sleeves came down just above the elbows, where they terminated in old-fashioned cuffs richly laced. Her shift-sleeves came below her elbows. Her fingers were covered with rings, and silver buckles graced her shoes. Her red petticoat came in deep folds all round her. Gold chains and *reliquaires* hung round her. Her hair was prettily plaited up under a ribband net, which came down each side of her forehead; and over all was a white veil. She carried a fan in her hand, which she practised

as if she had learnt in the academy proposed to be established by the "Spectator," and having very fine teeth and eyes, and a pretty face, she showed off her dress well.

All the women, from their earliest youth, are accustomed to a very tight ligature of linen round the waist, which makes them look big-bellied. Whenever a girl marries, all her dresses must be changed; as a new-married woman has everything new, and the wealth and admiration of her husband are manifested in the magnificence of her attire. They reserve all their money for their dress, and have no other expense.

We sat eating fruit and drinking wine until the musical performer of the village came with his pipes, and set everybody, old man, priest, and all, dancing. Their dance is *en ronde*, holding each others' hands, and making steps forwards and backwards like the *chassé* and *en avant* of a modern quadrille, and they slowly move round. The dance is graceful, and capable of great variety and good dancing. The musician is a shepherd, who came in from the mountain, with a long leathern case like a quiver at his back, filled with cane reeds of different sizes. The priest had a little pianoforte, upon which he thumped with all his might. The pipes consists of three. The tenor and bass are fastened at one end together, diverging at the other end. The piccolo is separate, and used with the right hand—the left plays the two others. The air is admitted, not like a clarionet at the extremity, but on the side, like a flute, through a narrow horizontal crack, which is closed more or less as the sound is meant to be flat or sharp. With all these three pipes in his mouth at once, and playing upon them precisely in the manner represented in

ancient Roman monuments, this man accompanied the pianoforte, and played with an energy which surprised me. By habit they gain the art of filling all these pipes at once, and keep a never-ceasing flow of air, just as one does in using the blow-pipe; but the effort is evidently very great. However, they go on for two hours at a time without ever drawing the pipes out of their mouths. The tone is something between the organ and the bagpipes, but without the drawling drone.

I bought a set of his pipes, which he manufactures himself, and after a very pleasant evening returned home.

Having dined with the Viceroy, I had my star and ribband on and a military laced loop in my hat. These attracted the old man's attention, as he could not guess what they meant, and desired leave to look at them. The laced loop he turned his nose up at, and exclaimed, "Bagatelli!" The English consul did the honour of the rest, and made the most of the highest order, the noblest, &c., &c., in Europe! The old man looked at them also, turned up his nose, and again exclaimed, "Bagatelli!" and returned to his chair—a good comment on human greatness. But the young ladies did not view li bagatelli quite in so contemptible a light as the old father did, and that consoled me.

I went to the great common or waste ground which is to be found in the vicinity of every town. Here is piled up in beds and spread out, the corn as it is pulled up, belonging to each proprietor, who treads out with oxen and horses, most primitively, such a portion of grain as he wants for his daily use, or for sale, for they have no barns or granaries. For this reason, unseasonable rain in summer, which sometimes comes, is ruin to the

farmer's hopes, as his corn turns to dung. When thus trod out, it is carried to the little ancient Roman mill, which is turned round from morning until night by a poor patient ass, that thus passes every day of his life, and at night is turned out of the room to make way for the young people of the family, who spread their beds and sleep together in the most innocent promiscuousness. This mill is preferred by the Sardinians, as more regularly and closely grinding the corn than the water-mills which they have in some parts of the country. As to windmills, they never heard of them.

## CHAPTER X.

Burning Forests—Acting Royalty—Pula—St. Antonio—Malaria on the Coast—Eagle's Nest—Oristan and its Pestilential State—Coral Fishing—Alghero and Porto Conté—Grotto di Nettuno—Extraordinary Scene—Ajaccio Bay and the Coast of Corsica.

JULY 23rd. Went down the coast in my boat. Nothing very interesting. All calcareous. Saw a cave of no great importance, but some size. All the valleys amongst the hills are covered with immense forests of oak, evergreen oak, beech, and chestnut. But the hills themselves are uncultivated, and there being no roads, or even horse-paths, across these regions, the country is in a state of nature. There is a strict law against burning these forests, but it is regularly done by the shepherds to procure food and grass for their flocks, and 100 acres of magnificent forest trees are burnt to procure one acre of grass. The law remains unadministered; for, "Chi sa?"—who sets the forests on fire, and who could punish the perpetrators if they were found out? The only real remedy, which would be the

making roads through these regions and the timber an article of commerce, the Government will not apply, but it propagates long laws instead. I counted ten of these fires to-day from my boat.

Soda is grown and burnt also, but France, which used to be the market for it, takes no more. Grain is, as everywhere else, a drug. Silk is not encouraged. Wine they make, but not much for exportation, so that in fact the finances of Sardinia are in a wretched state. The present Viceroy has done something towards liquidating and arranging the national debt, but still much remains to be done in the interior of the island.

The population increases annually, in spite of the mortality occasioned by the intemperia. Many of the galley-slaves employed on the public works die daily, although all work is at an end from the beginning of July. The persons who have country-houses in Sardinia leave Cagliari for la Villaguatura the end of February, and remain there until the middle of June, when they all flock into the city, and remain in heat and obscurity until February comes round again. No carriage, except the one or two belonging to ministers, &c., exists in the island, not even the letiga of Sicily. The ladies must either leave the towns riding behind cavaliers on pillions, or they must go in carts drawn by oxen. Whilst in Cagliari, they sometimes walk on the little battery esplanade from whence the flag flies, or they sit in the evenings on their terraces.

24th. The Queen's name-day. I dress ship; but as they fire no salute from the shipping or shore, I fire none. I buy a Sardinian fowling-piece, richly ornamented with steel-work, very long and narrow bore—the barrel made in Brescia, the mounting, &c., done

here. The Sards are unerring marksmen, because they shoot at small distances, fifteen to thirty yards; at greater distances they are not better shots than their neighbours. They never fire a gun at a bird, which is beneath their notice—only at a beast *or a man!*

In the evening I go full-dressed to a cercle, conversazione, and concert at the palace with our gentlemen, and to my horror I found when I arrived that I was to act King, and that the cercle was to be introduced to me. The heat was tremendous, as the cercle was numerous, the room not very large, and at the other end of it was a numerous band, and a new maestro di capella, brought from the conservatoire at Milan, and making his first appearance, with a crowd of friends to witness his performance. I thought that I should have died of it, as the real Viceroy did not bate me an inch of my new dignity, and fancied it the greatest compliment in the world. After sustaining this scene of liquid fire until twelve o'clock, I retired and most cheerfully abdicated.

25th. This morning the English Consul, who had shewn me great civility, had forwarded all my wishes, and had furnished me with game, &c., came on board with Il Cavaliere Marmora to take leave. I had last night taken leave of the Viceroy, Governor, &c., and I discovered how great had been the civility offered me. The Viceroy had found out that I was going over to Pula for water, on the other side of the bay. He thought the air of Pula unwholesome, so he directed the Consul not to let me go there; and directed that I should be furnished with water from the royal tanks in the arsenal, without paying; a boon not even granted to our men-of-war. At eleven o'clock we weighed anchor;

but the breeze being foul, we were all day beating out of the roads.

26th. In the morning we were off Pula. There is a small island off the point which has not been examined. I sent a boat on shore upon it. We found it composed of stilbite, trachite, and quartz upon stilbite. The whole is volcanic. When the boat was hoisted in we stood off to reach the Bay of Palmas by the night, and in the evening came to an anchor within the peninsula.

Smith's charts of Sardinia, as far as we yet have seen of them, are not equal to those of Sicily, which are very correct. Chevalier de Marmora pointed out to us an error of four miles in longitude; and in one place he appears to have laid down the survey on two rocks. Certainly we found his soundings of Cagliari incorrect, and had we trusted to them we should have ran on shore. There is a large bank in mid-channel, with less than three fathoms upon it, which he does not lay down, and a passage on the Pula shore, on the other side of it, equally unlaid down. This is unpardonable in a road-stead so much frequented, and so important, as that of Cagliari. The fact is, I suspect, that Mr. Smith was rather afraid of the malaria, and trusted more than he ought to have done to others.

The land all along the coast is mountainous and barren. The mountains, covered with vast gloomy forests, are untrod at any time by strangers, on account of the disposition of the inhabitants; and from June until November are unapproachable, because of the intemperia. Here and there a small patch of cultivation enlivens the scene, but no cottages—no villages cheer the eye, which rests upon nothing but nature in her gloomiest dress. Cape Spartivento pushes its huge granite head and

giant body far into the waves, and the Bay of Palmas opens fair to the view, but is pestilential. The shores are flat. The eye passes over the morasses on the edge of the sea, and rests on the mountains beyond; but miles of marsh intervene between the shore and their feet; and there being no tide or current to carry off the detrition of the weed and slush, it lies rotting and fermenting in the burning sun; and the horrid smell which assailed us as we worked in, although in this great bay, proved the cause, as well as the extent, of the unwholesome air. Added to all this, the dews fell heavy like rain at night; to-day, for instance, although the sun was so hot that the thermometer, in the coolest part of the ship, stood at eighty-four degrees, the damp was such in mid-day that some of us were drawing upon deck, and we found that our colours would not work, but ran into one another, and did not dry.

Between Cape Spartivento and Cape Teulada is the Bay of l'Isola Rosa, at the bottom of which lies a small island of that name. Cape Teulada forms the immediate boundary of the Bay of Palmas, in which Lord Nelson's fleet often anchored. St. Antioro is, properly speaking, an island of above thirty miles round; but it is joined to the main by a ridge of rocks, upon which a sort of rude bridge has been constructed. On the left, as you came in, is the town of St. Antioro. It is wholly mountainous, and formed of trachite, stilbite, and decomposed lava.

27th. Sent our boat off for refreshments. She had five miles to row, and when she reached the shore nearest the town, at the bottom of the bay, they were not permitted to land, nor to purchase anything; and upon being told this—as I had an order from the

Court of Turin, and another from the Viceroy of Sardinia, directing that my vessel should be treated as a man-of-war—we weighed anchor, to run up to the town and enforce our demands. When within two miles of the town we met a boat, with the English Vice-Consul (a Sardinian), and a Sardinian health-officer, making apologies, laying all the blame on the ignorance of soldiers, &c., giving us immediate pratique, and tendering all assistance. So we merely shewed them that we had shotted our guns, and were able to bring the town to reason, and then we became good friends; and I sent them off for provisions, fruit, &c., and a party went on shore sight-seeing.

The place has a garrison of four guns, one commandant, one officer, one corporal, and three gunners—all of whom came on board to compliment my excellency; so I had the whole garrison as hostages. I cannot much blame their shyness. Only twelve years ago 1,500 Tunisians landed, depopulated the whole vicinity, and carried off 800 inhabitants into slavery. They had had a similar visit a few years before. Amongst their prisoners, the last time, were the sister of the commandant, and the wife and family of the English Vice-Consul —whose son they shot—and tearing down the English flag, they plundered and destroyed his house and property. In about three months the poor man's wife and family were recovered from slavery, and Lord Exmouth's expedition released the rest.

The town of St. Antioro, so called from the relics of a saint of that name who suffered here as a martyr, stands upon the site of the ancient Greek city of Suleis, a place of great wealth, and, from its sepulchres, of considerable extent. In these sepulchres many of the pre-

sent inhabitants live. Of others they make folds for their sheep, and places of shelter for their cattle. To land here, the sailors were obliged to plunge up to their knees in putrifying slush and sea-weed. The castle is not ancient, but of the architecture of *le bassi tempi.* Much might be done in the way of excavation if we had time to stop, and constitutions to stand even the superintendence of the work—but we had neither. I found a tolerable cameo of a head of Apollo; and, as the country people open tombs to make new dwellings, they discover more relics. There are some caverns in the trachite rock, and pearly obsidian is found in abundance.

In Sardinia each district lives upon abusing its neighbour. Here we were told that "l'aria e buonissime;" but that "l'aria" of St. Pietro on one side, and of Cagliari on the other, "sono perfidé!"

28th. Set sail, meaning to inspect the rocks at the entrance of St. Antioro, called La Vacha Vitelle and Toro, none of which have ever been examined, and their composition is wholly unknown. We landed on all the islands. The two first are small rocks, about one and two miles round. The third is larger, 600 feet high, forming a cone, about three miles round. They are all three volcanic, trachitic, and porphyritic, and in the two first is calcedony.

29th. At about nine o'clock in the morning we came to an anchor in the roads of St. Pietro—not a bad anchorage, but the air very bad. The authorities came on board, and were very civil.

The cause of the malaria here is the salt marshes, which are neither drained to make the air wholesome, nor used for the purposes of getting salt, as salt is a

royal monopoly, and more must not be made than is necessary to keep up the price. The sea-shore, too, is full of slimy, stagnant lakes, the fish of which are in great esteem, the property of individuals, who hold them of the Crown; and the plague must be kept up, to prevent the miserable pockets of the King from suffering. The sea-weed, too, accumulates in immense beds, there being no tide or current to carry it off—and there it remains, rotting and fermenting under a burning sun. In the evening a blue mist creeps up the sides of the hills, within the limits of which no one can penetrate, even for a moment, and live; and a stench comes off the shore which makes even the sea-breeze unwholesome. Many are sick, and some die daily, in the town of Castel Forte, within a mile of us. But we take care not to go on shore, and, even in the boats, not to be out in the mornings or evenings. The sickness of St. Pietro comes principally from the mainland of Sardinia. The island itself is tolerably wholesome.

30th. Went in the barge to examine part of the coast of St. Pietro. The whole island is trachitic, porphyritic, jasper, and calcedony—very like part of Ponza. About three miles from our anchorage, round Punto Nero, the trachitic cliffs rise to a considerable height, and form a range like a vast Cyclopean wall, the strata all laying horizontal, and divided into great masses; whilst off the point are two great columns standing insulated, on the outer side of which a pair of eagles have built their eyrie, which stands up, a mass of twigs and wood and reeds, about three feet over every way. It is not well placed, as it may easily be pelted out from the neighbouring rock. One fine cliff of porphyry stands very prominently out. But besides this, and a succes-

sion of trachitic caves like many that we have seen. There was nothing to attract our notice; so we returned to our vessel.

31st. In the evening we anchored at the further point of the island of St. Pietro, having thereby gained the whole length of the island by beating up against the wind.

August 1st. Anchored in the evening in the Bay of Oristan for refreshments. The coast appears to consist of trachitic cliffs, but in the interior they run into high granite masses, their sides covered with ancient forests; and, except here and there where some squares of stubble announce the presence of man, the whole country is uncultivated and desolate: not a house to be seen. Immense smokes rising upon the horizon show where the Moorish shepherds are destroying whole forests by fire to get some pasture for their flocks.

Oristan is a large deep bay and roadstead. The town, which appears a large one, stands about four miles from the sea; but on the landing-place is a large tower and a few houses, which constitute the port. Over Oristan rises, on the top of a mountain ridge of granite, apparently, a large rock of a most singular shape, which goes by the name of the Finger of Oristan. It gives one, however, more the idea of a human hand, the serrated ridge forming the fingers standing upright. The land at the foot of this range of mountains runs flat for many a mile; and as we beat into this large and beautiful bay, it presented, apparently, one of the finest harbours in the Mediterranean. The horrid smell which came off the shore denoted the whole place being the seat of pestilence and death. Of course we don't think of landing.

2nd. At daybreak I sent a boat on shore with orders not to land, but to purchase refreshments at the beach, and to send for the English Consul. The poor people were civil to a degree, but implored our people not to remain, even in the boat, on their pestilential shore, for that they would be sure of catching the *intemperia*, and the whole country is a charnel-house. People are dying every day in Oristan. The British Consul was confined to his bed, and probably would die. The wife of the Receiver-general of the Customs had died that morning, and others were following. Pestilence hung over the land, and misery, silence, and solitude, crept along its shores. The people cried like children to my servant in the boat. They said they had not seen an English vessel on the coast for many a year. They had not ready the provisions and refreshments I wanted, but said that all should be ready on the coast by five o'clock in the evening at the Tower, where they would hoist a black flag (ill-omened signal!) when they came down, in order that my boat might come and fetch them; but they implored us to anchor in the mid-channel, not to let any soul go on shore, and to weigh anchor the moment we got what we wanted, as death awaited us on their shores.

Accordingly, at five o'clock the signal was made, everything was furnished that we required, and we weighed anchor from this dreadful scene. They described their whole coast to be in a similar pestilential state, until we came to Alghero, which is healthy. We wished to go to Boza for some mineralogical objects, but they implored us not, as it would be certain death.

3rd. Kept beating all night; the sea calm and the

night beautiful, but a dew falling like rain. All day we continued our course along the shores of this ill-fated country. We saw the beautiful bay, but dared not pause. It is defended by a peninsula, on which stands a tower. In the extremity of the bay stand two others, and apparently a work of some strength. A river runs into the sea, on the banks of which stands Boza. The country lies in a flat plain, beautiful to the eye in pestilential and fatal verdure, until it reaches the foot of the range of mountains, rough wild rocks, covered with immense forests of chestnut and ilex, untrod by the foot of man. Immediately behind Boza is a summit crowned by the picturesque walls and towers of an ancient fortress.

All this we saw as we stretched across the bay; and when the opposite land came down into the sea, and we were obliged to tack from it to weather the cape, the scenery, of granite, chestnut and ilex forests sweeping down to the sea, was most imposing and beautiful. But we were obliged to stand off. In the neighbourhood of Boza are mines which we wished much to examine. But the hand of God is upon and against this fine country. It quite made us melancholy to see it. The worst of all this is that the damps fall so heavy that we all shiver below in these beautiful nights quite as much as if the weather was bad, and the thermometer in the great cabin never stands at less than 84°

4th. This morning we cast anchor in Alghero Bay. About ten miles from the land we fell in with a fleet of above fifty coral fishers. They are stout boats, with ten men in each boat. Every Saturday they bring home the produce of their labour to Alghero, where the merchants purchase it. I find the price at which the latter

sell it is about a dollar per ounce. It is red, and supposed to be of fine quality. But it is very rare to find an entire unbroken branch. When the fishers come upon the bank, which extends many miles over towards the coast of Africa, they drop down iron bars crossed, to which hang a quantity of swabs or loose hempen untwisted lines, and let their vessels drift, towing the bars across the coral rocks. They then drag up the bars, the swabs on which are twisted in the coral, and, breaking it off, draw up the coral into their boats. Thus the branches are usually broken off. The coral lies in about sixty fathoms of water. Many of the fishermen come from Torré del Annunciata, and other places near Naples.

The town of Alghero stands well, but, like all other Italian towns, is better at a distance than when you approach it. It is at the bottom of a large bay, which forms a wide and open roadstead.

5th. Made a party in the barge to visit the coast to the southward. The cliffs of tertiary calcareous formation near the town. In a small bay about a mile from Alghero all the linen is washed, all the water in the town being kept for drinking. There is a very fine spring covered over with a large arch, and well protected, about half-way up the hill. As you proceed to the southward the coast becomes composed of tufa, trachite, and obsidian. Further on round the cape are beautiful varieties of agates, jaspers, calcedony, and carbonate of lime. We got some green and rose colour, very beautiful. The cliffs are worn into deep caverns, the resort of wild pigeons. In one of them we dined and refreshed our men, and came home. The mountains behind are in many places clothed with majestic

forests of ilex and chestnut, full of wild boars, deer, and muflong.

At Alghero a great deal of the beard of the Pinná Marina is made up into gloves, &c. The neighbouring bays are full of them. In the shells are frequently found pearls, but generally of a bad colour. There are some, however, of a black colour and red, which are much esteemed.

6th. We weighed anchor from Alghero, and proceeded to the next bay of Porto Conté, where we anchored in the evening. The passage was delightful. From Alghero the land dips, and forms a deep bight of a bay, at the bottom of which is the lake before mentioned. From thence it rises to the S.W. into very high cliffs of pure limestone, of the boldest outline, and not less than 500 feet high. The water has worn them full of caverns. At the back rises Mount d'Olio. The whole country is covered with wild olive, the fan palm, myrtle, and cistus, and is generally full of wild boars and stags. But this hot summer has dried up all the springs and water courses, and the beasts have fled to fresher shades. The whole country is depopulated, and lays waste.

Punta Gallera forms the southernmost point of the bay of Porto Conté, which runs inland five miles, protected from all winds but the S.W. However, there are no rocks or dangers; the water is deep from side to side; it is two miles and a quarter wide at its entrance, widens as it enters the land, and has many coves and bays within it, in which ships could be sheltered from any winds, and the harbour is certainly the finest that we have seen in Sardinia. Here ought to have been the site of the chief city of the country. Tradition

says that there was a town here, and the whole country cultivated and peopled, but that it was depopulated and laid waste by an earthquake; but the period is not mentioned, and there are no traces of it in history. The Catalans built Alghero, where the Catalan language is alone spoken to this day by the natives, to whom the Sard and Italian languages are unknown. In this bay are some strong towers of defence against the Barbary powers, but nothing else. The opposite or northern side of the bay is formed by an immense promontory, clothed with low wood and rock, called Punto della Caccia, because it is famous as the resort of the beasts of chace. The resemblance which this promontory bears to an immense gigantic mummy lying on its back is truly striking. The open mouth and fallen chin form the headland towards the sea, and the feet inward towards the land, are distinctly pointed out. This whole range of cliff is composed of pure limestone, secondary limestone, osseous brescia, and pudding-stone.

7th. Some of our gentlemen went with their guns to see if they could find any game; a party, armed, went on shore to cut wood; and I passed the day in surveying Punta della Gallera and the adjacent cliffs, and shooting wild pigeons. I was fortunate enough to wing and bring down a small eagle, two or three of which accompanied our sport to pick up wounded birds; but this poor devil miscalculated his distance, and fell a victim to his temerity. It is a beautiful bird, very rare everywhere but here; and, having only his wing broken, although very high up, I shall endeavour to keep him alive.

The shooting party on shore had no sport. The wooding party executed its duty; and in order to

facilitate its object by clearing away the palmetto from the ground and leaves off the bushes, set the wood on fire, which ran like fury all over the mountain opposite, that was in a blaze in a minute. I was frightened out of my senses lest any houses should be scattered over the mountain's side; but, fortunately, none were in the line of fire, and we were told afterwards, by some country people, that we had done them good, by clearing away land for their sheep next spring, a thing which they were not permitted to do themselves. The fire lasted until night, and then—probably meeting a ridge of rocks—gradually died away.

8th. We set forth this morning, with all hands, to view the extraordinary grotto called Il Grotto di Nettuno, which is just round Capo della Caccia. In passing thither we went under the precipices which form that point. They are none of them less than 1,000 feet high, and quite perpendicular. In the bay, on this side of Capo della Caccia, is a square bastion and a tower called Il Torre del Tresmuraglie. The bay is called Calalonga, and is closed by a convulsion of nature, which appears to have crushed together the sides of two rocks, or to have let in a vast cavern. There is no doubt but that the whole of this promontory is hollowed out into caverns. Many were the places where the waters rolled in, in unbroken billows, and their sullen roaring proved that they held a long unbroken course. But the roofs descend too low for boat to enter; besides which, the least sea rises so high against these tremendous precipices, that in viewing the cavern I am going to describe, you leave a sentry at the mouth to tell you if the waves rise, as your retreat must be instantaneous, or it will be cut off.

The water is quite deep to the foot of a large cavern, where you land on a portico of rock. The entrance is about thirty feet high, and about fifty or sixty wide. When you land on the rock and proceed about twenty or thirty feet, a scene breaks in upon you which I believe is not exceeded in the world. Some who were with us had seen the grotto of Antiparos, and declared this to be quite equal to it. Beneath is a large lake of water, so pure that the bottom and every object is perfectly clear. It is about twenty feet deep. Immediately opposite is an immense column of pure alabaster, or rather stalagmite, on the top of which is a hollow formed by the constant dripping of filtrated water from above, making a small reservoir of fresh water, where the wild pigeons flock to drink. Beyond this, the eye is lost in endless arcades and clusters of columns—candelabras, and every other fantastic form which stalactitic formation can give —all rising out and reflected in the clear stream, the termination of which is not seen, as the lake winds to the left; and the arcades succeed and intermix with each other in distance so as to resemble an immense show-box, where columns and arches are multiplied in endless perpetuation by the reflection of duly disposed mirrors.

We had sent the guide and six sailors forward to light up the grotto, for which we used above 100 candles; and the lights, thus stuck upon all the projecting points on the sides, and in the water, had an effect like magic. Into this lake we dragged our cutter, and embarked. Two other small boats were likewise filled with the party. We first came to an immense cluster of columns in the centre, and to others on each side of the lake, which, supporting the vaulted and fretted roof of

an immense cathedral, but adorned by such arches, pendants, and tracery as no human hands could ever form, the lake turned to the left and opened the second scene of this immense theatre. Fortunately a Sardinian captain of a Sard frigate could not bring his 9-pounders here. To the entrance he brought them, and, wanting alabaster, brought down, by successive discharges, a vast quantity which adorned the opening.

The second scene is of the same nature as the first, only the cavern rises into magnificent arcades to the right and left; especially to the latter, where the lights showed long successions of galleries and arches rising high above you, appearing to lead to other chambers. The passage from scene first to scene second is through narrow and rocky channels, where the water was often so shallow as to make it necessary to track the boat along and lift it over the rocks. Again the water deepens, and the lake expands, until at the end of the theatre, spreading an immense back scene of arches, arcades, and clusters, the boat lands upon a bank of sand and pulverized shells. The water is brackish, and is evidently the sea-water which makes its way through minute passages from without, and is partially freshened by the filtered water continually dripping from above. I should compute the two scenes which I have described to contain about sixty yards each in length, and perhaps forty or fifty in breadth.

When landed, we found the temperature of the air cool and pleasant, but in no respect charged with vapour, or unpleasant. I should consider the height of the roof to be about 100 feet. The view back from the upper end was very beautiful. Turning to our left, we ascended a very steep rocky ascent, and wound a little

way between clusters and through stalactite arcades of the purest alabaster, which shone like crystal opposed to the light of our candles and torches, until we came to another Gothic hall, as splendid as that below, but of course without the accompaniment of water. Seated on a rock here, the view of this splendid saloon, in the centre of which was a gigantic circular lustre of alabaster, with thousands of drops hanging from the roof, and that of the second scene on the lake below, beggars all description. Here I stopped.

Others, more adventurous, went on and examined the different arcades which led off from this great saloon, to see whether they opened into any other similar chambers. But none of them could proceed far, the rock either closing upon them or ending in dark abysses, in the bottoms of which they heard, on throwing down stones, the plash of water. But it would take many days to thread all the winding passages that lead from this fairy palace; and the experiment would not be a safe one, for the labyrinth seems interminable, and a man might, with the greatest ease, lose his way in the vast honeycomb that eats into the bowels of this vast promontory.

When we returned to the entrance from the first scene of the lake into the second, we paused, whilst persons whom we had left for that purpose let off at once lines of blue lights, we had disposed in different parts of these vast chambers, and which produced an effect that no imagination could conceive. The contrast was the more remarkable when, looking back into the first scene, you saw the entrance into the cave, the light of day, and the blue, hazy light of the sun, mixing with the hues of the caves and stalactites. I had brought

my bugle player with me. His instrument sounded beautifully through the roofs, and the more so because there was no reverberation, owing to the vastness of the place, which blended the sounds in one.

Many stories are told of openings and spiracles into the open air from below; but I doubt them, as the smoke of our blue lights found no escape from above, and rolled out in great clouds from the great entrance to the cave long after we had come out. The lower shore, where we landed, was, as I have said, a fine shelly sand. But above, in the saloon under the stalagmite, the soil was a red clay.

After passing the morning here, we proceeded along the line of the same tremendous scenery, pigeon-shooting and geologizing. The whole is pure limestone, tertiary calcareous formation, and osseous brescia. Beyond the Torré della Penna is an island of the same class of rock and of the same height. Here is a magnificent cavern, which runs through the whole island from east to west, in one immense vault 300 or 400 feet high. The sea flows through this until, at one end, a ledge of rock about six yards wide prevents the entire completion of the passage.

10th. We hove-to this morning off Cape Negretto, and Signor Donati went on shore to geologize, having heard that something was to be found here, but came away with nothing but some coarse drawing-slate, which it seems is a rarity in Sardinia. I took the opportunity of bathing in the barge—in no bottom at 900 fathoms of line! We had calms and extreme heat all day until after Divine service, when a breeze sprung up and carried us round the Isle of Asinara, the northern point of Sardinia, and in the evening we anchored in a beautiful

bay. As the land is high granite and schistose rocks, there is no vegetation except wild olives, no inhabitants except those in the lonely watch-towers on the cliffs, no water but what is brackish. But we got wild boars and partridges, and we broke up a wreck which we found on shore for firewood.

I went geologizing in my barge. Nothing on the coast but granite, granitoid — the crystals of felspar particularly large—bad tourmaline, garnets, mica slate, and carbonate of lime. When we returned in the evening we got under weigh for Ajaccio.

12th. This afternoon anchored in Ajaccio Bay. The scenery of the coast of Corsica is very fine, and higher than Sardinia. The mountains rise in much more serrated and more Alpine shapes. Some of them, which form the background of Ajaccio Bay, cannot be less than from 500 to 600 feet high, their sides clothed with forests; but it is impossible not to see the existence of a better and more liberal government exemplified by increased and improved agriculture, good houses, and the employment of capital in agricultural labour. Cultivation is carried very high up the sides of the mountains, and farm-houses scattered about give a great appearance of comfort.

Active improvements are going on in the town, old houses pulling down, and new ones erected and building. The climate here is much cooler than in Sardinia, and all the houses have chimneys. A fine market-place, and public promenade with trees, and a fountain in the midst, has been opened, and has a clear and good effect. As no boat came near us, I sent one on shore for pratique, which was met by a harbour-master or master pilot, who saluted it with what he thought a sailor's

blessing—"God d—— your eyes! Go back to your ship! We will be on board immediately." In about an hour a boatful of French doctors came alongside, who, instead of giving us pratique, put us into five days' quarantine, because we came last from Cagliari, into which port, four months ago, an Algerine vessel had been chased by a French brig. The port being a neutral one, the Frenchman could not attack the Algerine, but blockaded her. The Sardinian government put guard-boats round the Algerine to prevent any communication with the shore, and would not give them water or refreshments. The Algerine sailed out in the face of day, out-manœuvred and out-sailed the Frenchman, and escaped. The Frenchmen, enraged at missing their prize, went into Marseilles, and, out of pure sulkiness, told a lie, that the Algerine had communicated with Sardinia, and had it put into quarantine without any notice to its government, or, as I believe to anybody, as the French consul at Cagliari assured me that I should have immediate pratique at Ajaccio.

All this we pleaded, but the doctors were inexorable, saying it was "leur devoir." I told them that it was "un trés sot devoir," which left nothing to circumstances, to directions, to conveniences, or even to national hospitality. I said this because they had owned they had notice of my coming, and knew my vessel. But all this did not take us out of quarantine.

16th. Got pratique this morning. I have reason to believe the reception of me is a struggle between the Bonapartists and the Royalists—the latter having shewn me such very marked attention, sending me fruit, refreshments, &c., in profusion, and the commandant having taken no notice of me. They are very proud of

being inhabitants of the place which gave Napoleon birth, and are very much surprised that I do not land to see his house, the room where he was born, &c.

I went in my barge, and coasted the bay as far as a dreadful reef, distinguished by seven large rocks, which look like ships under sail at a distance. The sea breaks over them with immense fury. The scenery was very fine. The promontory over them, topped by a picturesque watch-tower. The other side of the bay is guarded by a group of rocky islets, called les Isles Sanguinaires. A party went from the ship geologizing — granite of different colours, jasper, and quartz.

## CHAPTER XI.

Colonel Guillemot—The Brigand and the Judge—Travelling in Corsica—A Mysterious Correspondent—Scenery—Bourjoynano—Death of a Bandit—Precautions against a Surprise—Outlaws—A Courteous Robber—Armed Labourers—The Gate of Heaven—An Inn Dinner—Valley of the Tavignano—Picturesque Scenery—Bastia.

AUGUST 17th. Visits all day; and crowds of people to see the vessel. Amongst others, the serjeant-majors of the garrison. I gave them a bottle of wine. They were very thankful, and in great glee; insisted upon carrying off Serjeant Mehan and the etat-major of the vessel with them, to shew them the barracks, &c., and succeeded, notwithstanding the repugnance of my people. The officers of the Corsican Rangers here, in our service now, on half-pay, lead a sad dog-and-cat life with the Bonapartists. Colonel Guillemot and his wife came off to visit me—she a good-humoured, obliging Englishwoman; he a thorough, steady, old French officer. His family is Vendeèn. His father was shot at Vannes by

the Republicans. I remember him at Abbé Carron's Academy in old times.

A man who has lately escaped from the galleys at Bastia is at the head of the banditti. A few weeks ago he met one of the judges of the district travelling from Bastia here, and stopped him. He said—"You were one of the judges who sentenced me, and now it is my turn." The man declared that he was not.

"Will you give me your word of honour that you were not?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then you may go free."

The judge, Mons. d'Arena, then said—"Now, to oblige me, let me present you with this purse."

"No—people will say I robbed you. Adieu! I will take nothing."

They caught the hangman of Bastia coming to Ajaccio for a job. They sent in word that they must have a large ransom for him, which they named. It was not sent out, and they stuck the poor wretch like a pig in the road, and left him to bleed to death. Just as I was at dinner the commandant called upon me, and went away in high-dudgeon because he was not received. The fact was, that I meant to mark my sense of his incivility. The serjeant-majors have been parading all round the town, telling everybody of my reception of them.

19th. This morning, at three o'clock, I went on shore; and by four o'clock the procession was formed, and we left the town of Ajaccio in the following order —viz., Myself in a cabriolet, with my double-barrelled gun between my legs, and armed to the teeth; King, Clive, and Donati, on horseback, each with pistols and

a sabre—the latter with astonishing large pistols, geological hammer, &c.; Giovanni, on horseback, jack-boots, blunderbuss, and night-cap; Sharp, blunderbuss and cutlass; one gendarme, forming advanced guard, another with the cabriolet, and a cart to carry our baggage. My cabriolet had two horses. Two officers, reformés of our late Corsican Rangers, insist on accompanying me the first stage.

Yesterday, I got a note, signed "Une dame d'Ajaccio," signifying that she had sent me a tame young stag as a present, as she could not do better than give it to "l'ami des Bourbons." I found out who my *incognita* was. She was the wife of an officer in the Corsican Government, whose husband was in Paris. I wrote her a note, thanking her for her present, &c., saying that I would willingly have come on shore to ask her to appear out of her *incognita*, but that I could not land in Ajaccio after the reception which I met with; and comforted her with declaring that I was above fifty years old. She must, therefore, be best satisfied with my thanks at a distance. This morning, on leaving Ajaccio, on turning a corner of the square, an elegantly-dressed, tall woman, closely veiled, stood and kissed her hand to me. She was the only person in the street, except my party, at that early hour; and I strongly suspect that she was my *incognita*. I returned the salute, and passed on.

On leaving the town I passed by the house just erecting for the Prefecture. It will be very splendid. A handsome theatre is just built; trees are planted in the principal streets, and on each side of the road. To the right is a small dockyard made by the English, now filling up by the order of Government, and a convent is to be built in its place. Further on is a property, once

a salt-work belonging to Napoleon, now the property of a relation of his. Cardinal Fesch had much property here, all of which he gave to the town. He seems to have done much for the place—Napoleon nothing.

We entered the valley of the River Campo di Loro. On the right was the high range of the mountain of Cutoli. The valley through which flowed the river, through pastures and corn-fields, is full of granite boulders, evidently rolled from the vast ridges of granite which compose all the mountains of this part of Corsica. The banks of the river consist of flat table-land and truncated cones, with table-tops gradually sloping to the sea, and marking, in a very remarkable manner, the subsiding of the waters, gradually and uniformly, after some great convulsion of nature proceeding from water. On the left of the valley was to be seen the magnificent, gigantic crag of Monte Rosso, deriving its name from the rose-coloured granite of which it is composed. In the front were the heights of Monte St. Damiano, on which the rising sun threw its first rays in the most beautiful hues possible.

About three miles further on you see the village of Savola, situated on the high skirts of the mountain of the same name. The lowlands appear to be well-cultivated, but as the flocks and herds are still in the mountains, we saw but few. However, we met some coming down, and the shepherds, as well as everyone we met, were armed with guns. In fact, nothing deters the banditti but the sight of arms. As we advanced, the road, still very good, hung over the river, which brawled its summer stream along, its wide channel in winter filled with water; whilst above, crags of granite, and mountains covered with gum cistus of great height, and

arbutus, frowned over us. The rocks changed from granite to trachite and lava, and again rose in granite. The crags of Monte d'Oro, one of the highest mountains in Corsica, raised their serrated heads in front of us. This forms part of the great mountain spine which runs from south to north — from Bonifaccio to Cape Corso.

We soon came in sight of the little village of Vero, high up in the hills, in which dwells, but never to be found, the chief bandit of the country. By the side of the road is a small public-house, where is a post of gendarmerie, and where we halted to breakfast and refresh the horses, and pass an hour or two of the heat away. The valley here narrows. The river runs through elms, arbutus, and gum cistus. Alpine mountains rise on each hand. Here again we found lava with the granite.

After leaving the place where we breakfasted, the scenery became finer, the mountains closed in, the valley became narrower, and the whole scene more Alpine. Immediately on quitting the place we passed through a grove of the finest chestnut trees I ever saw, leading down to the water-side, and most refreshing from their shade and the verdure under them. There were several small water-mills on the stream, and the water was diverted into channels, so as to produce irrigation. About three miles from Vetro we crossed over the river, along or above whose banks we had proceeded all the way from Ajaccio, by a very handsome bridge of granite, spanning the river with a single arch. It is a very good piece of masonry, and indeed the whole road does credit to the engineer who has executed it.

At length the river winds under the foot of Monte d'Oro, and the road follows it through magnificent chestnut woods and pastures, which adorn the roots and flanks of this picturesque mountain. The whole scenery gave me a stronger recollection of the Pyrenees than any other scenes I have witnessed. The verdure and cultivation are the same, but the pine forests are not so fine. The wood, however, upon the whole, is more romantic, and the pines which skirt the base and sides of the Monte d'Oro are sufficiently large to show the height of the mountain, that cannot be less than 7,000 feet; and the granite crags are more serrated and wilder than any I have elsewhere seen. The granite rises in immense aiguilles and pinnacles, and in vertical strata, thus proving that whatever power—be it water or fire —threw them up, they had never any pressure of incumbent weight upon them to crush or divert the progress or course of their crystallization; but they stand now in the same attitude and situation in which they burst into creation, when "God said let there be light, and there was light."

Thus entering into the defiles of this immense mass of granite, we passed along the river's side, that abounds in trout, and, turning round a shoulder of a mountain, which would have appeared immense had it not been for the over-turning peaks and precipices of its giant neighbour, we came to the small town of Bourgognano, where there is a wretched inn, that received us, and was a palace compared with those which we lodged in in Sicily. We brought our provisions and beds with us. Giovanni cooked a good dinner for us, and we were very well off. The craggy heights of Monte d'Oro rise just before our window, and the

streams, which gush out everywhere, are as cold and pellucid as ice. In some of the crevices of the mountains snow is still to be seen. On the top is a lake, which is frozen nine months in the year. In this wretched town is a company of infantry, commanded by a captain, and commandant of the place, who called upon me, and was very civil. He has been in banishment here for three years, in almost perfect solitude. The sports of the field are his only resource, and in winter he is enclosed in the snows, and amidst the tourmentes which rage throughout the narrow gorge of the mountain pass. There are stags, wild boars, foxes, partridges, hares, and woodcocks, in profusion.

20th. Started at four o'clock this morning. The rogue of an innkeeper had the modesty to charge me 186 francs—we having only had beds, a piece of mutton, two pigeons, and some milk. I insisted on his putting the bill, according to the laws of France, in writing, and declared I would take it to the Prefèt, who was in the town. He then came down to 100 francs. I insisted on my bill. He then had it written out, and reduced it to 50. I gave him 40 francs, which was twice as much as he ought to have had. This fellow had been in the English service during the war.

On quitting Bourgognano, the road passed through a forest of the most magnificent Spanish chestnut-trees I ever beheld in my life—larger than almost any oaks I ever saw, their trunks scathed and torn with age, but all had thrown up vigorous heads and shoots of an immense size, and were full of fruit. The views caught every now and then through the trees of the valley, and the granite heads of Monte d'Oro, just tinged by the earliest light of the rising sun, were splendid in the extreme.

Through this forest, the road kept winding and rising until, when we emerged from it, we found ourselves free above the forest on a granite mountain's side, extending far away to the right, and its recesses clothed with evergreen oak as far as vegetation existed. Monte d'Oro was now towering in naked majesty over our heads. Far away to the south-west extended the valley below us, with the river winding at the foot of the mountain which we had passed along yesterday.

Here one of the gendarmes, who was with us, shot a bandit three years ago. He had committed many murders. One man from Ajaccio he killed, deliberately cut off his head, then one of his ears, which he carried as a trophy in his pocket. This wretch was such a terror to his family that the latter gave him up, and one gendarme was placed in ambuscade by the place where he was known to go to quench his thirst. He came on, with his gun over his shoulder, eating as he walked along. The gendarme put two balls through his body, and he fell without a groan, only biting his fingers to the bone with fury as he dropped.

The varieties of granite here were beautiful. I looked, however, in vain for the cubicular granite which I was told I should find here.

The road kept still rising amidst the mountains, until, about two leagues from Bourgognano, we came to a pass, on the summit of which is built a block-house surrounded by a ditch, where a detachment of artillery is stationed. This block-house effectually locks up the whole pass both ways, as nothing can pass it, and it cannot be turned. Here, a short time since, the bandit who stopped Mr. Avena, the judge, killed one of the soldiers. To the right of us ran a high ridge of granite mountains,

clothed high up their sides with evergreen oaks, ending with a pointed mountain, called Il Punto del Mural.

Up to this point we had been slowly and gradually rising, and, I suppose, were full 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. The air was visibly much cooler. Indeed, at Bourgognano the spring-water was as cold as any I ever drank not iced. From thence we began to descend as gradually, by zig-zag roads, as we ascended, and entered upon the skirts of a vast pine forest, mixed with chestnut and beech. The underwood consisted wholly of arbutus, gum cistus, and myrtle, the erica Mediterranea, of enormous height, and the common fern. This forest we had seen some time skirting the vale below, and running up the gorges of Monte d'Oro. It now enclosed both sides of the valley, and presented a wild, wide, and secure range for banditti.

This was the haunt of the so-much dreaded robber who had stopped Avena. Accordingly, on entering it our gendarmes unslung their carbines, and one went on as advanced guard. We did the same, and kept together. The gendarmes said there was no danger of our being attacked in a party; but any straggler or loiterer might be shot at and plundered before the party could assemble, and pursuit among the rocks and thick forest was out of the question. After we had gone through about four miles of the thickest forest imaginable, we came up with a party of men at work on the road, who informed us with the greatest glee that this terrific personage had been shot close by, the evening before, by the Voltigeurs de la Corse; and shortly after we met Le Juge de Paix of the Canton going to view the body, and make his *procés verbal*, accompanied by one of the voltigeurs who had killed the brigand.

It appears that he had been lurking about the defiles of Monté d'Oro for some time, and probably for the chance of picking up some loiterer of the Préfet's party, who was upon the road on the same day, or of mine, as the shepherds had seen him passing the valley and climbing the precipices of Monté d'Oro. Two voltigeurs beset the gorge at the foot of that part of the mountain, and two of them discerned the robber at the top of a rock. He was perfectly unconscious of being pursued, and was, at the time when they discovered him, employed in sharpening his stiletto on the rock. They crept up towards him; but from some stones which fell from under their feet, he discovered them. They cried out to him to surrender; he instantly caught up his double-barrelled gun which lay beside him, and fired at the voltigeurs, but missed both shots; one of them fired and wounded him, the other killed him dead.

The state of the country is shocking. It is not overrun with banditti, but all the lower orders are in a situation to become so. Strangers are, generally speaking, safe, unless the bandit is in a state of great privation, when, of course, he will attack indiscriminately. This fellow had escaped from the galleys; but, generally speaking, the Corsicans are moody, sulky, and revengeful. They are quick only in forming a quarrel, but they are deliberate enough in their vengeance. They never forget either a real or a supposed injury. A Corsican has a quarrel—he retires, sulky, and watches his opportunity, until he shoots his opponent down. No time cools his rage. He becomes a soldier or a sailor, and goes into distant lands. Years afterwards he returns, and he takes up his quarrel where he left on leaving the country. He kills his man, and then flies

into the mountains; or he kills some relation of the man, and flies. The relations of the murdered man take up the quarrel, which again can only be quenched in blood, and the blood-spiller becomes a broken man and flies into the mountains.

Thus Corsica is dotted over with individual outlaws. They seldom or never act as a band together, because they have no confidence in each other. They usually are supplied in their retreat with provisions by their families or friends, and if not, they rob the shepherds, or induce them to give them food. They are often betrayed by these shepherds. They have an odd feeling of generosity about them. One of them met an officer, who told me the story himself, within a few paces of the door of his own country cottage near Ajaccio, and told him that he knew he had three guns—one was enough for him, and, in civil terms, begged him to give him the two others. The officer was unarmed, and told him that it was true he had three guns at one time, but that he had given one to his nephew and another to some one else, whom he named. The robber said that it was "tres bien," made him give his word of honour to the truth of the story, and then said that he knew that the officer was a chasseur and must have one gun, but that he could not possibly want three, begged his pardon for the trouble he had given him—and he might have added, the fright—and left him.

An officer of the line, stationed at Borgognano, took a walk one evening, close to the town, in the chestnut forest, and was amusing himself with looking at the trees, when he found himself *vis-à-vis* to a bandit, who coolly told him that he was sent to Borgognano in garrison, and not to walk about the country; that this

time he would be content with what the officer had in his pocket; but that if ever he met him again he must expect to pay dearer for his rambles.

A man returned about six weeks ago from the galleys, where he had been for twenty years. The disposition to blood was too strong in him to be resisted. He recollected an ancient quarrel, shot his man, and ran off into the mountains, where he still is.

After we had cleared the forest, we opened the distant points of Monté Rotondo, the highest mountain of Corsica. On our left was another mountain fort, perched upon the summit of a sugar-loaf hill, commanding the pass; and, by a very steep and tortuous road, we descended into the picturesque little village of Vivario, situated in a valley watered by two little streams which run into the Tammajo. Here we breakfasted. The house was kept by an officer of gendarmerie, who put on his uniform to sit with us as an officer, and wanted to charge us like an ale-house keeper.

From hence we travelled without escort, as the road was safe, and we were a strong party without them, and well armed.

We still kept winding amongst the roots of Monté d'Oro, until at length we left it behind us, and Monté Rotondo received us. We turned to the left, and crossed one of the streams which descended from the inmost recesses of the Monté Rotondo, in what in winter must be a very considerable stream, over a bridge of one arch, that confers great honour on the engineer. It is wholly of granite, and is thrown over a tremendous chasm, and the view when on the bridge, looking below into the deep clefts of granite into which the river tumbles, and above into the world of precipices amongst

which it rises, retiring into vistas of endless perspective, crag above crag, overhung with ilex, beech, chestnut, and pine, until at length vegetation ceases and needles of granite appear as guards to the summit of the mountain, that appears dim and white with the lapse of years, which have blanched his granite locks, far in the distance amongst the blue sky towering above the whole island.

From this bridge, called Il Ponto del Vecchio, the road runs along the cornice of the mountain, quite broad enough for perfect safety, but narrow enough for imagination to form fancies with, with deep vegetation and a cultivated valley interspersed with forest below you and Alpine heights above. The custom of burning the woods, in order annually to clear fresh pasture, has the effect of breaking the woods into lawns and varieties of coppice wood, which gives the whole scenery the air of a gigantic park, as the trees stand in many places single or in picturesque groups, whilst flocks of sheep and goats repose beneath their shade. But what breaks the illusion is, that the shepherds are all armed—the man at work in the vineyard or the field is armed. At break of day the labourers going to their work are all armed —for they have all their private quarrels to settle if opportunity offers, or they have to guard against the consequences of feuds which they are conscious others have with them.

The granite is now elevated above us, and the substrata of schist, mica, slate, pudding-stone, and trachite, which sustain on their inclined planes the weight of the spine of granite that runs from one end of Corsica to the other, appear. In one of the specimens of pudding-stone we found obsidian!

We kept on in this way, gradually rising, until we came to the village of Seraglio, situated at the top of a high hill, from whence at once opened the lovely valley of the Tavignano, with high mountains, of which Punta Torricella towered above the rest. On the skirts of the valley, through continued groves of chestnut and ilex, we continued our road, with the peaks of Monté Rotondo and Monté Coardo rising high above us, and pouring cooling streams across the road, which were very pleasant during the heat that still prevailed. In the course of the day we found green granite.

Passing through the village of St. Pietro, the ridge of mountain called La Serra della Castello, which forms one of the buttresses of Monté Rotondo, runs straight into the valley, dips short into it, and upon a rugged schistose rock stands the town of Corte, at the confluence of three streams tributary to the Tavignano. A ruined convent is not the least picturesque object which salutes the sight on the left of the town as you enter it. Its ruins are so vast that its state in splendour must have been very magnificent. The great portal stands close by the roadside. Over it is the text from Scripture, "This is the Gate of Heaven"; but the gate was shut up and barred against cattle that might be tempted now to feast on the verdure of its grass-grown courts, as well as against the Christians who were thus informed by the proud monks of former days that through their monastery was alone to be found the "gate of heaven." This may afford a good lesson to the Pharisee of every religion.

Both the inns are on the top of this rock, unapproachable by carriages of any description—a strong proof that we were not in the land of posting and stage

coaches. Into that of the two inns which was nearest to the road, and consequently gave me least climbing, I entered in an unlucky hour, and the illusion was not dispelled by seeing that our rooms were airy and tolerably clean. But I had sent my courier forward to order dinner at five francs *par tête*. He contented himself with giving the order without seeing how it could be accomplished. The exact picture of a French innkeeper, lean, lantern-jawed, and spectacled, assured my altesse that my altesse's dinner would be ready au plutot; and the preparations for the dinner of the officers of the 2nd regiment of the line, quartered there, gave me hopes that at least dinner was to be had—but, alas! on the rock of this very mess dinner did ours split. After waiting two hours, in came une pinçée of vermicelli swimming in an ocean of oil, as soup; then came three trout, of three quarters of an inch each in length (for I measured them), and three cotelets and an omelet, with apologies for sauce from the landlord, that he had *calculated* on getting some Gibier for my altesse, but had failed, and that vraiment Messieurs les Officiers had eat up everything in the house. That he was sensible that this dinner for *four people* was not worth five francs *par tête*, and that he should not charge it. I told him that it was not reduction of price but increase of dinner that we wanted, and I desired him to send out and get some more meat.

Alas! none was to be got. The weather was hot, meat would not keep, and so there was none, and we had no more dinner.

21st. We were en route by four o'clock, A.M. The whole road from hence to Bastia was the most extraor-

dinary that ever carriage went upon. It was just marked out in the rock, and nothing else has been done to it. The Préfet of Corsica is a native of Ajaccio, and the money destined for the whole road has been laid out by him at the Ajaccio end of it The carriage which I was in was something like an English butcher's cart, but not so easy. There was no back, but a rail to it, just cutting the loins in two, and the unfortunate traveller was obliged to sit upright without the means of repose the whole journey; and this day's journey was one of forty-six English miles over the road which I have described. I never suffered such fatigue in my life.

On leaving Corté we immediately passed one of the streams which form the Tavignano. The first appearance of the sun lighting up the summit of the granite peak of Monté Rotondo, and gradually dropping, as it were, a curtain of gold gauze down its sides, was quite magical. Here we took our final leave of granite; but the serrated edge of Monté Cenin, to the north, showed that it still continued to maintain its ground in the central spine of the island.

For some little space the road passed through a flat country, the valley of the Tavignano, or wound up amongst low hills cultivated and rich in vineyards. But the skirts of the valley on both sides preserved their mountain grandeur. Passing by Saverta, and rising the hill, we left the Tavignano, which in the chain of Monté Rosso finds its source, and at the bridge called Ponta Francarda we crossed near its source the river called Le Golo. Here the country again assumes a romantic aspect. The river runs in a deep, narrow, rocky

bed, the rocks overhung with ilex and chestnut, and deeply fringed with the beautiful arbutus underwood which clothes the whole country. The rocks are here, and for many miles, wholly of serpentine, schist, and talc—black, green, and grey. The effect of their glassy lustre, contrasted with the vivid green of the woods, and the brightness of the water, was beautiful; and in many places the windings of the river presented deep and placid pools, which afforded the most beautiful landscapes of repose and rural picturesque effect.

The road ran upon a cornice high above the level of the river, and we kept regularly ascending, until we again descended to cross it at Ponté del Lucia, and again at Ponté Nuova, where is a sort of public-house, consisting of a station of gendarmerie, and apartments for the officers of the army and Government travelling along the road. This place is surrounded by a wall regularly looped for musketry, and serves as a "tête de pont" for the bridge, which is a very handsome one, of one arch. Here, after four hours and a half drive, we breakfasted and reposed for two hours.

The face of the country is quite different here from that of the former part of our journey. The low grounds are no longer cultivated. They are covered with the magnificent forest scenery of the country down to the edge of the rivers, broken into lawns and plinths, and with miles of underwood such as I have before described. The summits of the hills are cultivated, and in the deep recesses of their rocks, where nothing, one should think, but an eagle could perch, and nothing but a goat stand when there, are to be seen the villages, with their little quiet unpretending church-

towers rising from the midst of vineyards, and tufted with trees. In this manner the road runs between mountains of serpentine, schist, and talc, until near a place called Valpeja, the river turns to the right and shapes its course towards the sea, and the road, turning round the shoulder of a mountain, breaks at once upon the whole coast of Corsica as far as Cape Corso, the expanse of the Mediterranean, with the isles of Elba and Capraja in the distance, and Bastia on the sea-shore, about twenty miles distant. From hence the country loses its mountain interest, and the road runs straight through the flat country to the capital. But on the left the mountains recede and show at a distance the beauties of their recesses and the splendour of their peaks.

On the seaside is a long lake of salt water, separated from the sea only by a narrow strip of land. Beyond Bastia are to be seen the high mountains, which continue their steady course along the centre of the island, until finally they drop into the sea at Cape Corso.

After a very fatiguing journey, in which we had gone far more than 100 miles across the most interesting part of the island, and through scenes it has been the lot of very few people, especially Englishmen, to see, we entered Bastia after nightfall. An immense crowd assembled to see us, and attended us to the water's edge. The streets got narrow and winding; the mob increased and grew noisy; all the night-capped population assembled at the windows, and that part which was dressed came into the streets to see what was the matter, and could not quite make out whether I was some hero enjoying an ovation in a cabriolet, or a criminal carrying

to the galleys in a cart. However, I was thus conveyed to my barge, and the mob thanked me for the sight I had afforded them by cheering me when I pushed off from the shore.

## CHAPTER XII.

Curiosity at Bastia—Signor Lescia—A Traitorous Proposal—Juvenile Bathers—A Squall off Porto Vecchio—Porto Manza—Granite Islands in the Straits of Bonifacio—Arrival at Genoa—Reception at the Palace—The Queen Dowager—Visit to the Naval Arsenal—Bay of Genoa—Hon. Mr. Arundel—La Conservatoire des Fieschini—Leave Genoa.

AUGUST 22nd. The English Consul came to me. Bad news of quarantine at Genoa, and at all the Mediterranean ports, in consequence of the illness at Marseilles called the small-pox, which is spreading its ravages. The Collector of the Customs called and offered every civility. The Mayor and Prefect did the same. In short, my reception here forms a strong contrast with that at Ajaccio.

The coast to the northward very picturesque, every recess in the mountains affording a different and a most picturesque landscape.

23rd. Last night it blew a very heavy gale, right off from the land. We were obliged to strike topgallant masts and carry out another anchor astern. The harbour,

is so narrow that you drop your anchor on the outside of it, warp in, and moor your ship by one hawser to the mole on one side, and by another to a huge rock called the Lion Rock, from its shape, on the other. The gales sometimes come down in heavy gusts from the mountains, and then you must take care that your hawsers on shore hold, or you go on the Lion Rock. Our kedge-anchor came home in the night; but we were quite safe.

The mountains here are entirely schistose and limestone.

The French Government is not very strong here. There is a powerful English party. The Sous Préfet sent me a present of some Muscat of Cape Corso, which is thought very fine.

25th. A party rode over to St. Fiorenzo, and were much disappointed. It is a wretched place. The major who commands there came out, and affected much civility, but told them that they must take no drawings of "the fortifications," as if they did he must perform an unpleasant duty and arrest them. They laughed in his face, and asked him if he fancied that the English, who had driven the French out of St. Fiorenzo, had not drawings enough of its "fortifications." In fact, they consist of one miserable dry ditch, which a jackass could clamber over.

The curiosity of the people here is unbounded. To-day crowds of boats were round the vessel, and I allowed all well-dressed persons to come on board and see her. But a boatfull of blackguards hung round the ship, peeped through the quarter-deck ports, and laughed and made faces at Mrs. Wilson on the deck. They were desired to go away, but would not; said it was their port, and they would do as they liked. Our men were ordered

to force them off, which they did; and the Frenchmen went swearing on shore, and threw stones, but, on a musket being pointed at them, ran away. I sent off to the police, who in a twinkling seized the boat and the men, and put them all into prison, when the Mayor sent me a world of excuses, &c., and issued an ordinance to prevent a repetition of such impertinence.

26th. A Signor Lescia, a Corsican, who was bred a musician and educated in Paris, has married an English-woman, the daughter of an English gentleman who has ruined himself in Paris. She is very modest, quiet, and well-behaved. He is not absolutely in want, but still teaches and wishes to sing in concerts. The English Consul introduced them to me. He has, I think, one of the finest bass voices I ever heard. I have given him a letter to Lord Burghersh,[1] as he finds it sad work teaching the Corsicans to sing, and proposes immediately going to Florence.

28th. The crowds of ladies who come on board to see the vessel are incessant. We have not a moment to ourselves. I had received a letter, purporting to be signed by a person in the name of the friends of the English interest here, congratulating me on my arrival, professing the strongest attachment to England, and desiring to receive my commands, &c. I plead being ill, and decline answering. This morning a person came on board. I asked the English Consul who he was; he told me that he was an officer of the Customs, and he desired a private audience. When I took him into my

[1] Not more celebrated as a diplomatist than as a musical connoisseur. He was also a Major-General in the army, and was for many years at the head of our Embassy at Florence. He succeeded his father as Earl of Westmoreland in 1841.

cabin I found out, to my surprise, that he was my correspondent; and he professed himself afraid of losing his situation in consequence of visiting me. I asked him —"Why, then, did he come?" He answered—"His attachment to the English, respect for me," and a long rigmarole of nonsense and fustian. He requested an answer to his letter, to satisfy the impatience of his friends, &c. I asked him if it were true that he was employed under the existing Government? He replied —"Yes—for want of bread," and produced certificates of his father's having served the English, signed by officers of the English forces commanding here, and one by Paoli. I then said, that my only answer was, that England must always remember with interest her friends in Corsica; but that, under existing circumstances, no Englishman could give them other advice than to remain contented under the Government of France, and to serve her faithfully, as the best means of benefiting their own country. He answered that, "Governed, as France was now, by Jacobins, under the semblance of royalty, the friends of the King could get no employment; that his party was the strongest in the country; and that a signal from England would ruin Corsica."

I immediately got up, and said—"Did he expect that I—an Englishman, travelling then under French protection, the subject of a country at peace with France, and known to be the friend of the reigning family on the French throne—could listen to a person eating the bread of that Government, talking upon such subjects, as unfit for him to speak upon, as for me to listen to?"

I desired to shew him the way upon deck. He implored

me to stay while he stated his case. I said I would listen to no more on the subject of his former conversation. He then asked me to get him employed under the Sardinian, or any other Government; and was again reverting to his former subject, when I peremptorily refused to hear more, and desired him to quit the vessel.

I found the English Consul on deck; and, as I shrewdly suspected the fellow to be a spy, I told the Consul what had passed, and desired him to bear witness to what I had told him.

The view of the coast of Bastia is beautiful. The town is situated at the foot of, and embosomed in, high mountains, cultivated to the verge of the underwood, and every eminence crowned with a church, a monastery, or some picturesque building. We got some magnificent blocks of noble serpentine and orbicular granite. I think that it is plain that, with all their fuss and profession, the French are doing, and will do, little for Corsica. They have opened no roads, and appear to have made no improvements. Education, and the morals of the people, are in no respect attended to; and I see no marks of national improvement resulting from a paternal government. The laws are better administered than under the Genoese. But Corsicans are never employed; and the trial by jury not allowed —because juries, they say, owing to the state of private feud in the islands, could not be impartial. For that very reason I would give them juries. When they saw that their feuds prevented justice from being administered, their feuds would cease—as most certainly they would prefer the due administration of justice to the club-law now existing among them.

This evening we got under weigh, and warped out of the harbour. No wind. The manner in which all the little boys of the place habitually bathe here is very remarkable. From the youngest to the oldest, they all leap off the head of the Lion Rock, which is in the harbour, straight into the sea, a height of full forty feet; and this they repeat many times, clustering on the top like bees, and darting off like stags one after the other. They all went in feet foremost, and, I remarked, crossed themselves regularly before they made their plunge. They are half the day in the water, amusing themselves with this exercise. A slight breeze sprung up after sunset, which carried us very gently along the coast towards Bonifacio. The hues of evening upon the shores of the island, and the mountains over Bastia, cannot be imitated by any painter.

28th. In the evening we were off the estuary of the Fiumorbo. To our right we saw, far inland, the granite peaks of our friends, Monté d'Oro and Rotondo, rising, cold, in the clear sky; and to our left the less high, but more rugged and serrated, peaks of Monte Giovanni. About two o'clock, P.M., the breeze increased, as we opened the Straits of Bonifacio, and then died away. At length, in an instant, the breeze came rushing down in a heavy squall; and we had barely time to take in our sails, when we were laid down on our beam-ends. We double-reefed everything, and lay very snug; but we were not quite in a comfortable situation, as we had no chart of the harbour of Porto Vecchio, and we were not quite clear of the look of the land, especially as it was described in our sailing directions with a little more attention to the picturesque than was quite consistent with technical precision; and we saw rocks about which

we did not like to make too intimate an acquaintance with, without proper introduction. However, at length we found out the land to be clearly Porto Vecchio, and we stood in for it, the wind coming in very heavy puffs and squalls from off the land; and we were obliged to make a dead beat to windward, making short bounds. There are two channels into the roadstead, within and without two rocks, high above water. In the midst of all this pother we found the vessel answer the helm, as we thought, very ill; and, on examining, we found that the blessed remains of Mr. Stebbing's iron-work, in his patent steering apparatus, had flown like glass, and we were obliged instantly to unship it all, and fix the iron tiller. When this was done we ran into Porto Vecchio, and came to an anchor in a very fine, well-protected harbour, quite landlocked, running four miles inland, and without any danger.

At the farther end of this harbour, and on the summit of a rising ground, stands the town of Porto Vecchio, now entirely depopulated, as at this season of the year all the inhabitants leave it, it being one of the few places in Corsica deemed unwholesome—there being flat and marshy ground, covered, down to the water's side, with arbutus and heath. The background of the scenery of Porto Vecchio consists of the same line of high mountains, now gradually descending into calcareous formation, which forms the back-bone of Corsica.

29th. We weighed this morning and proceeded to Porto Manza, the nearest to the granite islands and rocks in the mouth of the Strait of Bonifacio. The breeze still blew briskly, but it was steady, and carried us along at the rate of ten knots the hour. By five o'clock in the evening we were at anchor in the Porto Manza. Off

the mouth of it are two small islands, the Greater and Lesser Bull, to which it is right to give a good berth. The harbour runs six miles inland, and forms into coves, which renders it safe and fine; but not a house, hut, shepherd, or living being, is to be seen. The rocks are wholly trachitic, except one range of dazzling white, which upon examination we found was of tertiary calcareous rock, precisely like that of Sicily, and containing the same shells.

As we did not, of course, choose to run the danger of communication with possible inhabitants, we could not trace the course of this stratum inland. But from the ship we could distinguish it running up in patches amongst the mountains.

The young stag which Madame Lambert gave me, at Ajaccio, and which the sailors have consequently named "Boney," is a great amusement to us, feeding out of our hands, and following us like a dog. He is of a darker brown than our red-deer in England. He has good taste enough to prefer the quarter-deck to the forward part of the ship; is quite at liberty, and lies down amongst us, except at dinner-time, when he regularly goes forward and romps with the men for their biscuit and potatoes, of which he is very fond.

In this harbour we found a French brigantine, laden with firewood, which her crew were stealing out of the woods that covered the shore.

30th. We proceeded at six o'clock this morning in the barge in search of the island where the Romans had excavated the great quarry of granite, out of which they had, as the story goes, built the Pantheon in Rome. The whole opening of the Straits of Bonifacio lay before us, with the lands of Sardinia and Corsica on either

side. The straits are in this place about six miles over. On the Sardinian side are the St. Madelena islands, enclosing fine anchorages and harbours, of which Lord Nelson and our Mediterranean fleets took advantage last war. They are composed of masses of granite. On the Corsican shore are the islands of Cavallo, Piano, Perduto, and Levanza, and numberless other islets and reefs, all of the same grey granite, interspersed with rose-coloured granite; none of them rising very high, but forming a wilderness of granite, amongst which no vessel could venture or live for a moment. Here the granite ceases, and, after running to within a mile of the Corsican land, stops. The land then rises calcareous and sandy. It is plain, therefore, that the land of Sardinia runs to nearly the coast of Corsica, when the convulsion of nature happened which partially broke up the granite range, and formed the Straits of Bonifacio. That this was done by fire may be argued by our finding a regular stratum of basalt running right across the granite, in an inclination from the north-west to the south-east, in the first granite island we came to, between the islands of Levanza and Cavallo. This dyke of basalt runs about seven or eight feet broad, and the stratification is so regular as nearly to approach a quadrilateral prismatic formation. We also picked up in the same spot some bombe of basalt.

The Island of Levanza is about a mile round, and, amidst all its granite, furnishes in the interior a little grass, which affords food to some miserable goats and horses that are brought over from the land of Corsica to devour it. Four men were also upon the island, as they told us, fishing. By their directions we went back towards the Island of Cavallo, and, on a small islet

separated from Cavallo by a very narrow strait, we found the object we were in search of. Immense blocks of granite lay all over the islet, *ebauché*, and partly worked, and signs of immense quantities being carried away. A large column lay on the ground rudely rounded off, as it came from the parent rock under which it lay, sound, and compact, and ringing like a bell. It was 29 feet in length, and 3 feet 6 inches in diameter. Near it lay the *ebauché* of its plinth, and squared blocks of granite, suited to entablatures, and other parts of architectural decoration, on the largest scale, laying about in all directions, prove how much advantage the Romans took of these immense resources of architectural wealth. Whether the dimensions of this column suit those in the Pantheon I know not; but I believe that there is no evidence whatever, save of tradition, that the Pantheon was furnished from these quarries.

It is evident, however, that the Romans found in Corsica many of the marbles which they were supposed to have brought from Egypt. The green granite which Lord Compton[1] discovered *worked up* in an excavation in Rome, I found *in situ* in Corsica. The verd antique and serpentine have been discovered in Corsica; and, considering the immense quantities of chloride found here in all its varieties, I have little doubt that other valuable stone exists here. But the fact is, that Corsica is as yet entirely unexamined in a geological and mineralogical point of view.

Amidst all these rocks and ruins we took our dinner.

[1] Charles, Earl Compton, eldest son of the Marquis of Northampton, President of the Royal Society, whom he succeeded in the title.

The causeway, or inclined plane, formed of blocks of granite, and along which these immense masses were rolled to be embarked, is quite visible, and perfect down to the water's edge; and a large mass, probably intended for part of an entablature, is now to be seen at the extremity of the causeway close by the water, raised upon its granite supports, ready to be hove into the boat waiting for it. It would thus appear that the works must hastily have been suspended. I cannot find that upon any of these islands there is fresh water. The expense of human life, therefore, in working these quarries must have been immense. But this consideration never stood in the way of the Romans, who owe much of their character of magnificence, as demonstrated in their public and private works, to the utterly inhuman and barbarous manner in which they made their wretched slaves and prisoners work for the gratification of their vanity.

The Island of Cavallo is, like the rest, formed of granite, with occasional veins of quartz; the granite of three sorts—grey, with large crystals of black felspar, and broad plates of mica; grey granite, somewhat approaching to the graphic; and rose-coloured ditto. As we returned to Porto Manza, we found that part of the cliffs of Corsica consist of trachite, secondary granite, and calcareous formation.

31st. In the evening weighed anchor and left Porto Manza. The breeze was very light and contrary, and we were obliged to beat out. But, on the outside, what little there was was fair, and we preserved our course along the shores of the island.

September 2nd. The breeze failed at night. What little there was was again fair, and we quietly glided by

Cape Corso, the furthest extremity of the Island of Corsica. At nine o'clock we were about twenty miles from it. At two o'clock the breeze failed us, and then turned against us.

3rd. This morning I dropped my anchor in the harbour of Genoa, and here ends my voyage. Instead of finding quarantine, we obtained pratique immediately, the quarantine being confined to Marseilles and the land communications across the Rhone. The illness at Marseilles is not the small-pox. It attacks, *par preference*, the persons who have had the small-pox naturally and most severely; but the pustules do not fill, and the disease re-enters the system.

Every civility has been shewn me. The Governor is absent, but the Admiral sent to me immediately, as well as the General acting in the absence of the Governor. The Queen Dowager is here. I saluted H.M. with twenty-one guns, and the Admiral with nineteen, who returned gun for gun.

Nothing can be finer than the situation of Genoa, covering the side of one of the lower roots of the Apennines, with its white houses, marble palaces, and churches.

4th. I went to the palace to-day in full dress, and was well received by the Queen Dowager, who is a very mild-mannered and respectable old lady. She received me civilly and kindly, dressed in mourning. She presented me to her two daughters. After the usual ceremonious talk on such occasions, I took my leave. Her tone was to keep clear of all politics—to inquire about my travels, and especially about Sardinia—the Viceroy, whom she praised—and the Archbishop, whom she treated as an old twaddler. She seemed to have little

Austrian *hauteur* about her, and endeavoured to be affable. She lives in the Palazzo Doria, which she has bought. I was ushered up a large flight of stairs, magnificent, in marble, into a beautiful ante-room, painted in fresco, and adorned with marble relievos and columns. In the next room, of immense dimensions, she received me, standing in the midst of a slippery floor, and of course I had not time to examine its beauties.

The court and façade of the palace are in the best style of Genoese architecture—massive, magnificent, and pure. The whole city is a magazine of palaces, all crowded together in narrow streets one on the top of the other, so that they cannot be seen. But all are beautiful and splendid in marble and decorations. There were but three streets in Genoa in which a carriage could go, but the King has opened a third to his new theatre.

15th. An aide-de-camp of the Admiral accompanied me to-day on board the ships of war and through the naval arsenal. The whole is in high order. They have one frigate as a guard-ship, which is a very fine one. She mounts carronades on the gangway, and long guns on the main-deck—all 24-pounders, and all English. She carries sixty guns. They have had officers in our dock-yards, and in that of Toulon, and have profited by all that they have seen. I sent in the morning to say that I wished to see the vessel. I went on board at eleven o'clock. Until nine, when they got my message, they were unmooring to shift their berth, clearing the hold, and doing all sorts of dirty work. By the time I got on board she was as clean, and in as good order, as an English ship. Everything was after the English fashion, with but two distinctions—one of which was, in my

mind, a great improvement; the other not. The arms and gunners' stores formed the ornament of the after-part of the wardroom, and were not separated from it; consequently the wardroom officers either must live in the midst of the smell of oil and of the dirt occasioned by the regular cleaning of the arms, or the arms must suffer from want of attention, or from the steam of the officers' dinners, the smoke of their lamps, &c. The only recommendation is that, in case of mutiny, all the arms are in the possession of the officers, through whose cabin is the after cockpit and magazine hatchway. But what I approve highly is the arrangement made for the midshipmen, who have a large cabin divided off for them before the wardroom. Thus they are always under the eye of the officers, and not exposed to the darkness and stench of the cockpit and cable tier.

From thence I was conducted over the Arsenal, which is very small, but very pretty; and, although in an infant state, promises well.

I went on board another frigate, not quite so large as the first, but quite new, and with a round stern. They had three other frigates of different sizes, and two half-gallies, which are used now for coast service only. They row with forty-four oars. They have a model-room, with models of many of the latest improvements in our dockyards.

After my visit, I brought the officer who conducted me on board my yacht, and showed him some of our yacht dandyism, of which he took drawings.

I then went down the coast to the eastward in my barge. Certainly nothing can be more beautiful than the Bay of Genoa. In some respects it is finer than that of Naples. The Apennines rising high imme-

diately behind the town; the *luxe* of marble palaces, and houses of every degree, colour, and form, interspersed with orange and olive groves, and vines, covering the mountain's base, and swarming up its side; the bold outline of the walls and fortified positions crowning its summit, present a picture not to be equalled anywhere; and the taper, beautiful form of the lighthouse, and the coast stretching away to the westward to the Capo di Noli, and to the eastward to Il Porto Fino, almost compensate for the omission of Vesuvius, and the absence of Portici and Pausilipo. As far as the eye can reach both ways the same beautiful scenery, interspersed with the deep gorges of the Apennines, continues. To the eastward is the Lazaretto and Dockyard, where three large frigates are on the stocks. Here the English were to have stormed the works, upon their eastern flank, in 1814. Wilcox was to have commanded a party of seamen upon this service; but the town capitulated that evening.

On the 10th of last July the sea rose along this coast above three English feet—a circumstance never before remembered. But it continued flowing and ebbing irregularly all day. Some violent eruption of volcanic matter, or some earthquake, must have taken place somewhere.

The mercantile navy of Genoa, at this moment, consists of 2,000 sail.

8th. The steamboat from Naples came in with, amongst other passengers, Mr. Arundel, Lord A.'s brother. He is a cripple, having had a paralytic affection last summer twelvemonth, in consequence of a sudden chill after being hot, at Rome, which deprived him

of the use of his limbs. That of one leg is restored by the use of the waters of Ischia, but the other is entirely palsied, and he hangs upon crutches. His spirits are, however, good, and he is now going home to put himself under Abernethy's care, being satisfied that his illness proceeds entirely from the stomach alone. I have him brought on board my yacht, take him on shore, and he went about seeing sights with me in my carriage. He afterwards dined with me, and passed the evening on board. He has entirely forgot his wife, who died so young, after living only a few months with him.

Close to the landing-place is the famous old bank of St. George, which, by its generous confidence in the probity of the merchants of London, deprived Philip of Spain of the money he wanted to equip the Armada destined for the invasion of England, and, by postponing that attempt, gave Elizabeth time to prepare for the attack. It is now the custom-house, but a great fresco-painting of "St. George and the Dragon," which covers the outside, still appears with pride to recall its former name and importance.

9th. In the morning I went in my barge to the westward along Le Riviere di Pinente. The scenery of towns, villas, palazzi, intermixed with all the beauties of orange and olive groves and vineyards, monasteries covering the lower eminences, and the Apennines forming the higher and the background, with the white and glittering city of Genoa the proud, literally covering from crown to base one entire mountain, and spreading its suburbs of St. Pierre d'Arena on the western side and Albaro on the east, like the sweeping studding-sails of an enormous vessel crowded with a cloud of white sail

before the wind, presented a picture I believe unequalled in Europe.

In the evening I went to an inspection of the garrison of Genoa by the *locum tenens* of the Governor. There were scarcely 3,000 troops on the ground, but they were steady, clean, in good order, and marched by well.

11th. Took a drive to the establishment of girls "La Conservatoire des Fieschini," so called after its founder, Dominicho Fieschi, patrician of Genoa, who established it in 1760. It is meant for poor girls, who are provisionally nuns until a certain age, after which time they may profess, or at any time marry, and in this case they have a dowry granted them out of the estate of the founder. They make here the most beautiful artificial flowers in the world. The Palazzo de Fieschi, where is the establishment, is an enormous building, within the old walls built in the bastion of Zerbino. The ground falls down immediately beneath it into a gorge of the Apennines, and the convent commands a view of the heights, and picturesque valleys, from Fort Diamante to the sea, which certainly is not calculated to make the young inhabitants of the establishment less anxious to see more of a world of which they hourly behold from their windows so beautiful and enchanting a specimen.

12th. I went to-day to view an artificial grotto which I was told was a miracle of art, about five miles out of town, on La Riviere del Pinente. I found a guinguette with a long room and two small ones, forming a cross, with a fountain in the middle, fitted up as a grotto, with wooden imitations of stalactites, and stools and tables for hot citizens of Genoa to sit on Sundays and holidays,

to eat fruit and ice in. They told me that when the Austrians blockaded Genoa they made a stable of the grotto, and carried off, as the man assured me with the greatest gravity, 30,000 livres worth of coral. This, of course, was a falsehood.

13th. The embroidery and gold work here are famous. I have bought some for those I love best. I have given Carphy and Nicholson a silver coffee or punch pot each, in token of my approbation and thanks, and a silver snuff-box to Ford. They are delighted beyond measure. To Donati, who takes leave of me here, I have given a gold snuff-box, ten pounds to carry him home to Naples, par diligence, and a letter to Sir Henry Lushington, requesting him to advance Donati fifty pounds sterling, to pay him for his time. He is sorry to go, and I am equally so to lose him, as he has been a very active, quiet, unassuming companion, and has been of great use to me. I give my ship's company a supper and bowl of punch as a leave-taking. They were very uproarious and jolly, and the quiet harbour rung with their cheers until eleven at night.

14th. Wilcox and Radcliffe take leave of me—I believe highly pleased with all that I have done with respect to them. I have certainly every reason to be satisfied with them both.

The Piedmontese Government has behaved in the handsomest way possible. I asked for leave to land my trunks, in order to travel by land, and they not only did so, but gave me an order which I had never asked for, to pass unexamined and unsearched through the whole kingdom of Piedmont. The only incivility which I have experienced has been from the English Consul,

Mr. Sterling, who, after the first day when I sent for him, has never been near me or shown me the slightest attention. I cannot conceive the reason why.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Genoese Women—Architectural Freak at Savona—Magnificent View—Ventimiglia—Monaco—Trophy of Augustus on the Mountain La Turbia—Approach to Nice—Villafranca—Ascending the Maritime Alps—Col de Tende—Dangerous Road—Mountains and Clouds—Cosi—Approach to Turin.

SEPTEMBER 15th. This morning I took leave of the "Anna Eliza." My crew parted with me; I believe, also, with regret. They fired a salute, and cheered loudly. I went to the Wilsons' lodgings, where my carriage was, packed, and, after many vexatious delays, got off from thence about twelve o'clock.

We passed through Genoa by the Lanterna Road. Our course lay amongst a succession of villages, bastides, palazzi, orange groves, olive woods, and vineyards; with every now and then a peep up a fiumara, into a narrow gorge of the Apennines, whose summits, capped with clouds, formed the misty background of the picture. The road kept along the sea-side, and at length we arrived at our first stage, Voltri, where we changed horses—a small town with iron-works, where they work

up all the old iron which they purchase at Gibraltar, and elsewhere. The road continued by the sea-side, gradually mounting upon the corniche overhanging the sea, where it was extremely good—the descents and ascents so moderate, as scarcely to be felt—until we came to the village of Alisano, where it turned into the Apennines, along a gorge overhanging a romantic stream, the banks of which were rich with olive woods and vineyards—the former swelling up the sides of the roots of the Apennines, and crowning their summits. After proceeding in this way for about a mile, the road crossed the stream, and again turned to the sea, the opening upon which was beautiful.

Thus we proceeded, rising in height above the blue waters of the Mediterranean, until we rounded this part of the Bay of Genoa, and, looking back, the view of the sweeping shores of le Riviere del Ponente was magnificent, with the lanterna of Genoa throwing up its white tower into the blue sky, and the white city and suburbs of Genoa variegated the lower sides of the Apennines with streaks of brilliant white. Here, too, we saw the "Anna Eliza," with every sail set on the breeze, gaining an offing under her royals, and making her way to dear, distant England.

The place from whence we enjoyed this view is called Boscoletto; and from thence to the town of Yorèa, where a good deal of trade appears to be carrying on in a small way, and several vessels, amongst which were two handsome brigs, were building on the beach. All seemed industrious, and all employed. What struck me most, all along the road from Genoa, was the beauty of the women, the fairness of their complexions, and the perfection of their shape. Accustomed from their in-

fancy to carry weights upon their heads without support, their walk possesses singular firmness, elasticity, and grace. The contrast between them and the tanned, sallow features of the Neapolitan, Sicilian, Sardinian, and Corsican women was most striking.

Here was a very picturesque palazzo, situated high on the cliff above, with a beautiful, sandy cove of the sea ending in a small beach, and a bridge of one arch over the stream, which in winter comes roaring from the Apennines. High up in the gorge you see woods of olive and evergreen; oak clothing the eminences, and high pine woods rising above them. Thus the road runs on upon the corniche, commanding views of the Bay of Genoa, and the headlands of Savona and Noli pushing far into the ocean, with many a sweeping promontory falling right down into the sea, and covered with olives and other trees quite to the water's edge.

We passed through the picturesque villages of Farrosa, Scilla, and Arbitoglio, until the citadel of Savona appeared, pushing far its mole into the waves, with the old, dusky town sweeping the edge of the shore. We were high above it, and descended a steep road by the playground of a seminary of Jesuits, where the boys, in cocked hats and soutanes, were playing at ball, until at length we plunged deep into the town, the whole valley belonging to which was dotted all over with bastides and orange groves, having many of the trees bursting into flower. We drove straight to the Albergo Nuovo.

I was very much amused with a man who had built an enormous red brick house, painted on the outside in fresco, in gigantic figures, and in all possible orders of architecture, situated beautifully in

the midst of groves and vineyards; but his great and only pride, evidently, was a huge mis-shapen tower of alternate white and red bricks, which he had raised on a little mound, like a pattè, to look down his own chimney.

16th. This morning we left Savona. It is an old town, surrounded by an old wall, and a gateway, at which a sentry is still placed; but the greatest part of the inhabited town is in the suburbs, where the inns, &c., are. Within the walls Monsieur le Commandant, and his satellites of the Douane, held their solitary reign. We drove out immediately upon the sea-shore, along which the road passes, at different heights, all the way to Oneglia, where we slept. On leaving Savona the road is at first flat, running amongst mulberry trees, vineyards, and olive groves. The first town we came to had the remains of an old fortress, proudly perched upon a mountain's side, and well situated for the style of warfare which raged at the time when this, and many like it, were built, but quite useless now. It is very remarkable to observe how all the heights and summits of the Maritime Alps are crowned with small towers, either built in the days of the Condottieri, or when Genoa reigned over these frontier vallies with a rod of iron. They are all now, more or less, in ruins, and add much to the picturesque beauty of the scenery. Some of those best suited for the purpose, on the sea-shore, are still kept up as stations for the douaniers.

Here, at the point of the land which forms one side of the Bay of Noli, is the little, picturesque island of Belseri, on which stands a ruined fort. The rocks are all composed of beautiful shades of micaceous schist.

The road rises on the cornice above the sea. It is well constructed, but too narrow. There is no real danger; but the precipice is very steep—sheer down into the sea. In some places there is no guard at all; in some, merely stones put up; in others, a dwarf wall.

On the point of Noli the road runs through a gallery cut through the rock, of above 100 yards in length. After we had passed this, a most romantic promontory, covered with olive-trees down to the water's edge, presents itself, and the road turns into the land, and through a beautiful olive wood and a small town, we again came round to the sea, and, passing through the grotto of Finale—another tunnel like that of Noli—came to the ancient town of Finale and its castle. From thence a beautiful gorge and fiumara running far into the Maritime Alps, which is rich with woods of olive and immense pines and pinasters, and dotted with houses and villages. Across this gorge the road runs, and mounts by short zig-zag traverses a steep mountain, at the top of which, above 2,000 feet high, the view is magnificent.

The whole Gulf of Genoa is under the eye. The mountains of primitive limestone above Carrara, and all the Tuscan mountains beyond the Gulf of Spezzia, present themselves on the one hand. A white line, which designates Genoa, runs along one portion of the picture; every part of the cornice, and every town we have passed through lay beneath us like a map; and in the far horizon were to be distinguished the blue highlands of Corsica, the island of Gorgona, and that of Caprara.

Here the mountain, which is called Cravaropra, is

composed of different-coloured marbles, consisting of sulphate of lime in different varieties. Amongst others a very beautiful black and white sort, a pink variety, and in one place a large cliff consisted entirely of stalactitic sulphate of lime.

Descending from this elevation in the same manner in which we mounted it, we swept along the sea-shore. Beautiful passes into the mountains, covered with wood and steep precipices, below us, feathered down to the water's edge with evergreen oaks, mulberries, carobas, figs, and pinasters, through villages and towns, until we reached Albenga, where we changed horses. This town is situated at the bottom of one of the thousand beautiful little indented bays which break in upon this enchanting coast. Off the coast is another little island, with a romantic tower. From thence we passed into another inlet, where stands the little town of Alessia, where we changed again; and here the Maritime Alps send off a lateral branch or spar, which connects itself with the roots of the high Alps, in the chain which is the grand St. Bernard, &c.

The first view of this gorge is very fine, as, although it is far from equalling in height the one it arrives at last at, it shews chain above chain, until, in the far distance, peaks and ridges are discernible, offering a true Alpine appearance. All the first ranges are covered with forests of olive-trees, sweeping up to their summits, and at their bases and in the plain are embowered convents, churches, towns, and bastiones in their silver foliage. In this way, and through this class of scenery, after passing through two towns, picturesquely situated on each side of a romantic bay,

called Phœbé and Diana—why, I know not—the road follows the indents of the mountain above the sea; and after carrying us up another precipitous traverse ascent, came down into the little town of Oneglia, where we slept. Oneglia is situated in another bay, which bears its name, and is famous for its fishery. The inn tolerably good, but the water all brackish and bad.

17th. Left Oneglia this morning at half-past seven o'clock. The road still follows the sinuosities of the shore, which becomes bleak, low, and barren. We passed through St. Stephano and St. Remo, but nothing worth looking at occurs until we come to Ventimiglia, the approach to which is very picturesque. It was the frontier town between ancient Piedmont and the state of Genoa. A large fiumara, which in winter pours down a wide and deep torrent, separated the two states. Ventimiglia, which belonged to Piedmont, stands on a high and tremendously steep hill, that commands the river and the gorge that runs up into the heart of the Maritime Alps, which here begin to commix and blend themselves with the high Alpine chain. The town is strongly fortified according to the plan of the days when its fortifications were needed. They now serve only to add to the picturesque beauty of the scene, as the whole hill is skirted with ancient walls and gray towers, forming a large enceinte, and communicating with a hill, on which stands the citadel. The bridge of communication over the river is so narrow that a carriage can scarcely pass along, and the hill up the principal street is so steep and so slippery that it is with the greatest difficulty a carriage can mount to the post-house, where the hill is again

steeper, and is obliged to be moved by men as well as by horses up to the summit.

After leaving Ventimiglia you come, always proceeding along the sinuosities of the sea, to Mentone, which is in the possessions of the potent prince of three hours' extent of territory, the Prince of Monaco. He still retains his nominal sovereignty. The passports are *visée* in great force by a Colonel des Carabineers de S. A. S., &c., who acts as secretary of state and minister of police. His uniform is green, and the King of Sardinia's blue; but the King of Sardinia is protector of the principality, declares war, makes peace, and manages the foreign affairs of H. S. H., and levies the sum of one franc par tête, which travellers pay to have their passports visée.[1]

At some distance from Mentone, on the shores of the sea, and even within its spray, I was surprised at seeing groves of date-trees, all tied up for fruit, and spreading their feathery foliage amongst olives, mulberry, and vines. It gave an air perfectly African or Egyptian to the scenery. They have evidently become naturalized to the soil, as I observed many places in which they had self-sown themselves, and formed the underwood as well as the high trees of the soil.

From Mentone you begin to rise gradually, and at length the slope becomes very severe. The indents of the coast lie beautifully beneath you, covered with orange-trees, vines, olives, and mulberries, quite down to the water's side; and the fairy promontory of Monaco, with its little fortifications, small towers, trim barracks,

[1] This principality has recently been absorbed into the French empire for "a consideration."

and neat parade, with a small church and houses to correspond, look beneath you like a toy town and establishment, set forth for some princely child of the House of Savoy to play with. At length you mount a vast mountain by a very splendid road, called La Turbie, composed of secondary limestone of beautiful colours, mill-stone grit, and limestone strata. The road is broad and well-constructed. To the left a collateral road goes down into Monaco, but the post road goes up into the clouds, certainly above 2,000 feet, and the mountain crags are full as much above you. From the summit the whole coast from Lucca, far beyond Antibes, with Corsica in the distance of the Mediterranean outline, are distinctly visible. Above Monaco, on the summit of a small mountain, but far beneath you on the Turbie, is a large column erect, and many others *ebauchés*, lying on the ground, as if cut out of the limestone round them, are to be seen, and no history or tradition makes out their meaning. There are no foundations of Roman buildings; and I incline to think, as we know they occupied this country, that these columns were cut either for embarkation, for which nothing could be more convenient, as they required only to be rolled down into Monaco and to the sea, or for some building on the shore that was never undertaken or carried out.

At the summit of the road, where it tends to the right, is the village of La Turbie, in which stands the gigantic remnant of the immense monument described by Pliny, and erected by Augustus, to perpetuate the achievements of the Roman arms, and the names of the Alpine nations which he had subdued. It was a large round tower, standing on a square base—the base itself

again surrounded by a concentric work of masonry. Report says that on the summit stood the statue of Augustus, that the ascent to the tower was from the west by two staircases supported by Doric columns, and that to the north and south it was adorned with trophies. But all is now a heap of ruins, began by the Lombards and completed by Marshal Villars, who considered it, from its height and strength, capable of being turned to military advantage by the enemy. Part of the inscription given by Pliny still remains—enough, at least, to constitute its identity. It appears gigantic in the solitude of the mountains, and the more so because a church and houses are built near it of an ordinary and usual size, which contrast themselves most diminutively with their stupendous neighbour.

The road now winding amongst the defiles of La Turbie begins to descend very gradually and slowly. Beneath you is the port and establishments of Villafranca, where the King of Sardinia has a dockyard. Between it and Nice stands the fort of Montauban, which equally defends Villafranca and Nice. The former is the maritime port of the latter. The dockyard establishments on a miniature scale are beautifully neat and complete. The fortifications were constructed by Emanuel of Savoy, in the seventeenth century, the city in the thirteenth by Charles II., King of Sicily and Count of Provence. A promontory, consisting of two branches, one covered with olives to the sea, and the other with beautiful verdure running far out into the sea, looked like the ornamented grounds of a gentleman's park upon a large scale. In one of the gorges of La Turbie is a town and ancient castle, built on the summit of a conical hill, far below us; in former days it afforded a

powerful defence to the gorge, and is now a most picturesque position.

The road now winds down the side of La Turbie, and, turning inland, discovers the valley of the river which runs into the sea at Nice, the Alps rising in successive ridges beyond, and closing the horizon with a serrated outline far distant. The whole valley is beautiful. The country is now heavy with grapes, and the vintage is just on the eve of commencing. The beautiful clusters which bound the road tempt the thirsty traveller, who can always buy, for almost nothing, more than he can eat. The vines are not here trained up on poplars as in Lombardy and the campagna round Naples, neither are they grown like gooseberry bushes in that ugliest of countries called "la belle France;" but are trained, in the most picturesque manner, over trellises which form long embowered walks beneath, having melons, turkey corn, or other vegetables in the interstices. Thus the whole country looks like a garden, especially, too, when the vines are mixed, as they usually are, with oranges and mulberries.

Far to the left the mountains of Dauphiny were to be seen in the horizon, and the silver line of the Var —so often and so deeply stained with blood during the last half century—was beheld running down into the sea.

Evening closed upon us before we turned the shoulder of the mountain which showed us the approach to Nice.

18th. There is nothing in Nice itself that is very picturesque, but it has the air of a neat built half-French, half-Italian town, with strong traces of many English visitors, in English shops, broken English, and

rather dear prices—but, thank God, the season is not yet begun. I went on to the Var, about four miles along the sea-shore, which is flat, and the country marshy, meadowy, and melancholy. The Var is a very broad stream, which in winter pours down a tremendous flood from the Alps, bearing with it great floats of fir timber for exportation. The bridge is of wood, and after seeing the Sardinian sentries at one end and the French at the other, we returned.

I found out an apothecary here who has a very pretty collection of natural history, which he has made himself; in birds he is the strongest, but he is making himself master of the geology of this branch of the Maritime Alps, and I got from him several specimens. Amongst his birds is a magnificent vulture of the Alps, which I never saw before. It is the link between the vulture and the eagle. Some of his shells are good.

19th. I took a carriage and went to Villafranca, the port of Nice. Were a road made round the point on which stands the lighthouse, half an hour's drive would take us thither. As it is, you have to toil up the hill on which Fort Montauban stands, and then creep down it again, that requires full two hours of very unpleasant steep driving. Here is a little arsenal, and a little basin, and a little town, very neat and very like a toy, but defended by large works and a large garrison, which might be pelted out with stones. The bay of Villafranca is a little deep inlet quite landlocked, formed by the promontory on which stands the lighthouse on one side, and the promontory de l'Hospice on the other. It is beautifully situated, and protected on all sides, except where the arsenal stands, by high crags clothed with evergreens, olives, &c. Here is a wash-hand basin,

which serves as a dock for the King of Sardinia's small cruizers, and another in which he builds them. He has an anchor wharf, which holds three anchors, a rope-walk, on which a ball of packthread can be twisted, and a forge establishment equal to the production of horse-shoes—with a large establishment of douaniers to prevent smuggling. Here are found, and ate as a dainty, the pholades,[1] or sea-grub, which live in nests which they perforate for themselves in the heart of the hardest rocks, and in deep water. I find that the Governor here, Le Marquis de Flaverge, is married to an English-woman, Miss Windham of Salisbury. She wrote a note to me this evening, inquiring after my sister, who is an old friend of hers.

20th. We were in the carriage this morning by six o'clock, the time appointed by our voiturier to set off, but he was not ready. At length he came, and we started off with four horses. The road lays along the valley of the Paglione, the stream which runs into the sea at Nice. The valley is beautifully picturesque, clothed with trees, and full of bastides and villages. The Maritime Alps, as yet but low to what they are further up, form the background. After going about four miles the Paglione runs up to the left, and the road follows one of its tributary streams, and, beginning to rise, reaches the village of Scaletta, picturesquely situated in a gorge of the mountains, where we breakfasted.

At twelve o'clock, after refreshing our horses, we proceeded. We now began to ascend the maritime Alps, and were near four hours traversing in

[1] Pholas, a bivalve well-known on parts of the English coast, where the fishermen use it as a bait.

zig-zag traverses up a high mountain, which is the head of the waters that run into the sea at Nice. La Scaletta was embosomed in olives, mulberries, figs, and vines. The scene became wilder as we mounted, and we soon got into regions where nothing but the pine flourishes. The rocks are all composed of secondary limestone, and as we got higher up the Braus we found organic remains. We now proceeded along the ridge of the mountain, and then descended by as tortuous and as tedious a process as that which attended our ascent. We were heading all the waters whose estuaries we had passed in our road along the corniche from Genoa to Nice. The Paglione rises near Scaletta. Its tributary streams spring amongst the recesses of the Braus, but the dry summer had stopped all the cascades, and their stony beds, with a little dribbling rill amongst them, were all that denoted the places that in winter roll floods down, carrying rafts of pine trees to Nice for embarkation.

As we descended the Braus the valleys all dip to the north-west. Far on our right we saw the abandoned fortress and castle of Cartiglione, high placed on the summit of the mountain, in the gorges of which run the streams that meet the sea at Mentone. The Maritime Alps, increasing in grandeur and importance, were to be seen rising chain above chain in our front, and extending far to the left. Further on behind us, to our left, the French Alps, the Isles of St. Marguerite, Hieres, and the coast of Marseilles, lay beneath us; and below us was a lovely valley, full of verdure, fruit, and foliage, with the river running through it, which runs into the sea at Ventimiglia; and in the valley lay the dusky little old town of Sospetto, where we were to sleep. It ap-

peared to be within a stone's throw at our feet, but the descent was so steep, and the sinuosities of the road so many and so winding, that we found we had ten miles to go before we reached the town. At length we crept down into this delicious valley, and found a wretched inn, but tolerable accommodation, at Sospetto.

21st. We left Sospetto at six o'clock, and began immediately mounting. At length the rocks almost closed the passage, and, crossing a bridge, we entered on the Col de Bruis, where the road was so narrow that there was but just room for the carriage-wheels, the rocks on the left hand rising 3,000 feet above us, and overhanging in one place so much that the servants could scarcely sit upon the box. Below us on the right was a rapid and beautifully clear stream, forming one of the branches of the river, which runs into the sea at Ventimiglia. The difference of climate began sensibly to be felt, and the air of the morning, until the sun had risen above the summits of the mountain, was piercing and chill. The mountains are now free from snow, and generally are so for nearly four months in the year.

After passing this gorge we continued to ascend a steep acclivity, until we found ourselves at the foot of a high mountain, which goes by the name of Le Mange Bœuf. I should fancy this mountain could not rise less than 4,000 feet above where we were. Lateral gorges opened into the mountains, and many a distant sunlit mountain was seen rising at the far extremity of these vistas, affording a strong contrast to the dark, chill appearance of the gloomy road along

which we travelled, where the light of the sun was kept off by the near-approaching mountains long after more open points and peaks were blazing in sunrise. On the opposite side of the river were the picturesque ruins of the Castle of Tort, which once defended this valley, standing on the pointed summit of a sugar-loaf hill overhanging the stream, now abandoned to decay.

From the base of Mange Bœuf we began to descend, with a beautifully irrigated and pastoral valley on our right, until we came to the little village of La Giandola, situated at the foot of a high mountain of the same name, close to the river side, where we breakfasted. On our departure from thence we continued to follow the river's course, until we came to a grove, or rather forest, of magnificent chestnuts, which skirted the valleys and the lower parts of the mountain's side, whilst their upper regions were covered with pines and firs.

We continued going through this magnificent scenery until the mountains again closed upon us, leaving but just room for the road—literally hanging over the torrent beneath. On first entering it you see a mountain high in air in front of you at a distance, and a town perched upon its cliffs like an eagle's nest. You lose sight of it in the narrow passage, until, after pursuing this course for above a mile, you suddenly pass to your right hand and find yourself on the banks of the River Roza, with the Pass of Saorgio before you, with the town of the same name, situated in the shape of an amphitheatre, amongst olive woods, nearly on the summit of a mountain in your front.

The rocks continue to be of secondary slate, but stained of every colour by the greater or less quantity of iron which enters into their composition. Hereabouts they become of a dark purple, and the contrast they make with the vivid green of the giant chestnuts, the dark pines, and the silver foliage of the olive, all reflected in the pellucid diamond-coloured water, forms a picture certainly nowhere exceeded in beauty. The mountains, too, are full of springs, which, even in this dry season, leap in silver jets from rock to rock, and keep up a most luxuriant vegetation.

The road continues along this river's course, and is constantly rising. Peak succeeds peak, and some of those under which we passed are, by barometrical measurement, ascertained to be above 9,000 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. The road along which we now travel cannot be less than 3,000 feet above the sea.

In this manner we went on until, suddenly, we turned a corner of the mountain, and found the town of Tendé in front of us, and the immense mountains which constitute Le Col de Tendé, and which we are to pass to-morrow, overhanging it in all the grandeur of the scenery of the high Maritime Alps. The day had been beautifully fine, and warm; but the sun had long left us, the vapours of the evening were gradually creeping up the mountain's side, and the air was very chilly.

We found the town full of people, it being the day of the annual fair; but we got tolerable quarters at l'Hotel Imperiale, and a good dinner, amidst much drinking, singing, jollity, and noise. The wo-

men's dresses are as gaudy as scarlet and yellow cloth can make them—but they themselves are very ugly, and *Alpine*. Gaiters here begin to be common. Their hair is hung in a net behind, their jackets are a bright scarlet, their petticoats yellow, and their stockings blue. The men usually wear bright scarlet caps, large cocked hats, or very broad-brimmed round ones; a scarlet waistcoat, and knee-breeches of a bright blue, with immense bunches of ribbands at the knees. The language spoken is a *patois*, composed of a mixture of French, Italian, Latin, and Spanish; but the usual language spoken among the better orders is French, although the Piedmontese *hate* that nation.

22nd. This morning we were in the carriage by six o'clock, as we were told that it is always desirable to cross the Col de Tendé by mid-day, as at that hour frequently tourmentes and snow-storms come on, which make the higher part of the road dangerous. Our course lay along the bed of the river in true Alpine scenery, amidst overhanging rocks and mountains covered with pine and larch, narrowing by degrees until there was but just room for the road over the torrent. The first tints of the sun upon the mountains were magnificent, and especially as there was a good deal of cloud hovering about their summits, which were tinted for a moment with all the colours of the rainbow. After going on in this way about six miles, admiring the beauty of the valleys that every now and then broke in upon the gorge along which we travelled, our attendant stream dwindled into a rivulet, a brook, and finally a spring-head. The drought of the weather has dried up the cascades, and

left their stony channels only to denote where they ought to be. Still we had two or three runs of water which were picturesque even now, and in rainy seasons must be magnificent.

At length the valley closed upon us entirely, and its termination was blocked up by a huge mountain, whose summit was capped by clouds, and up which we were told we were to ascend; but how, except on eagles' wings, was to me a mystery. Two solitary houses "of refuge," as they were called, in cases of tourmente or snow—one half-way up, the other near the summit—were shown us as places by which our carriage was destined to proceed. The upper house, in size and situation, looked like an eagle's nest. Up this mountain, where the real pass of the Col de Tendé commences, we began to climb by short traverses and zigzags, which, to a certain degree, aided the ascent; but half our time was occupied in turning sharp corners. There was no wall or protection whatever against the precipice; and, in turning the angles of the traverses, the carriage was carried, in order to give it a full, safe sweep, close to the edge. We had a spare pair of mules to the carriage, and the pair of horses which they relieved were sent up the pass before us, to take the mules' places when we arrived at the top. The muleteer, trusting wholly to the sagacity of his mules, left the carriage entirely to them, and them to themselves.

As I knew that a false step, or a mulish caprice, would inevitably send us headlong to the bottom, I in vain harangued the muleteer, and desired him to remain at the head of his mules. But he had a bottle slung behind the carriage, which had more persuasive

charms than my objurgations, and my muleteer was always conversing with his bottle. At last I lost patience, and, taking out a pistol, swore that the next time he left his mules I would fire at him; and seeing me in earnest, he left them no more.

In this way we gradually ascended for four hours, leaving the road below us exactly like a twisted snake wriggling down the mountain's side. The view behind us was beautiful. The whole extent of the Maritime Alps lay beneath us like a map. At the foot of the ascent my thermometer stood at 61° of Fahrenheit; at the summit it stood at 50°. This was no degree of cold; but the contrast between our feelings then, and when the temperature was never less than 80°, and often much higher, made us very sensible of the chill, and we were very cold, and glad to wrap ourselves in our cloaks. The clouds still kept hovering across the breast and summit of the mountain, and collected below us.

At the summit, the view of the reverse of the range of mountains, and of the descent into the plains of Piedmont, was very magnificent; but volumes of cloud and vapour hung over the high Alps, and deprived us of a fine prospect. Above this mass of vapour, however, the serrated line of the distant Alps was visible, with here and there a dark peak, its top clothed in eternal snow, and with white lines of glaciers streaming down its sides, appeared prominent and conspicuous. Monté Viso, to our left, was quite visible, and looked very terrific with its immense precipices and glaciers. For a short time I saw Mont Cenis, and what was told me was the summit of the Simplon; but Mont Blanc and Mont Rosa had re-

tired into the solitude of their own peculiar clouds, and even their outline was not visible; in a few minutes the clouds of vapour shut out the whole scene from our view.

But the vapour itself had its beauties, rolling in immense fleecy waves, like a huge billowy sea, over the whole of Piedmont. The black clouds which here and there strayed across this fleecy mass had a curious effect, as they evidently were charged with electric matter; and, as they came within the scope of the attraction of the mountains, they took the most extraordinary forms—sometimes they scudded by, like immense castles, pine-trees, &c., and then, having as it were saluted these giants as they passed, relapsed into their cloudy shapes and passed on.

We now descended, much quicker of course, but along the same class of traverse roads as that by which we ascended; but the sides of the mountains were not near so rugged nor so barren as the southern exposure. Copse-wood of beech and box skirted the road, and we soon got amongst chestnuts and walnut-trees, and the pastoral beauties of the vallies of Piedmont. The country people were now making their *fourth* crop of hay in the water-meadows, and the smell and scene put me in mind of England. Still the mountains presented a magnificent outline, but they were set off by the milder beauties of rural scenery which did not appear on the other side of the Col de Tendé. The valleys were wide, silver streams glided through them, farm-houses were dotted about, and an industrious population were at work.

About half-way down the hill we were shewn the spot where Napoleon had begun the gigantic project

of driving a tunnel and a road through the Col de Tendé, instead of over it. I am persuaded the plan was very practicable—and perhaps the tunnel need not have exceeded two miles in length, if so much; but I don't see how, when finished, he could have kept it clear of snow, or avoided the dreadful gusts of wind which at all seasons would have blown a hurricane through that compressed channel.

We were two hours descending to Limone, at the foot of the mountains, where we refreshed ourselves, and afterwards came on to Coni, through groves and forests of the most beautiful chestnuts, walnut-trees, and mulberries. The road was, upon a gigantic scale, like one continued passage through a large park in England. The trees were beautifully grouped and splendid in size, and the verdure beneath them vivid and luxuriant. The latter part was a flat plain.

Coni was one of the strongest fortified places in Europe; but in 1801, after the battle of Marengo, the French destroyed the fortifications, of which not even a vestige now remains, the ditches being filled up and the earth levelled and planted. The French would have done well had they destroyed the town too, as a more miserable place I never saw, and the accommodations are worse than any which I have seen, except in Sicily and Corsica. Up the main street, however, a curious effect is produced by deep arcades lining it on each side, under which foot-passengers walk, and at the back of which are gloomy shops. They rather put one in mind of Chester; but in the present case they are a receptacle for all sorts of filth and abomination.

23rd. The clouds were heavy on the mountains, and

the air very cold; but, as the day advanced, a beautiful sunshine by degrees lifted up the veil that concealed the Alps from us. The country through which we travelled was a dead flat, and perfectly uninteresting, when the admiration occasioned by its fertility had gone by. The road runs in straight lines, bounded on each side by rows of mulberry trees. Nothing could be more monotonous or dull; but the hope occasioned by the gradual withdrawing of the mist from the Alps kept me awake; and first Monte Viso, the nearest point to us, in which the Po takes its rise, appeared, rising its giant peak in the air, with glaciers and precipices; and by degrees the whole of the scene became visible, although only partially so, as the vapours still wrapped themselves round the bases of all, and the summits of some. Mont Cenis then uncovered itself, and, at length, the Sovereign of the whole court, Mont Blanc, gradually and slowly emerged from his retreat. He towered majestically above the whole, although much more distant from us than the other peaks. He could not be nearer than seventy miles. The thing which struck me most was the, comparatively speaking, little quantity of snow upon any of the Alps. The fresh snow of the season has not yet fallen, and the heat of the summer has been such that the southern declivity of these mountains still irradiate an immense quantity of heat from their sides. Even Mont Blanc showed but little snow. On the north side I believe the case is different, and that their snowy mantle is close wrapped round them; but on this they still expose themselves to the latest rays of the Italian sun.

Turin makes no appearance as you approach it.

Being situated in the midst of a woody plain, you see nothing of it until you are in it. The ground rises beautifully on the other side of the Po, covered with villages, palaces, bastides, and houses, all showing the neighbourhood of a great capital. In the fields the women wear the large cottage straw hat which they have worn for ages, and is becoming; but in the towns they all, young and old, deform themselves by wearing a full, close, high cap, ornamented with quantities of lace, gauze, and bows of ribband sticking high up behind, and tying under the chin—such as Mrs. Malaprop wears in the play, and Lady B—— sometimes sports in real life. We drove through a handsome line of streets to the Swiss hôtel.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Turin—Professor Borelli and the Museum—Palais Royal—Vallé d'Aosta—Villages—Glimpses of Mont Blanc—Cattle Fair at Morjex—Battle of Marengo—Extortionate Innkeepers—Earthquake in the Neighbourhood of Genoa—Its Effects.

SEPTEMBER 25th. Turin is a handsome-built city, at the confluence of the Po and the Dora. The approach to it is imposing, as every road is lined with avenues of mulberry trees. The Po is here navigable, and rolls a fine stream, but never was known to be so low in its waters as it is at present. As you enter, all the villages and houses which adorn the slopes and summits of the surrounding hills, have a fine effect. The city is small—about three miles round—but compact. It is laid out in rectangular streets, which are broad and good; but there is no variety in the architecture, which is heavy. All the houses are built of dark brick, and look unfinished. The fronts of some are stuccoed over, but there are none of those magnificent marble façades of ancient days that adorn

Genoa, and call back historical recollections. This proves how much effect is caused by imagination. There are ancient recollections enough, and enough of glorious history, belonging to Turin and its race of Princes; but the spectator is not struck with the remembrance of them, or by the feeling that one is on the spot, merely because the ancient part of the city is built of brown brick instead of marble, and the modern stuccoed over.

The rumour prevails that the King means gradually to withdraw himself from Turin, which he does not like, to Genoa, which he prefers. The city is divided by its rectangular streets into 147 squares or contradi. It is amusing to see the etiquette at the corner of each street, bearing the old French title, either of one of the Departments of the Po, or of some one of the French victories, and under it the saint's name belonging to the more ancient Piedmontese nomenclature, and now again restored. The two principal streets are those of the Po and the Dora Grossa. Where they cross each other is a large square, in the centre of which is the old palace. When standing at the gate of this building one sees the extent of the town on every side—streets opening to the country, and through the archway of the palace, in perspective of the scenery round Turin. This palace was built in 1416 by Amadeus VIII., Duke of Savoy. They call this Le Palais de Madame. In fact, it is now the palace where the courts of justice are held. The Royal palace is on the right hand coming into the square from La Rue de Po. It presents nothing particular in architecture.

Opposite is the theatre which bears its name, and where operas are performed every night. It was built in 1752, by Borra, who did some things at Stowe. The façade is good, decorated with a portico supported by columns.

I called at the atelier of Bozanigo, the famous sculptor in wood and ivory. He is dead, but his work is still carried on by those who worked for him. I bought some carvings, which were quite beautiful.

26th. I passed the day at the University, and was introduced to the Professor Borelli, one of the first zoologists and geologists in Europe. He was kind enough to show me through the whole Museum in all its branches of Natural History. The building was formerly the Jesuits' College. Thank God, it is now appropriated to much honester and nobler purposes. The façade is good — the architect, Guarini. Great part of the collection was originally formed by the celebrated Donati, who travelled to India and in Egypt in 1759 and 1761, by order of the King of Sardinia, who died before his return home. Immense additions have been made to it by the purchase of private collections, and by the exertions of Professor Borelli. At present, the mineralogical part is arranged after the system of Brogniart, by Mr. Borson, who has the care of that particular branch, and lectures upon it. It is very rich in minerals, but not so much so as it ought to be, and will be. Its collection of volcanic minerals is paltry, and not separated from the rest.

In shells, both existing and fossil, it is extremely strong. The same in insects and birds, the latter

especially. In fishes, also, remarkably so. In beasts not so strong, but very respectable. The suite of Comparative Anatomy is beautiful, and this branch is particularly attended to. In Geology it is very strong, but, from want of room, full one-half of the whole collection is shut up in drawers, and cannot be placed. But a splendid and immense hall is now fitting up for the Zoological collection, which will, of course, liberate a good deal of room. This collection, under the auspices of Professors Borson and Borelli, bids fair to be one of the finest in Europe. The King has no taste for this science, but the Government contributes liberally to it. I was surprised to see how weak they were in English minerals and volcanic, and that they had no correspondents in England, or Naples, or Sicily. I gave them letters to Mr. Heuland in London, Gemellaro in Sicily, and Donati in Naples. Professor Borelli dined and passed the evening with me.

27th. I went to see the Palais Royal. You enter a large gloomy square, looking like that of a great hospital in England, only there you would not see it overgrown with grass and weeds as this is. Under the corridors of this court you pass up a great staircase of marble, not at all magnificent, and filthy. The rooms are vast and massive, carved, with gilding, fresco-painting, painted ceilings, and massy decorations, which, although in bad taste, form altogether a magnificent whole, and such as denotes a royal residence. There is no modern furniture. The whole is of the same date with the building, and certainly very striking.

At last, after wandering through vast ancient apartments, anciently occupied by the princes of Savoy, the floors beautifully inlaid in wood, and the walls covered with glass, tapestry, and gilding, you come to an apartment entirely wainscoted with beautiful japan, the gift of the great Prince Eugene of Savoy.

Here is a fine picture of the Prodigal Son, by Guercino. He has introduced the same grouping of figures which appears in my picture at Stowe, but in a much larger picture, and accompanied by other figures. The chimney-pieces and tables are of beautiful marbles from the Maritime Alps. The King's boudoir and private oratory are formed entirely of old japan, beautifully inlaid in mother-of-pearl.

There are two small rooms entirely fitted up with miniatures of many of the finest Italian pictures, by l'Abbé Ramelli, beautifully done. Many of these pictures were stolen by the French, but have been brought back. Some, however, of the finest are still retained, under different pretences; and some have been half spoiled by their detestable cleaning.

One side of the palace opens to a garden of parterra and orange trees; no beauty. Upon the whole, the palace pleased me much.

In the evening Borelli came to me, and we went to the theatre of Angennes—so called because it forms part of the former hôtel of the Marquis d'Angennes, or la Place Carline. Here they act Italian comedies and plays. I was surprised at finding such very good acting. They acted a play on the old hacknied subject of "Paul and Virginia," which, by dint of good acting, and the author's sticking to the old story, instead of making *Paul* and *Virginia* recover from

drowning and marry and live very happy after, they made exceeding affecting and impressive. The theatre is small, but well decorated.

28th. Professor Borelli dined with me. Gave him letters to Donati at Naples, and Gemellaro at Milan. It is extraordinary how ignorant those philosophers are of everything out of the immediate range of their pursuits. Many of the most interesting localities Borelli did not even know by name.

29th. Set off this morning for Yvrea, on my way to Aosta. The country quite flat at first, and uninteresting. We followed the valley of the Doire, and crossed two of its tributary streams over bridges of boats. At Chivasa I observed an ancient and handsome portal to the church, and a pointed arch, with good old tracery. At Santhia the road begins to be picturesque. The flat, unvarying alternation of corn and vineyard-ground, with a straight road between two rows of mulberry trees, begins to give way to slopes planted with chestnut trees and picturesque copsewood. On the right the eye stretches far over the plains of Piedmont, and to the front and left ought to have been a magnificent amphitheatre of Alps; but although the weather was beautifully fine towards the middle of the day, and the dense fog with which the morning began to clear away, the clouds hung heavy on the mountains, and it was only by occasional fits and starts that we saw the snowy range of the great St. Bernard and some of the high peaks raising themselves above the clouds. To our right lay a broad lake, and we entered Yvrea at the entrance of the Vallé d'Aosta, which was most picturesque and fine. A ridge of high table-land runs

along the Doire for many miles, precisely parallel to the level of the river. This must have been occasioned at the original subsiding of the waters. On each side of this great headland flows a stream, both of which join below and form the Dora.

At Santhia are the picturesque remains of an old castle upon a hill, and a chapel and calvaire upon another hill above the town. Yvrea is a picturesque old town, with an old castle in the midst of it, and you enter it by an old bridge, over the river Dora, which runs foaming under it down from the Alps. In the middle of the stream were picturesque corn-mills; and mountains closed the view. The inn room hangs over the river.

30th. This morning at six o'clock left Yvrea. On leaving the town to descend into the valley of the Dora, I had the opportunity of seeing more closely the table-land. This gorge is formed by two high mountains—one called St. André, and the other Arnona. Where the river rushes into the plain of Piedmont, these two mountains rise on each side of the valley in a slope of 100 degrees. At the time the waters originally subsided, they must have rushed with great force out of this narrow defile, and down the rapid slope which they now fall down, and must have carried with them vast masses of debris. When the waters overspread the plain of Piedmont, these debris subsided, of course, but still were carried on, though slowly, and in a gradually diminishing velocity, along the course of the river. Thus, as the waters sunk, this table-land was formed; and although the theory is an old one, and its principles obvious, yet I never saw it illustrated so plainly or satisfactorily as in this instance.

The Castle of Yvrea is romantically situated above you as you leave the town. The formation of the valley begins thus early to be perceptible, and continues in all the varieties of these rocks, mica, and quartz, with slight admixture of granite rocks, all the way to Aosta. The road begins by passing through lovely meadows and woods of chestnut and walnut. The valley is large and broad, but bounded by high mountains on either side, strongly partaking of Alpine character, and covered here and there with woods of larch and fir. But no snow yet appears, and we are not properly within the range of the high Alps until we come to a pass in the mountains, near the village of St. Martin, where the plain of Italy is closed behind you, and the high Alps begin to show themselves in all their grandeur, with here and there a snowy peak throwing itself high up in the distant horizon, whilst all the intervening space is occupied by ridge rising over ridge. At St. Martin you pass by a very handsome bridge, over a very picturesque gorge running high up into the Alps on the right hand, and containing a roaring torrent. All the waters of these Alpine streams are white as milk, yet perfectly pure to the taste. Whether this arises from their proceeding out of glaciers, and being thus coloured by the snow, or whether from the granite and earthy particles which they collect in their course, I know not. But the Arve is of the same colour when it issues from its cavern of ice, and so is the Rhone when it enters the Lake of Geneva.

From St. Martin we come to Donax, at the extremity of which is a road originally cut by the Romans, near forty feet deep, in the solid rock, and

through a natural arch in the rock—or, at least, an arch cut in the natural rock—which, when closed by a gate, entirely shut up the valley from any attack that could be made upon it by the military means of that day, as the river roars far beneath the road on one side, the precipice rises to an immense Alpine height on the other; and the opposite side of the river is quite inaccessible. Much of the beauty of this valley consists in the picturesque ruins of the ancient castles which in Roman, and afterwards in feudal times, constituted its defence. Many of them stand jutting out into the river on the points best calculated to oppose the passage of an enemy along its borders, their rear being secured by the inaccessible mountains above them. One, also, is to be seen in almost every gorge running down from the flanks into the valley; and one or two appeared quite large enough to have realized Mrs. Radcliffe's scenes of Montoni's Castle. She would have done much better to have laid the scene of her novel in the Alps, where such castles as she describes really do exist, instead of the Apennines, where they don't. Near the natural arch which I have mentioned, stands a Roman military column, about ten feet high and three diameter, with the cypher XXX. cut upon it.

The next village is Verrex, where considerable iron works are carried on. The charcoal is furnished from all the chestnut woods around, and for many miles we met mules and carts loaded with it proceeding thither. Up the stream, which here runs into the Dora, gold is sometimes found, and a mine of gold and copper is worked high up in the mountains.

From thence we passed under a very high rock, on

which stands the ruins of a great castle called St. Germain, and come to the village of Mont Jovet. The streets of all these villages are so narrow as barely to admit a carriage; the ascents and descents are steep and slippery and paved with rough pebbles. But the road is perfectly good throughout, wide and in no part steep or in the least dangerous. Along different parts of this road the torrents and avalanches of former times have made dreadful havoc, covering acres of ground with land and stones, and destroying vegetation almost entirely. The road beyond Mont Jovet is cut through the living rock, originally by Roman hands, and is a wonderful work.

From thence through groves of magnificent chestnuts we proceeded to Chatillon, where we breakfasted. A rivulet runs down the principal street, and keeps up at least a semblance of cleanliness; but I never saw a race where the reality of cleanliness is so little practised as by the Alpine peasantry. They are all that is ugly and filthy. Chatillon has a beautiful bridge, passing over a tremendous gorge, down which rushes a torrent, from a high mountain on the right, called Mont Cervin; below are the remains of a Roman bridge. The first view of the town of Chatillon is magnificent: the river making beautiful reaches, and the snowy mountains in the neighbourhood of Mont Blanc forming the background; the foreground consists of forests of chestnut and walnut trees, with larch and fir as the mountains get higher, and village spires and châlets are beautifully interspersed amongst the trees near the margin of the river. Nothing can exceed the verdure under the trees. The vines are trained along trellises about six feet high above ground. Miles of ground

are thus covered with them, laid horizontally, so that the sun and the weather never can reach the ground beneath, and one would think the ripening of the grapes would be affected by the roots being thus exposed to darkness—yet in this extraordinary climate crops of Turkey corn and esculent vegetables grow beneath the shade of these arbours, under which a man may pass for miles without ever seeing his way or being seen on the surface of the earth.

From hence along a succession of the same scenery, and never leaving the left bank of the Dora, we approached Aosta, the high pointed summits covered with snow, and flanked by the glaciers, those of La Vallé de la Regence closing the scene. They form part of the base of Mont Blanc; but the mysterious mountain is still concealed amongst the distant recesses of his attendant mountains, and I am now persuaded that we have never seen him from Turin, or at all.

From the top of a high mountain on the right hand of the Dora, covered with snow, and about two miles on this side of Aosta, close to the river, falls a small glacier, the first we have seen near, the last to be seen in this gorge of the Alps by those who proceed towards Italy. Although at an immense height, its blue walls contrasted with the white snow above are distinctly visible. A small cascade falls from it into the Dora.

On approaching Aosta, you pass through a very fine Roman triumphal arch, erected in honour of Augustus. It is of beautiful architecture, of the Corinthian order. It has been covered with marble, which has disappeared, but the interior walls are constructed of a pudding-stone found at no very great distance.

It is dreadful to see the number of goitres and cretins that are to be found along this valley. The latter are all idiots, in the most dreadful sense of the word: they can hardly speak, and can do nothing, but stare and slabber.

When entering the town of Aosta, and not till then, you see the valley; turn to the right, and you behold the immense precipices of Le Grand St. Bernard closing up the gorge with eternal walls of granite, snow, and ice. In the front are the glaciers of La Regence high in the air, and at their feet we pass to-morrow.

October 1st. We set off this morning for Courmegeur. The morning was not propitious, and the clouds hung heavy upon the mountains; but it improved as we went on, and all but the highest Alps were quite clear, and of them we had glimpses and a cursory view every now and then. The valley at the beginning of the journey was wide and beautifully pastoral. Our voiturier had driven so ill, and his leading horse was in his hands so unmanageable, that I gave him the choice either of himself hiring a boy to ride the leader, or of getting a horse and postilion at the post to put into the team, he being to pay for either himself. He chose the latter, so we set off with four horses. We soon came to groves of chestnuts and walnuts, which accompanied us in magnificent profusion and beauty, quite until we rose at the end of our journey into the higher regions, where nothing but fir and larch flourish. Before we arrived at Villeneuve we saw a singular triangular castle on a rock in the middle of the valley commanding the Dora, with a circular tower at each angle. At present it belongs to La Baronne de Rocca.

At Villeneuve we passed the Dora by a bridge. The

river ran foaming very far beneath us. The road here began to rise very rapidly, and led us over corniches where it was certainly safe but narrow, and the wall not always as high or as strong as one could wish. The mountains on either side of the Dora were immensely high, thick with pines and larch, whilst the finest chestnuts and walnuts fringed the road; but in some places the view was tremendous, down steep precipices. We knew, by the sound of the wheels, that we were travelling over a wooden gallery covered with stones and gravel but supported by timbers driven into the rocks. In some places so deep was the precipice, and so abrupt, that we could hear the river roar beneath us, but we could not see it. Down the sides of the mountains marks of the ravages of avalanches were apparent amongst the pines and larches lying prostrate before them. There used to be drawbridges and gates upon this timber road, but they are now taken away as useless. The labour of half an hour of twenty men would throw the road into the Dora, and effectually block the passage against any army however numerous. The side torrents that we also passed, and which come down from the different glaciers in the mountains situated behind the line along which we travelled, are crossed on wooden bridges equally easily removable. The views up some of these glens and below, as their torrents fell flashing through the dark pines above, and rushed into the Dora far below, were magnificent, and the woods that clothed them very rich.

In this way we at last reached the town of La Sallé, were we were to breakfast; but the house where we stopped was so filthy that we preferred, to the indignation of the hostess and the astonishment of our courier,

a beautiful meadow covered with the finest turf, shaded by magnificent walnut trees, and commanding a prospect of Mont Blanc, the Allée Blanche, and all its sublimity, to the filth which awaited us. Here we had a table and chairs conveyed from a neighbouring cottage, and, with the aid of my cantine and some mutton chops, we made an excellent breakfast—to the amazement of the world, which fancied we could not eat except at a dirty table, in a room covered with all manner of filth. On our left, as we fronted Mont Blanc, and rather behind us, was a very high mountain; we could only see the top covered with snow and with a fine glacier running down, out of which fell a beautiful cascade into the Dora. Here we enjoyed ourselves for an hour and a-half.

The clouds intercepted the whole of the view of Mont Blanc, but at times its highest peak was visible, with the Aiguille du Mont Rouge and l'Allée Blanche, or the vast glacier which runs down from the summit to the Italian side of the mountain. The Aiguille du Gouté was also to be seen on our left. After leaving this we traversed a wide valley, leaving the picturesque earth of La Sallé on our left. The valley is full of vineyards, and here the vintage is just in full force. But we soon leave this pastoral scenery, and the road again becomes mountainous and dreary, very steep, and in some places too narrow to be safe, as there is scarcely any protection against the precipice; and a spring breaking, or the carriage overturning, owing to a horse falling, might at once prove fatal.

When near the top of the rise we met three friars, one of them a monk of Le Grand St. Bernard; and here we saw the road diverge and go to the left to Le

Petit St. Bernard, over which carriages can pass in safety to Chamouny. The passage is six hours.. We saw the road winding far amongst the mountains like a thread along their sides. After toiling up the hill we beheld on our left, far down in the valley, the picturesque village of St. Didier, where are medicinal waters in considerable repute, and where the Prince de Carignano has just built a palace, to enable him to take them every year, which he does. St. Didier lies on the right bank of the Dora, and the road leads down to it from that along which we travelled.

At a sharp turn over a very deep ravine the road was torn up by a torrent, so we got out; and well we did, as our rogue of a postilion took too sharp a turn and all but overset the carriage down the precipice. Had we been in the carriage I think that we should very likely by our weight have carried it over.

The needles and glaciers of Mont Blanc now were from their vicinity quite sublime, and we descended into the village of Courmageur to the *hôtel*, which for the sins of travellers has been erected since the place has been cursed by the discovery of mineral waters. Reckoning upon this being the only hôtel, they were so insolent and extortionate that I would not enter the house, the charges demanded being much higher than those I paid at Turin. I sent for the Syndic, but this grave magistrate, dressed in a short coat and a jockey cap, and looking like a tailor, either could or would do nothing. I then demanded to be taken to St. Didier, but this the voiturino refused, his contract being to take me on to Courmageur and back. I then sent to the Curé: he was at Aosta pleasuring. At length I learnt that ten minutes further on, at the end of the town, was

an auberge, which they never told me of, called "Le Mont Blanc." I insisted on being driven there, as the contract did not express any particular inn. Thither I went, the people at the hôtel being convinced that I must return there, as I never could take up with the second-hand accommodation of the "Mont Blanc." But I disappointed them, as I found very decent accommodations, and remained there. The Dora runs under the windows, and Mont Blanc rises close to the bank on the other side. But unfortunately it rains. According to Monsieur Saussure's measurement, the village of Courmageur is 525 French toises, or 3150 French feet above the level of the sea.

2nd. I visited the museum, which is formed by the guides, of the minerals and crystals of the adjoining mountains, and bought some specimens. I had much conversation with the guides here. Mons. de Saussure's old guide only died three years ago. They pointed out to me the place under l'Aiguille du Geant where Saussure remained on the glaciers fifteen days and nights. His cabin of stones still exists. The day appearing to clear a little, I walked, as I could not get a char-á-banc, gently up the valley to the sulphureous springs and village of La Saxe, where there is a bathing-house. The springs smell extremely strong of sulphur. From thence I crossed the Dora at a saw-mill, and saw the Aiguille du Geant, de Monte Rouge, and de Monte Broglia, which rise like giant sentries to protect their master, whose head was entirely hid in clouds and vapour. The glaciers which run down from these aiguilles are very magnificent. Although these needles are only partially granite, and are for the most part calcareous, their strata are entirely vertical, and

appear to split off from the central pyramid, forming, in fact, fleurons of pyramids. I went on as far as the meadows of Peteret, and under the mountain of the same name, when the rain came on, and I returned. This year has been remarkably unfavourable for excursions on the mountains. Such a succession of rains and storms, all the summer, was never before known.

The baths of La Victoire, the waters of which are also taken internally, are on the other side of the Dora from Courmageur. Towards the south-east another set of mineral waters is called La Margueriti. Their principal ingredients are, fixed air, magnesia, and iron. They are purgative, and are considered sovereign in many complaints. This last summer above 300 persons came to use them.

I asked the head guide to-day whether he thought the weather would hold up? He said, "Yes, because l'air se bien purgè hier." I found that he meant that so much rain and snow had fallen in the night, it probably would now be fair. The air, however, does not think its purgative sufficient—it blows a complete *tourmente* on all the mountains round.

5th. At Morjex, and another town on our road, were large cattle fairs, which gave us the opportunity of seeing all the population of this part of the Alps. The men are a fine, active race—short, but very strong, well-limbed and featured; but, in my life, I never saw a collection of such extraordinary ugly women. They were all old, too, and wizen. Either the young women were not allowed to come to the fairs, or women are never young in this country. In truth, the women labour so hard, and are so much exposed to the severity

of the weather, that very few years entirely obliterate all appearance of youth.

When Napoleon descended the Alps, previous to the battle of Marengo, he made a dash into the town and occupied it. But he was not a bit nearer getting Fort du Bard. The commandant sent to Wurmser to tell him that infantry might pass through the town with great loss; but, he would answer for it, no cannon should go by. Napoleon assaulted the fort three times in one day from the town, and was repulsed every time. In the course of the next day he cut down an immense quantity of trees; in the night he strewed the branches thick over the main street of the town, and galloped his artillery and cavalry over the street thus muffled by the boughs, so that the wheels and horses made no noise. The Austrians heard a bustle, but little guessed that the enemy's cavalry and artillery were giving them the slip. They kept up a fire upon the town, by which the French lost a few men; but in the morning Napoleon's object was gained. He left a corps to blockade the place, and marched on with the rest of the army to the victory of Marengo. After that event he destroyed the fort, of which not a vestige remains.

On our return to Turin we found that the bad weather had driven everybody into the city, and that the inns were full. At l'Hôtel de l'Europe they had the modesty to ask me thirty francs a-night for an apartment, and seven francs a-head for dinner. I ordered the carriage to be driven to a second-rate inn, which I had heard of, where Giovanni assured me none but voituriers ever went. There, however, I found a perfectly clean, well-furnished apartment of three rooms, at twelve francs per night, and four francs a-head for

dinner. John Bull has spoilt all the hôtels on the Continent; and now the only chance of being reasonably well treated is to go to a second-rate inn. If the English would do this, instead of being contented to be cheated by the innkeepers, who are the greatest set of rascals under heaven, and would persevere in it, they would soon bring such fellows as the keeper of the Hôtel de l'Europe here, and M. Schneider at Florence, and M. Dejeans at Geneva, to reason. But when one foolish John Bull sheep leaps a ditch, the whole foolish flock must follow.

7th. My landlord, in spite of having made a contract with me, sent in a ridiculous bill. Got my passport visé, and my order for post-horses, and set him at defiance—telling him that I would pay his contract, and not a sou more. He angry, more so at my laughing at him.

I went to the museum of antiquities at the Academie. A very fine collection of Egyptian antiquities, formed by Drovetti, and bought by the King of Sardinia. It is remarkably strong in papyri. A most beautiful statue of Sesostris, in basalt; it is evidently a portrait. The nose is aquiline, and the corners of the mouth turned upwards. It is the size of life, and beautifully sculptured. There are a great variety of instruments of surgery, cutlery, mechanical arts, and ladies' work in beads, just like the bugle bead-work of the present day; and, amongst other things, a set, in a case, of pipes, precisely the same, in every respect, as those used in Sardinia at the present time. Mummies without end—very few have yet been opened; one which has is of a woman.

The director, upon my inquiry whether he had heard of the female mummy opened in Paris during last year,

in the body of which was found a phallus, told me that several instances had occurred of it—that it had not been much talked about, as it was an unpleasant subject; but that they had had instances of it in their own collection. I observed that there was not a single instance in the collection of the Egyptian Mercury which I have at Stowe, neither is there any mention made of it by Drovetti. The conducteur had never heard of it. Here I found two magnificent sphinxes. It is remarkable that all the Egyptian statues of gods, kings, or heroes wearing beards, have the beards confined in a pyramidical case, which is strapped under the chin, round the head, and joins the skull-cap. After I had visited the museum, I took my leave of the Professor Borelli.

I arrived at night at Poirino, where I found a comfortable inn, dinner, and bed. We had a magnificent view of the whole line of Alps, the day being perfectly clear. Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa most conspicuous and beautiful in their snows, which have very much increased along the whole line of the mountains since we were at their feet.

8th. Started at six o'clock, A.M.; passed through Asti, the birth-place of Alfieri, once strongly fortified. The River Tanaro runs slowly through the plain, the road alongside of it until it approaches Asti, when it rises a little amongst sand-hills, of tertiary marine formation. The country quite flat towards Alexandria, once one of the strongest places in Europe.

About three English miles from Alexandria, we passed through flats covered with young mulberry and arbutus trees, until we came to a straggling village

with a ruined tower, and an albergo, hanging a sign over the road with the portentous name of "Il Torre de Marengo" on it, and we found ourselves on the spot where this great victory was won, equalled only in modern times by our own Waterloo. We stopped and viewed the details of the scene with the interest which belonged to it. Here the great struggle was made which decided the victory. The French had lost the battle. It had begun in the rear of the village of Castel Ciriolo on the French extreme left, and that of Spinetto on their extreme right. They were repulsed, and these villages became the flank positions of the Austrian army. The French then were *acculés* on the Bormida, on which also their right rested, the village of Marengo towards their centre, and their left flank *en l'air*. Napoleon had began his retreat from his left. The Bormida offered him but one bridge in his rear to pass his army over, which must have been cut to pieces in the passage. His intention was to have retreated upon Valenca, where he hoped to have crossed the Po. He himself had left the field.

Military men say that he made a great mistake in the action. His great exertions were directed against the village of Castel Ciriolo, which then supported the Austrian right, and where they had 300 pieces of cannon. In this he was completely foiled. Had he directed his efforts against Spinetto, and taken and maintained it, he would have *acculé* the Austrians in the angle between the Tanaro and the Po, and would have made all who survived prisoners.

A fatality, however, gave him the victory out of the hands of the Austrians. Desaix was moving up

a division of cavalry from Asti along the public road. He overtook a division of French infantry moving along the same road, but knocked up, and unable to march on. The battle was heard raging in their front, but of its details or of its probable result neither Desaix's cavalry nor the infantry knew anything. Desaix, at a venture, ordered every one of his cavalry to take up an infantry soldier behind him, and thus trotted up with 5,000 cavalry and the same number of infantry.

By the time he arrived at the village of Marengo the French were in full retreat, and a division of Austrians were moving upon Marengo in pursuit. Desaix immediately formed his line of cavalry on the road and in front of the village, with his infantry pillion-riders in his rear. The Austrians never saw the latter. It was reported to Melas that a division of French cavalry were moving on Marengo.

"E! sono troppo tardi!" exclaimed the Austrian general. "The victory is gained!"

The Austrian corps formed a solid square to receive Desaix's cavalry. Desaix ordered it to make a flank movement on the gallop, and thus uncovered his infantry; and himself charged the Austrian flank, whilst the infantry enveloped the Austrian solid square, which broke and fled, and were cut to pieces by the cavalry. The whole Austrian army was panic-struck by the appearance of the infantry, which they thought had sprung out of the earth, so little did they know of its existence. They knew not the extent of this unexpected reinforcement, and the panic that before had seized the French in its turn penetrated the Austrian ranks, and the rout and slaughter of the

latter were, as we all know, decisive. Thus was the victory torn out of Melas' grasp, and the destinies of Europe for many years wholly changed.

Desaix, who had ordered the movement, never even saw it executed. His cavalry was scarcely formed in front of his infantry, when a cannon-shot killed him just in front of the inn where the plain opens, on the edge of a small pit about 200 yards from the high-road, and where some young trees planted by the French mark the spot. He was killed outright, and never spoke. It was Kellerman who charged with the cavalry which Desaix had thus moved up.

The whole battle was fought upon plain and even ground, like a bowling-green — not a tree nor an irregularity to hide a man behind. It was all fair, downright fighting, without manœuvring of any kind. It is singular that two fields, so bloody and so important in their consequences as Marengo and Waterloo, should thus have been fought on plain ground, when there was not the power on either side to manœuvre, but when everything depended on the courage and firmness of the parties engaged. Open as the field was, for thirty miles and more, the army which was the strongest in cavalry ought to have won the day, and the advantage was clearly on the side of the Austrians. The dead were buried on the third day after the battle.

Far on our right, about four miles off in the rear of the line, is a large convent, where Napoleon established en pension the men who were invalided at Marengo. There were above 400 of them, who thus passed the remainder of their days on the

scene of their glory and their wounds. This was a fine military idea. A column was built close to Marengo to celebrate the event by the French army; but the Austrians afterwards pulled it down, broke it into pieces, and buried the stones.

We moved into Novi, once a fortified town also, but the works are destroyed. This, too, was the scene of a bloody battle, in which the French were defeated by the Austro-Russian army under Suwarrow, and General Joubert killed.

We met a string of the King of Sardinia's carriages, which had been sent to Genoa for the use of the little Queen of Portugal, Maria Gloria, who, as the postilion informed us, had been "taken" by the English, and obliged to go into England. The carriages were moving back to Turin, mournful, slowly, and empty.

9th. This morning at half-past three o'clock, as I was lying in my bed awake, I felt a great shake in my bed. My first idea was, as there was an archway into the inn under my bedroom, that a heavy carriage coming in had run against the side of the house; but in a moment I found it was an earthquake. The bed cracked, timbers of the room groaned, and the floor heaved like the waves of the sea. I jumped up and ran under the arch of the door of my room, knowing that under an arch I was safest. I counted four regular heaves from west to east. The house literally bent like a willow, and overhung the street. I expected the last heave would have thrown it down — two seconds more I am convinced would have done so. I think the shock lasted about nine or ten seconds. The furniture of the

room flew against the wall and fell down: the noise was tremendous. But how much was occasioned by the earthquake itself, and how much by the clashing of glass, the cracking of beams, and the clatter through the whole house, I of course could not tell! Those, however, who were out of doors said that the roar and rushing of a subterranean wind were very awful.

As soon as the shock was over I threw open the window, and there saw a bright, clear, starlight night, quite serene, and in repose. The day before had been fine and clear, but not hot, and towards evening it had got cold, and we expected rain in the night; but there was nothing that designated the proximity of a convulsion of nature. I certainly felt a more awful and appalling sensation than even when in the presence of a volcano. There one saw visible causes, tremendous indeed in their nature, producing natural and visible effects; but here was an unseen hand laying its heavy weight upon the world and all that it contained—working in silence, obscurity, and unseen. It was very curious, but certainly true, as I felt it myself, and every one else with whom I conversed bore testimony to the same fact, that, whether from electrical causes or other I know not, a feeling as of approaching sickness, giddiness, and headache came over us all after the shock was gone by.

The whole population of the town turned out instantly in the streets, and such a commotion and confusion I never heard before. The women screamed, the men shouted, all talked together, the dogs howled, and the drums of the garrison beat to arms. A regiment had marched into the town in the evening,

and its quarters not being prepared, the men were for the night put into a church. The sentries saw the lamps in the street waving backwards and forwards, and alarmed their comrades, who rushed out naked into the town. Many of the people, believing that a band of robbers had forced its way into the town, armed themselves.

After the shock was over I went out of my room to see if the house was injured or any one hurt, and the whole interior population of the inn was assembled in shirts and chemises on the staircase, some praying and all screaming. One fat Frenchman in his shirt, and with stockingless, unslippered, and dirty feet, with a red nightcap on his head, as I opened my door, fell down in a fainting fit. The house had several cracks in it, but no mischief was done, and I went to bed again; the clamour in the streets and on the inn stairs continued all night, and defied sleep.

In the morning when I got up I found that some chimneys had fallen, and some houses were cracked, but none had fallen. A carriage came in from the Milan road, and the travellers described the earthquake as coming in that direction.

After an early breakfast we proceeded on our journey along the banks of the Serivia across the Apennines. We traced the earthquake running towards Genoa the whole way. At Arguala it had damaged a church and thrown down chimneys, as at Novi. At Ronco, where we entered the Apennines, it had thrown down part of a ruined castle. The reaches of the river were picturesque, and the sides of the mountains beautifully covered with wood up to the

summits. If we had not seen the Maritime Alps the views would have had a greater effect. As it was, they were lovely and pastoral, but never sublime. The road follows La Serivia, which rises out of the mountain that forms the highest ridge of the chain over which we passed.

At Pontedecimo the pitch of the hill is rather steep for about a mile, and certainly requires an additional horse; but from thence the road descends, and you go on the gallop to Genoa.

From the summit of the Apennines above Pontedecimo the view of the Mediterranean, the fortified heights of Genoa, and the valley along which the river flows, are very beautiful. The descent is steep and winding, after which we galloped into Genoa by the Lanterna, and along the banks of the harbour.

I find the earthquake has been very strong here, and has thrown down two steeples and cracked many houses. An immense number of people rushed out upon the public walks and remained there all night. At Sestri it has thrown down a house—at Turin it has been felt very severely. In short, it appears to have extended along the whole of the plain of the north of Italy, and to have gone under the Apennines.

10th. Last night there were three small shocks, and one of them has cracked Mr. Wilson's lodging, in which I am. The alarm here is excessive. The English and many of the natives have left the city, or are leaving it. Great nonsense this, as the visitation is so extensive, one place within a day's journey of this city must be as dangerous as another. I remain, and shall abide it. The priests are taking

advantage of the convulsion, and are filling the people's heads with all sorts of superstition.

11th. Last night all Genoa almost slept out on the public walks and on the roads in the neighbourhood of the town. But the earth was quiet. There could not be less than 30,000 people on the walks and ramparts, the greater part of whom slept upon their beds in the air on the ground. Every horse in Genoa has been engaged to convey fugitives away. Capuchins and Franciscans are preaching at every corner, that the end of the world is at hand. They prophesied that last night Genoa would be destroyed. If any mischief had happened they would have had the credit of truly prophesying: it has not, and now they say the danger was averted by their prayers — so they are right either way. The people were singing the "De Profundis" and the "Miserere" all night. Many slept in carriages. My courier — whom I believe to be a veritable poltroon, but has more sham courage than I ever saw in man, evinced by eternal talk and boasting—slept, I find, in my calêche, and did the honours of my fourgon to a married couple of his acquaintance, who passed the night in it, stretched at length on their bedding, which they stuffed into it, and then crept in as if into a hearse.

An English master of a vessel is arrived, and says that the agitation and noise caused by the earthquake on the night of the 9th was felt five miles out at sea.

12th. The earthquake has subsided. The probable cause appears to be, that the wet and cold weather coming upon the earth heated and dried up by unusual heat and drought, have made the earth expand

and open, and probably the water has come into contact with a mass of pyrites and has caused combustion somewhere.

19th. I found out quite by accident that Lady Howard, of Effingham,[1] was here alone, having lost her youngest child, eight years old, as they say here, owing to the mismanagement of the English medical man. I drove off at once to where I heard she was, to offer my services, but she had left Genoa for Rome this morning. I met General Eustace, just arrived from Switzerland.

[1] Charlotte, daughter of Neil, third Earl of Roseberry. Her husband, General Baron Howard, G.C.B., was created an earl in 1838, and died in 1845.

## CHAPTER XV.

Lovely Scenery on the Road to Chiavari—The Holy Hermit of Sestri—Tricks upon Travellers—A Waterspout—Spezzia by Moonlight—Passing the Ferry—An Appeal for an Archduchess —Marble Quarries at Carrara—Bust of the King of England's Brother—Tales of Brigands—Suspicious Appearances—Lucca—Approach to Leghorn.

OCTOBER 20th. I leave Genoa before two o'clock, P.M. The road leads to the Levante along the sea-shore, in the same manner that it does to the Ponente. But I think the former is more beautiful and romantic than the latter. It is quite a new road, and in excellent order. There was no other communication between Genoa and Spezzia than on horseback.

After passing some way along the shore amongst villages and country houses, the road passes through Nervi, a beautiful, long, straggling town, famous for its manufacture of silk, seated at the foot of the Apennines, amongst orange and olive woods, interspersed with palazzi of the Genoese merchants and decayed nobility. Before us lay the lovely bay in

which the town lies, and the fine calcareous mountain promontory, called Il Monte del Fino, running far into the sea. Rounding the bay, and passing through the little town of Recco, the way begins to wind up a steep ascent across the neck of the promontory; and from thence looking back is a splendid view, comprehending the entire sweep of the whole bay of Genoa, with its mountain background, until the eye rests upon Nice and the line of Maritime Alps.

After ascending some way you proceed through a tunnel of about 100 paces in length, which penetrates the mountain, and lets you into a new scene of a magnificent sweeping valley of the Apennines, that are clothed with olives and vines half-way up their sides; whilst the valley, along which a beautiful stream wanders, is one immense wood of olive, orange, and vines, thickly interspersed with towns, villages, palazzi, and country people's cottages, that here are not collected into villages, but stand each in its own olive-grove, vineyard, or garden.

Winding along the side of the hill which overlooks this lovely scene, you take a sudden turn to the right, and again meet the Mediterranean far below you, with the indents of the bays of Chiavari, Sestri, and Spezzia, backed by the mountains of Carrara, before you. Below, on the right, are the lovely shores of the sea, beautified with the same sort of scenery and palaces, quite down to the waves. On almost every jutting rock is a ruined watch-tower, and in every inlet a picturesque fishing town, carrying on its own little business, apparently shut out from the rest of the world by the cliffs, which just retire from the sea sufficiently to let in the little colony. On every

steep are olives, oranges, and vines, and weeping birch drooping into the waters. It is impossible, on viewing these fairy inlets and enchanting pictures, to wonder at the enthusiastic effect of Italian poetry and music amidst such scenes, where mermaids and the fabled divinities of the deep almost might be expected to show themselves, and complete the picture amidst solitary bays overshadowed by trees, and lonely capes washed by the blue waters.

On a sort of ridge commanding a succession of views such as these, and on the other side the range of towering Apennines, separated from you by the lovely valley which I have mentioned, the road runs until it descends into the town of Mapallo, situated in one of these inlets I have described. From hence the road rises over another mountain, forming the promontory it separates this bay from that of Chiavari beyond it. Passing through another tunnel, the road runs on a cornice, high above the Mediterranean, through a succession of such views as I have described; then through a thick wood of pines and olives, until another sweeping valley of the Apennines opens to your left, and the picturesque bay and town of Chiavari is at your feet. From a church on the hill, before you descend to Chiavari, the view is the finest. From thence you descend rapidly into the town. It is handsome and clean, the houses built on arcades.

21st. Left Chiavari, and passed some way along the sea-shore, amongst gardens and vineyards, until we came to the little straggling village of Lavanza, where are the great slate-quarries which supply Genoa. Above 6,000 people are employed in these works.

Here, also, is a manufactory of remarkably elegantly formed light chairs, fly-tables, and bed-room furniture, of cherry wood.

From this place the road begins to rise amongst the Apennines, and you open on your left the beautiful valley of the river Quaglia. The Apennines stretch in beautiful horizon beyond; and the verdure of their vallies and acclivities, although of course not so grand to the eye as the Alps, are more cheerful. The innumerable quantity of white cottages, palazzi, and churches dotted about in the olive woods, add great brilliancy to the scene. The mountains are all calcareous and schist, which latter is of all colours, and glitters in the sun.

After again descending to the edge of the sea, you see the beautiful wooded promontory of Sestri della Levante, with a ruin picturesquely seated in the woods, and its town at its foot, forming one of the indented bays which constitute the beauty of this coast. At Sestri, which was a Roman port, many different coloured marbles are found. Leaving Sestri to the right, you turn your back on the Mediterranean, and wind, continually rising, amongst the mountains, until at last the sea opens again upon you, but at least 2,000 feet below.

The soil begins here, I suspect, to be magnesian, as it is very barren, and nothing but stunted firs appear. But the scene below is superb. In front is a high conical hill or rather mountain, on the top of which is a hermitage. This post commands all the windings of the road for some miles on both sides; and here, about six years ago, lived a *holy* hermit. From his cell he could distinguish the ap-

proach of travellers some miles off, and was always to be found by the road side, with his rosary in his hand, begging, in the name of la Madonna, for money to release souls from purgatory. At length robberies and murders becoming rather frequent, the police got on the alert, and soon caught hold of the holy hermit as the perpetrator. They hanged him; and his hermitage remains, but desolate. The mountain goes by the name of La Montagna della Poveri.

To-day I had a pleasant fellow, who came up to my carriage side, with his hat off and nose in the mud, to say that doubtless my "altesse" meant to take four horses to my carriage, and as many to my fourgon, as the mountain was very steep, &c. I said I was very sorry, but meant to do no such thing; the *bolletone* from Genoa gave me three horses for that stage, and three horses I would have to each carriage, and no more. My post-master arched his eyebrows, displayed the two open palms of his hands, and declared that my "altesse" must be in a mistake, for that no one had ever gone it except with four. I only appealed to my *bolletone*, and said that I was under the direction of the Government on that subject. He requested to see my *bolletone*. I showed it him. He then said that, to be sure, it was very extraordinary, but it was a mistake of Il Signor Direttore at Genoa, which doubtless my "altesse" would correct. I laughed in his face; whereupon he began to get saucy, and vowed he would appeal to the Direttore in his own town, who probably was his own brewer or wine-grower. I said I would appeal to no one, that I demanded the horses specified in the *bolletone*, and that, if he refused, I

would go to Il Judice della Pace and have him put into prison, and, if he gave me more, that I would not pay him for more than six. He pulled many Italian faces, and withdrew.

It was with infinite amusement I then saw him put four horses to each carriage. When this was done, and the boys just ready to mount, I called the post-master, expressed how much obliged I was to him, and asked him if he did not mean to put four more to each carriage; that if he did, I would take them all, or twelve more, but would pay only for the three to each carriage. He then, quite purple with rage, took off the horses, and, in about five minntes, he sent an ambassador to me, to whisper in my ear that, if I would be content, and would pay an extra price for two horses to each carriage — that, in fact, the third horse would be found useless.

I was reading a book at the time, with which I gave the fellow as violent a blow as I could in the face, and bade him give that as my answer to his master; whereupon I had my three horses quietly put to my carriage, and we jogged merrily on together.

Between Materana and Borghetto I found the ravages of a water-spout, that had fallen on the 6th instant, and the effects of which had lasted two days. The sides of the mountain on which it broke were covered with rocks, stones, and earth. Miles of the road had been effaced, and hundreds of workmen were employed in restoring it. Trees had been torn up by the roots, and meadows destroyed. In parts it really looked as if a volcano had sent down

torrents of fluid mud. All this must have been part of the convulsion which in other parts showed itself in earthquake To the eastward of Genoa the earthquake was felt, but slightly. We to-day overtook some people from the Valley of Aosta and Courmageur, where I had been, and I found that the earthquake had been felt very severely there. The reports state it to have originated on the other side of the Alps, to have been severe in France, and even in the north of Europe. Of the truth of this I, of course, can know nothing; but from the Alps to the sea, and through the Apennines, I have traced it.

Between Borghetto and Spezzia we were obliged to leave the road, thus broken up, and not sufficiently repaired, and proceed by the bed of the large stream called La Margon. The passage here was very rough, the water in some parts rather deep, and the road not quite safe. These delays caused us to be overtaken by the night amongst the Apennines; and their mighty summits, lit up by a full silver moon, their gloomy shadows and deep valleys, made a most romantic, gloomy, and yet beautiful picture.

At length we came to a high ridge, which showed us depths of wood-embowered valleys beneath us; beyond, a misty plain, with the shadowy outlines of a town in the distance, or the moonlit shores of the Mediterranean; and this was Spezzia, into which I descended by a zig-zag road.

The effect of thus going gradually down from bright moonlit summits of the Apennines into dark, lonely dells, the moonbeams gradually leaving us as

we descended into what imagination might have deemed an unfathomed abyss, was very grand.

22nd. I left Spezzia this morning. The beauty of this bay has been much celebrated, and not overrated. It was now much heightened by a lovely morning sun. For some time we went along the sea-shore. There is a very pretty promenade which runs along it, and permits a view of all the fine scenery of the gulf. Napoleon had taken a great fancy to this place, and meant to have enlarged its port and harbour by throwing out a mole. To the westward is Il Punto di Venere, where was a Roman port. In the bay rises a very large stream of fresh water from the bottom of the sea, so powerful as entirely to prevent the salt water from mixing with it, and it is delicious.

On the summit of the mountain which commands both seas, overhanging Porto Venere, is a strong fort built by Napoleon. It is quite unattackable, but requires only 300 men to hold it. It is easy to mask it if any enemy is in force, and if he is not he has no business here. There is only cistern-water in the fort.

The road rises very gradually amongst beautiful cultivation, until at length you descend to the river, which is here very broad—at least, its bed is so; but the stream is impetuous in winter, and tame and shallow at this season, and narrow withal. The post-masters, however, are in league with a ferry over this river, and, in spite of the evidence of one's own senses, the postilions wanted to persuade me that it was very broad, very deep, very rapid, and that the sands were dangerous,

and the fourgon would stick. The ferrymen reiterated these appeals, which I knew were all lies. My courier had passed it several times, and my eyes showed me a clear shallow stream, running over pebbles, about 100 yards over. There being no tariff fixed for the ferry, the ferrymen may charge you what they please, and usually breed a riot. The last time my courier passed it his master was obliged to have recourse to his pistols. I therefore insisted on their taking me over with the horses; and when they did so, the water never passed over the naves of the wheels.

As soon as I got to the other side I told the postilions that, in order to teach them not to tell lies to travellers in future, I would give them nothing *à boire*. This put them into a furious passion, but they had no remedy.

In floods and winter it is better to wait until the waters subside. They never last above three hours, and where it is dangerous for horses to go, it would be equally so for the ferry, as the bed of the stream is full of banks, on which the boat would necessarily be driven. The water never rises above six feet, and the space from bank to bank is only half a mile. It would be no great job for the country to build a bridge of timber over it. This river in ancient times was the boundary of Liguria. It is no longer so. Sarzana, the next town, is still in Piedmont. But the banks of the river afford evidence of former boundaryship and ancient warfare. The hills at the feet of the Apennines, that form a sort of series of outworks to the immense corps de place which the Apennines form, are all crowned with castles, to most of which old towns have been attached; and the

towers of the castles having long been useless in war, form now picturesque and beautiful ruins, backed by the serrated lines of the Apennines of Carrara, that present beautiful primary forms, and rise high in air and white up to their summits, as if they were streaked with snow. The colour is that of the white marble of which the whole range is composed.

Turning to the right, and skirting the base of the mountains, you come at last to the barrier of Piedmont, and you see high cocked hats on the heads of green-coated douaniers, awaiting your approach. I had a lascia passare to pass through Piedmont unsearched, so I had no fee to pay and no words to waste. But I here entered a slip of the Duchy of Parma, and an humble douanier, after I had passed the Piedmontese frontier, came and hoped I would remember "La Grande Duchesse," (Marie Louise,) literally suggesting that he was ordered, par son ministere, to make this appeal "aux personnages comme V. A. qui travaurent ses etâts." However extraordinary it may appear, this literally took place; and on my asking my courier what it was right to give Marie Louise, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "Donnez un franc." I did so, and the man in the cocked hat bowed down to the ground, and wished mon altesse a good journey. Thus are the mighty fallen. At the other end, where you enter Lucca, the same ceremony takes place, with the same results, and Marie Louise literally collects for her revenue two one-shilling turnpikes from travellers. I had a lascia passare through Tuscany, so that I entirely avoided all discussion with douaniers, which is a great blessing.

From Levanza I went to Massa, by the way of Carrara, in order to see the marble quarries. The old road

used to go to Massa and you might avoid Carrara—but now the Grand Duke of Modena has ordered the post to run through Carrara, in order to tempt travellers to buy his marble. The road, which had hitherto ran along the foot of the Apennines, here entered it, and with the marble mountain in your front, and going along a narrow, woody, romantic glen, like what one meets in North Wales, you come to the neat straggling village of Carrara. The quarries are about a mile further, and only different from any others inasmuch as the whole face of the mountain is of beautiful white compact statuary marble. The entire town is built of it.

Princess Elise, Napoleon's sister, when she was sovereign of this duchy, established an Academia here, which has been encouraged since. Here they have in different ways collected all the models of the best statues in Italy, ancient and modern; and students are permitted to study and model off upon the rough block. Premiums are given for drawings, &c., and the establishment is certainly a very useful one. Young men now who study at Rome come here and roughly cut out of the marble their works, which they can do at very trifling expense, and then take them to Rome and finish them. I found a modest young Englishman here, a student under Thorwaldsen, the Danish artist, doing this. There are about seventy students in the place, whose works are done on commission. In the first studio which I entered I had the pleasure of seeing my own bust. After looking about me, I very innocently asked who that fat gentleman was?—I was informed that it was the bust of the King of England's brother. I said nothing, but shortly after, as I was walking about

the town, my courier came up to me and said that a man had whispered in his ear that I was the King of England's brother *incognito*. He assured him I was no such thing, only il duca, &c. The first speaker said he knew better, for that *he* had made my bust by commission for a Signor Comolli. Upon inquiry I found that this was the case, and that Comolli had never touched any of the busts which he pretended to work wholly himself. The rogue was at this very time in Carrara giving commissions, but wisely for himself kept out of my way. He had sold several of my busts as those of our King's brother, by whom I found the Italians meant the Duke of York, of whose death they knew nothing.

After visiting all the studii, and inviting my English artist to visit me at Rome, taking his address and those of some of the other artists, I proceeded to Massa. Thorwaldsen has done a colossal figure of our Saviour, a magnificently grave and well-executed performance. I never saw anything more simply fine than the attitude and drapery. It is now copying in the studio of my friend, and the whole is finished as far as it can be done by another hand. But Thorwaldsen is coming to give it the last touch. It is destined for the great church at Copenhagen, which is building in the place of that which Lord Nelson burnt. The idea is a fine one. Our Saviour is to form the altar-piece, and the statues of the twelve Apostles are to be ranged on each side of the great aisle conducting to the altar.

At Massa I was met by a loud and long story of a carriage being stopped by banditti only last night, on the mountain between this and Lucca, and plundered. As great pains were taken to assure me that I should, if

I went on, reach La Montagna precisely at the same hour of the evening as that on which the event happened last night, I concluded it was an attempt to make me remain at Massa, where the inn was not at all good-looking. We were three, myself and two servants, well armed, and so we went on. At the foot of the Montagna we were stopped by a brigadier of gendarmerie at a farmhouse, who, repeating the same story of the brigands, &c., offered me an escort over La Montagna, *if we would pay for it.* I was so enraged at this manner of bargaining for protection, that I told him I supposed his reason for not patrolling the road as it was his duty to do, and protect travellers instead of bargaining for their blood, was, that he apprehended his men would run away, and that he was also afraid himself—that I had much greater confidence in my own arms and those of my servants than in those of persons thus offering their sovereign's armed force for hire—and we proceeded.

The mountain is two miles in ascent; and, I must confess, that a better suited place for a sanguinary deed I never saw. A steep precipice on one side; rocks, covered with brushwood, on the other; and thick woods behind them. We were told that the banditti were four in number. The moon rose upon this scene, and cast its broad light and broader shadows across the Apennines. I never saw a more lovely, romantic scene. My postilion, and he of my fourgon, when the road became steep, got off their horses to walk up. I thought this was too good a joke, if there was any truth at all in the story. I therefore told the men to mount, and assured them that if we were attacked, and they stopped or left their horses, I would shoot them first. To raise

our spirits the rascals pointed to our notice a cross, newly put up, and informed us that a courier had been murdered there not a month ago. Giovanni was on the box, with a carbine; I in the calêche, with three brace of pistols; and Sharp on the box of the fourgon, also with a carbine. Just in the darkest part of the pass the postilion said—"Ecco excellenza—this is the very spot!" The words were scarcely out of his mouth when, about 100 yards before us, we beheld four men, in the moonlight, in the middle of the road. The moment they saw us they divided, two on each side of the road, and advanced, singing together a sort of wild chorus.

The postilion, to do him justice, flogged manfully on. I said to Giovanni—"There they are. Do you take the right hand birds, and I will take the left." The men advanced, singing, one before the other. I fully expected the rear man would have made a spring at the horses' bridle, and the front man at the carriage door, especially as I observed the front man tend, or swerve, in his walk towards the carriage, instead of making room for it, as a person on foot, in that situation, at night would naturally have done. The moment, therefore, the fellow nearest me came abreast of me, I cocked my pistol, and put it to his head, and, if he had put out his hand towards the carriage, I should instantly have shot him dead. At the same moment Giovanni cocked his blunderbuss in the other fellow's ear. Upon hearing and seeing these hostile preparations the fellows ducked —"Their song broke short, the warblers flew." They slid by the carriage, encountered Sharp, blunderbuss *en avant*, standing up, like Mars in his chariot, on the seat of the fourgon. They made another duck, and were in a moment lost in the gloom of the rocks and the road.

Now, most certainly, these men had done nothing, and were not, apparently, armed. They might have set up their song to shew that they were not afraid; they might have been labourers returning home. But they were not dressed as such. They, naturally, might have ducked, seeing pistols and blunderbusses put to their heads; but all one can say is, that under every circumstance the thing had a suspicious air; and we all agreed that, probably, we had had an escape. However, we were quite frightened, and so, perhaps, were they.

On reaching the summit of this hill, the view in the misty moonlight, all over the plains of Lombardy, was lovely. The gates of that tremendous fortress, the town of Lucca, were shut; but were opened to our call. Sentries, police, and doganieri met us; but our passport settled the two first, and my lascia passare the last, and Lucca and ourselves were consigned to repose.

23rd. I took a carriage, and drove about Lucca. It is an odd-looking, old town—very small and compact, with little compact fortifications, and little compact trees inside, and little compact towers overlooking them—so much so, that it gave me the idea of a little toy town and fortifications put together for children; and I expected the soldiers on the ramparts (for there are soldiers even in Lucca), and the inhabitants, to be little and compact too. The fortifications are regular, and old—just of the date when bastions began to supersede round towers. It has a regular corps de place, and a ravelin in the face of each curtain. But the French very wisely turned the ramparts into very pretty walks, planted them, and filled them with benches; the ravelins, not being reveté, are falling into the ditch; and thus the town is fast getting rid of "two d—d

things at once"—the ravelin and the ditch—and there is not a gun on the whole place, which is three miles in circumference.

There is also the word, "libertas," in great stone letters, over every gate; and odd, iron cages, with upright spikes in them, at the corner of every street, on which heads were used to be stuck—both strongly denoting that Lucca was once a Republic. Since it has been despotized the cages and spikes have remained without tenants—a sad proof of the diminution of the liberty of the subject! Lucca is well paved; but its streets are about four feet broad. A carriage can but just squeeze through; and the pole of mine, in turning a corner, carried off a shutter from a shop before it.

There is a palace, two sides of which are unfinished; but it is called royal. Here the Intendant, who has a natural history turn, and was known to my courier, who had been in "Marie Louise's" service, has a really very good collection of natural history, in all its branches, collected and prepared by himself. There is no attempt at arrangement; and he knows nothing of the matter. But it is his hobby-horse, as well as mine, and we ambled together thereon very pleasantly for above an hour. Thus I took my leave of Lucca.

In going to Pisa, we came to the foot of a mountain, where are the baths of Pisa, and a pretty water drinking-place, with handsome baths and very dear lodging-houses, as in England. Before we reached this we came to the boundary of the Grand Duke of Tuscany's dominions, where our passports were examined, and the baggage would have been, but for my lascia passare. This was given for the whole Tuscan dominions, which I owe to the civility of Lord

Burghersh, but it makes the doganieri stare and look blue, as they lose their fee.

The valley here is very narrow, and the old, warklike times of Condottieri, Guelphs, and Ghibellines, &c., erected across it from mountain to mountain, a line of old towers, and an old castle, which are now very picturesque as ruins. Nothing can be flatter than the country between Leghorn and Pisa. Indeed, well it may, as history remembers it a stagnant marsh, and tradition states it to have been once all sea.

Night closed in before we reached Leghorn; but, as we drove to our inn, the brilliant lights of the shops, the display of riches in them, the crowded and busy streets, so unlike an Italian town in general, but more like Birmingham, proved the influence of commerce over man. The prices demanded at the hôtels for lodging prove it too.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Whim of a Chaplain at Leghorn—Sienna—The Cathedral—Appearance of the Neighbouring Country—Cold at Radicofoni—Bolvent—Etruscan Remains.

OCTOBER 24th. The English consul called upon me, and conducted me round the town. It is extremely well-built. The shops are remarkably fine. He first took me to see the statue of Ferdinand, in white marble, which stands in the dockyard: it is the work of Giovanni del Opera. Round the pedestal are four colossal statues in bronze of four slaves chained. Those of the African and Asiatic slaves are peculiarly well done. In the dockyard is a 74-gun ship building, for the Pacha of Egypt. We went down to the English burying-ground, full of the tombs of those who, sent to Pisa for pulmonary complaints, have found their graves. Smollet's tomb is there, and that of my poor friend Horner. Margaret Rolls, Lady Orford, and Lady Cowper have also monuments. This ground is the property of the English factory, but is open to

all Protestants. It is surrounded by an iron railing, and planted with cypresses and willows.

A former chaplain of the factory took a strange whim into his head, the execution of which the then existing Consul ought to have prevented. There are in the burying-ground a good many tombs of one particular form, pyramidical, and this man fancied that the tombs in this shape, instead of being scattered over the burying-ground, would look much better together; and so he removed them from all parts and set them in rows on one side of the ground, forgetting that he left the bodies where they were originally buried; consequently the memorials remain, but the traces of the graves are gone—posterity, therefore, may come to weep over the marble, but not over the remains of their friends.

There are three great quarantine grounds and lazzaretti, for cargoes and passengers of different classes of contagious danger. They are immense enclosures, well surrounded by ditches, and high walls and draw-bridges, and secured in every respect. They seem admirably qualified for their object. The Duke and Duchess of Bedford,[1] some years ago, having touched at Gibraltar on their way out, had the pleasure, as there was a rumour of a contagious fever there at the time, of passing a month in one of these lazzaretti.

The best-built part of Leghorn is inhabited exclusively by Jews, who form a powerful body here. In Napoleon's time they prayed him to let them have

[1] John, sixth duke, who died in October, 1839. The duchess was his second wife, Georgina, daughter of Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon.

the little island of Tino, near Spezzia, exclusively their property, engaging to hold it in fief under him, to fortify and garrison it at their own expense.

The English trade is daily falling off, and the tonnage of the shipping between this port and England is the same as it was. If, therefore, the number of ships employed has fallen off, the tonnage has done so in the same proportion. When the Consul came here in 1816 the number of ships from England here was somewhere above 700: this year it is about 150.

27th. I left Leghorn this morning, and returned to Pisa. The forest of Arno, which skirts the road, belongs to the bishop. It did extend to the other side of the road; but the French cut that part down and grubbed it up, adding thereby much to the health of the country.

Leghorn is, as is well known, a free port, but it is free only to the walls. Everything which passes them pays immense heavy duty, and the search of all carriages leaving Leghorn is very strict. The douaniers looked with a wistful eye at my fourgon; but my lascia passare set them at defiance.

The Duomo is imposing from its size and the splendour of its marbles and ornaments, and it stands in a magnificent emplacement, unencumbered by buildings of any sort, so that at one coup d'œuil you see the cathedral, its campanile, the baptistry, and the Campo Santo. But, although beautiful as a whole, the architecture of the Duomo is not good. It is of that which they here call Gothic, where innumerable little round arches, surrounded by little round pillars, break the mass into filagree work, and teaze

the eye with endless repetitions. But the Italians are proud of these little candlesticks, and count them over, and astonish themselves and travellers with telling them that the façade alone is supported by "cinquante colonné, signore!" The principal door is supported by what they choose to call Grecian pillars, which are, however, to my mind Saracenic. They are of white marble, most beautifully and elaborately carved in foliage and arabesque from base to capital. The bronze gates form compartments, representing the life of the Virgin, the passion of our Saviour, &c. The cathedral is in the shape of a Latin cross. It is now under repair, and it will be three years before the repairs are completed. They appear to be repairing judiciously—renovating, but not improving. The columns which support the church are of granite, some Oriental and others Sardinian.

Although the general effect of this building is fine, the architecture is very faulty. The outside of the cupola consists of two orders of columns, the upper order of double the number of pillars as that below; consequently two stand over those beneath them, and two others are in the air, supported by nothing in the intercolumniations. The relievi round the eight sides of the font are very rich. I suspect that the whole interior basin forming the octagon was once a bath for the baptism of adults.

The campanile, or belfry, of the cathedral is the famous leaning tower—famous for nothing that I can see, except for being the ugliest building in Europe, and for having been built for a city which preferred a crooked tower to a straight one. That it was begun upright is evident: first, because the shortened columns

on the inclining side are evidently buried in the earth; secondly, because in one of the ancient paintings in the Campo Santo the tower is represented upright. The architect had carried up his work four stories high when the accident happened which gave it its lurch. Instead of pulling it down, he has been permitted, most inartificially, to endeavour to recover its equilibrium by lengthening the columns on the depressed side, so as gradually to get the galleries to a level; so that not only he cobbled his work, but by carrying eight galleries of little columns round it he left eight rules by which to measure his foolish endeavour to make a straight tower out of a crooked one. It was built in 1190 by two architects, one a German and the other a Pisan, who clubbed their wits on this notable occasion.

The Campo Santo is the most interesting thing in Pisa. It is a large parallelogram, in which a cloister is formed round all its sides by beautiful and really Gothic arches of white marble.

In this magnificent burying-place, and in the open ground contained within it, the faithful are buried — none under the arcades, except by order of the Grand Duke. The open ground is common to all. Six hundred noble families of Pisa have a right of burial under the arcades. There are sixty-two Gothic arches. Under the arcades are placed all the sarcophagi and antiquities which have been at different times dug up in the neighbourhood of Pisa; so that it forms a kind of museum. But I regretted seeing some monuments allowed to be built in the wall, to the utter destruction of the fresco paintings, which constitute the great curiosity of the place; especially that of a

Russian Princess Schuvallow, whose Scythian posterity have celebrated her decease upon half an acre of white Carrara marble, in a truly Scythian taste.

They are very curious, as preserving the costume, and, in many cases, most interesting portraits of that period. Count Algarotti is buried here, and Frederick the Great, of Prussia, erected his monument.

From Pisa, after passing the whole morning, I proceeded to Pozzibonzi, along a most uninteresting, flat, poplar country.

28th. I came on to Sienna. On the Arno, at Pisa, is a very small, square, low, odd-looking church, of black and white marble in bands, called Santa Maria della Spina, part of the crown of thorns being shown there as a relic. It is surmounted by pediments, obelisks, and fret-work, like an old-fashioned salt-cellar. The inclination of the leaning tower is fourteen feet from the perpendicular. The earth of the Campo Santo is said to destroy the human body in forty-eight hours. A horrid representation of this is given in one of the fresco paintings, where a fat monk is decomposing, to the horror of the standers-by; and even the horse rode by one smells the stench, and backs from it.

From Pozzibonzi the road is somewhat more picturesque, the country being broken into pastoral vallies. On a hill stands the town of Colle, whose walls, as well as those of Monte Miccioli on another hill, are very picturesque. Sienna stands on a high ridge, or three small hills separated by vallies, and its approach is handsome. The soil is tufa.

29th. The façade of the cathedral is fine and imposing, but faulty throughout in architecture, being a

composition of little ornaments of the time when the Gothic, Saracenic, and Grecian architectures were all afloat together, and before they had settled into their separate and distinct forms. Thus, little clustered Saracenic pillars are placed upon lions' backs, and surmounted by overloaded Corinthian capitals. It consists of three noble arches, containing three deep and elaborately worked portals. Over the centre is a very handsome circular window of painted glass. The ascent to the cathedral is by a broad esplanade of marble, with steps. The whole effect is spoiled by the entire structure being built of white and black marble in alternate stripes; by the campanile, a broad, unsightly, pointed square tower attached to one side of it, that suits strangely with the dome, close to which it sticks up like a feather attached to a round bonnet; and by numerous bronze and marble statues and busts of saints and martyrs, which may be striking likenesses, but certainly have no other merit—even if they have that. On entering the cathedral you are struck by the gloomy, splendid magnificence of the aisle; but, after the first impression is over, you see how frittered away in little ornaments is the effect. The ceiling throughout is azure, covered with golden stars. Under the cornice is a row, on each side, from one end of the aisle to the other, of busts, sticking out their chins over the aisle, of all the popes that ever existed, each with his tiara, and a label under his chin with his name. They really gave me the impression of a whole street-full of "Peeping Toms of Coventry." The columns are fine, and Corinthian, with heavy round arches, not springing, but lounging out of them. Springing is

too light a term for such ponderous, clumsy gentlemen. John Pisano was the architect. Awkward white marble statues, of the school of Bernini, of apostles and saints, who appear to be scratching themselves in different attitudes, lead up on each side the great aisle to the high altar. The high altar is massive, and in marble, but is loaded with heavy bronzes, and has nothing to recommend it. Behind the high altar are frescoes, by Dominico Beccafumi, of some merit. The stalls are all in marqueterie, and are curious.

The pavement of the cathedral is very fine. It is, unfortunately, obliged to be covered by a boarded flooring, parts of which are lifted up by rings, to shew the principal subjects; but the effect of the whole is lost. It consists of a sort of inlaying—not strictly mosaic, but of grey marble marking the shades on white marble. The subjects are Scripture history, and the designs are by Beccafumi. Two subjects are clearly the best—the sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham, and the striking the rock by Moses in the desert; and of them the latter is much superior to the former. The pulpit, by Nicolas Pisano, of white marble, stands on columns of porphyry, and is covered with beautiful alto-relievos of Scripture subjects.

At the great door is a holy water vase, most incongruously hoisted upon an ancient Roman altar, covered with bacchanalian emblems and foliage, discovered in the foundations of the cathedral at the same time with a group, in marble, very beautiful, but mutilated, of the three Graces, which is stuck upon a pedestal in the centre of the chapter-house, for the benefit of the assembled canons of the cathedral.

On the left hand is a very fine altar-piece, after the designs of Michael Angelo. Further on is the Ghigi chapel, where there is a mosaic of a painting, by Carlo Maratti. The illusion is perfect, and the performance beautiful. I forgot to say that amongst the busts of popes there was one which Catholic prudery has taken way, entitled, "Joannes 8— Fæmina de Angliæ."

In the Ghigi chapel there are two statues, by Bernini, of the Magdalen and St. Jerome, which are much admired, but which I think detestable. St. Jerome is represented writhing under the effects of a pain in his bowels, and the Magdalen of a severe tooth-ache. There are some statues of popes, one of which is not bad. Under this cathedral is a church dedicated to St. John the Baptist, which is the baptistery of the city.

The Piazza Publica is curious. The fall of the ground, and the shape of the buildings, give it the exact form of a concave shell or fan. The ribs are marked in stone paths, and the bar of the shell is formed by the consistorio, where the council formerly assembled, and the tribunals now sit.

The church of La Madonna, under whose especial protection Sienna is, contains a very rich and splendidly adorned altar, with a profusion of silver plate and lamps. They offered to show me where our Saviour married St. Catherine de Sienna, where her body now lies, and where it even in death performs miracles; but I was disgusted with the blasphemy of the whole story, which I am sorry to say the church of Sienna endeavours still to make the people believe, and I would not go.

The city is dark, gloomy, and prison-like, with steep, hilly streets, narrow and dirty. An antique bronze figure of the wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, on an ancient pillar, denotes the ancient Republic of Sienna; but if, as history tells us, 100,000 armed citizens once marched out of its walls, all I can say is, that they must have been very glad when they got out; for they must have squeezed each other to suffocation within.

31st. Sienna is very singular in its ugliness. It is situated on a bed of tufa. All the country round is a mass of barren mud. To judge of it from its appearance, I should say that it had been overwhelmed about twenty years before by a flood of liquid mud, issuing either from a volcano, or the deposition of a mountain of mud by the effect of water.

It extends for miles to the right and left, forming enormous capes, headlands, and slopes, more or less abrupt. The surface is full of immense ravines with perpendicular sides, or crevices narrow and deep. Small eminences cover it like a vast number of burrows or tumuli. If they are not tumuli (which they cannot be), they are either the bubbles of an immense boiling-pot, or of a flood which has subsided at once and settled, leaving these accumulations standing. No tree grows upon its surface. In the village a few stragglers are seen, but serve only by their scantiness to render dreariness more dreary.

In this manner we proceeded through a dull day and a uniformity of this dull scenery, until we came to the foot of the mountain of Radicofani.

At Sienna the thermometer was below temperate in my bedroom. Here, after mounting all day, the wind, which was from the north-east, was so strong that the postilions could scarcely sit upon their saddles, and the cold so severe as scarcely to be borne. Here we found a voiturier who had been seized by the cold, and confined to his bed by a severe fever, in consequence. Four nights ago I slept with my bedroom window open all night.

Radicofani is situated at the top of a basaltic mountain. Its flanks are on all sides covered with the eruption of mud which I have before mentioned. Literally, its summit is crowned by an ancient fortress situated on a rock of prismatic basalt. Immediately below it is the village, and immediately below that again is a vast, gloomy, whistling building, constituting post-house, inn, custom-house, pig-sty, and stable. It is better than in Horace Walpole's time, but still dismally bad. I got one room, the best in the house, but through it the wind roared louder and colder than, I think, I ever felt or heard anywhere, except in La Casa Inglese, on the top of Etna; but there I could have no fire. Here I made one of every combustible that I could lay my hands on; but still —except by literally hanging over it—one was frozen.

November 1st. Weather still dismally cold, but clear. From Radicofani the road descends through basalt, tufa, and mud, to the edge of the river Paglia, which, in fact, separates Tuscany from the States of the Church. You pass a handsome bridge, on the centre of which you see the Papal arms. Previous to this, about a league from the roadside, are the sulphu-

reous baths of St. Philippi. The deposit of the water is so powerful, that sulphur moulds are placed under the stream, which is directed upon them through minute channels, like the nose of a watering-pot. In a short time this deposit fills the moulds, which are broken off, and leave the *alto relievos*, made of the deposit of the earthy and sulphureous matter. I bought two small medallions, ovals, about three inches the longest way. Each of them was a month forming. When formed they look like statuary marble, are as hard, and ring like a bell.

After passing this river, you enter the little post-house valley of Ponte Centino, which is the first stage of his Holiness's post, and where his douaniers await you with a most strict and inquiring eye. My lascia passare delivered me from the douaniers at once.

Nothing can be more beautiful in its way than the approach to this town, and its situation. A range of cliffs of tufa and volcanic matter runs along in slope rising above slope, thickly wooded; and on the summit of this range, overhanging the river, stands the town.

So I came on to St. Lorenzo Nuova; and there, from the top of the hill, opened a splendid view of wooded valleys and scenery below me, and the Lake of Bolseno, a magnificent sheet of water, full thirty miles round, with fine, woody, mountain banks. The Lake of Bolseno was the crater of a volcano. Prismatic basalt is found upon its banks. The mountains are all of basalt and tufa; and here was, in the depths of earliest days, the scene of a vast operation of nature. Going down into these beautiful and romantic valleys, you come to nests of caverns in the

tufa cliffs, supposed to have been the dwelling-places of the aboriginal inhabitants. They, and the woods which overhang them, are now often the hiding-places of banditti. In the gorge of the principal valley leading to the lake is a hill, on which stand the ruined works of the ancient town and castle of St. Lorenzo, depopulated by that scourge of the most beautiful parts of Italian scenery, the malaria—fallen into ruins and deserted.

From thence, skirting the borders of the lake, you come to Bolseno, picturesquely situated upon its borders—the ancient Vulsinium, and the capital city of Etruria. The voituriers, who had conveyed some passengers to Rome, and are now on their return, and who were stopped by the banditti on the mountains above Lucca, are now here. From the description which we have given them of the men we met the night afterwards, I am satisfied, and so are they, that they were the banditti. The description answers exactly the appearance of the men. Just in that very spot they met and plundered the voituriers—just as they met us they met them, dividing two-and-two on each side of the road, advancing singing a rude chorus, and they sprung at once on the voituriers, as they would upon us, had they not seen our arms. The voituriers don't hesitate in saying that the gendarmerie below were in league with them; that, had we accepted their escort, they would have betrayed us into their hands, firing a random shot or two, and then riding off; and that the gendarmes, seeing me armed and determined to proceed, sent a man across the mountains to give notice to the robbers not to attack us. However this may be, it is clear that we had an escape, and that nothing

saved us but the sight of our arms, and the knowledge that we were ready to use them.

2nd. There are two islands on this lake—one inhabited; but the extraordinary thing is, that beautiful as is the scenery, and delightful as the lake must be in summer, there is not a single boat upon it, except a few wretched flat ones, used for fishing, but perfectly useless to navigate the lake, which is very broad, and very rough sometimes. There are no means of getting round any part of it, except the very small portion which the post road skirts in its way to Monte Pulciano, and from St. Lorenzo, unless on foot. The cliffs and woods reach down to the water's edge. I believe it never has been explored. Pliny mentions the islands as having once floated. The Etruscan City is said, also, to have been destroyed by fire from heaven. All this has it origin in the traditions remaining of the volcanic origin of the lake; but I never found a place where there was so little interest taken either in the surprising features of natural history that surround the lake, or in the local history which attends the city.

In the year 1821 a violent flood of rain brought a deluge down the mountain's side, and laid open parts of the ruins of the Etruscan City. These remains were picked up and arranged in the market-place, where they now stand; but no excavations were ever made here—no researches ever thought of. The whole city lies within a few feet of the inhabitants of the present village, but no one has ever dreamt of inquiring about them. "Are any coins ever found?" "Oh, yes! the peasants sometimes dig them up in the vineyards." "Well, what becomes of them?" "Chi sa." "Are vases ever found?" "Yes." "Where are they?" "Chi sa."

"Does any one ever go on the lake?" "No, except the fishermen." "Has anybody been in the islands, except the fishermen?" "No." In short, "no" and "chi sa" are the answer to all inquiries. A small river runs out of the lake direct to the sea, which is about forty miles off; and a very few thousand scudi would make a canal, without a lock, which would drain the country, make it wholesome, increase the commerce, and improve the agriculture of the country. But no one dreams of these things here.

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